OCTOBER

REDBOOK

AGAZINE

inning —

RY HASTINGS BRADLEY'S
NSATIONAL ACCOUNT *of*

URDER IN ROOM 700

RACING STORY ·
PETER B. KYNE

· TEXAS LOVE ·
by ELSIE JANIS

THE NEW FORD TUDOR SEDAN

Safely to the journey's end. LONG TRIPS are pleasant in the new Ford because of its easy-riding comfort. The restful, well-upholstered seats invite you to sit back and relax and enjoy the panorama of the passing miles. Steadily, evenly, you travel along because of the specially designed springs and four Houdaille double-acting hydraulic shock absorbers. They cushion the car against hard jolts and bumps and smooth your path along every highway. « « « « « « « « «

Equally important to the enjoyment of motoring is your confidence in the mechanical reliability of the Ford. No matter where you go—near or far—day or night—you know it will bring you safely, quickly, comfortably to the journey's end. « « « « « « « « « « « «

Ford

"Pink tooth brush" . . . how did it happen to me?

AT any time or any age, a touch of "pink" may show upon your tooth brush. For "pink tooth brush" is a warning that your gums have become dangerously soft!

Due to modern food and hasty eating, your gums have become "touchy", unsound. They grow soft. They bleed. And dread infections, such as gingivitis, Vincent's disease and even pyorrhea threaten the loss of outwardly sound, white teeth.

Wake up your Gums with Ipana and massage!

But, taken in time, "pink tooth brush" can be quickly defeated with Ipana Tooth Paste and gum massage.

Massage of the gums, with finger or with brush, is what dentists order for soft and bleeding gums! Thousands of them add "with Ipana", for Ipana is more than a delightful tooth paste. It is specifically compounded to care for the health of your gums when and while you brush your teeth!

Ipana contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic often employed by the foremost gum specialists in their professional work at the chair.

So, if your tooth brush "shows pink", if your gums bleed easily, restore them to health with Ipana and massage. Wake up the lazy tissues. Send fresh, clean blood coursing to the stagnant cells. That's the modern way to fight gum troubles . . . to invigorate the depleted tissues and to make them resistant to disease and infection.

You'll like Ipana, you'll like its taste. You will be amazed to see how clean and beautiful it makes your teeth—how healthy it keeps your gums!

Start tonight with Ipana. Go to your druggist and get a full-size tube today. Ipana may cost a few cents more than some tooth pastes you can buy, but do not forget that a good dentifrice, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.

IPANA *Tooth Paste*

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. G-100
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

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NANCY CARROLL
the bewitching little Paramount star whose charm has won the hearts of millions, says: "You can keep your skin beautifully smooth by using Lux Toilet Soap!"

You too must pass the Close-up Test

How people love the close-up! How beautiful smooth skin closely revealed in a flood of light draws them irresistibly! Under searching light is YOUR skin lovely to close, eager eyes? That is YOUR close-up test.

Screen stars must captivate millions when the revealing close-up is flashed on the screen. YOU must pass Critical Eyes, CLOSE TO YOU

AN EXQUISITE complexion spells romance! A skin so alluringly lovely that it can pass the cruel test of the close-up is a necessity for any star, 45 important Hollywood directors will tell you.

And the watchful eyes of millions are no more critical than the eyes that look at you. His eyes are your close-up test. The instant appeal of lovely skin is all important, whether you are winning the heart of millions —or of ONE.

So well do the radiant screen stars who hold the world breathless with their charm know this, that 511 of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood use Lux Toilet Soap for their skin. It has been made the official soap for all studio dressing rooms.

DORIS KENYON
(left) famous for her lovely skin, says: "It's a joy!"

Photo by C. S. Bull, Hollywood

On Broadway, too, the lovely stage stars are just as enthusiastic about the exquisite care this fragrant, white soap gives their skin, and it is in the dressing rooms of 71 of New York's 74 legitimate theaters.

And in Europe, too—in France, in England, in Germany — the screen stars have borrowed this beauty secret of the envied American stars.

Use Lux Toilet Soap for the close-up complexion every girl wants. You will love the admiration of close, adoring eyes.

ANITA PAGE
(left) adorable M. G. M. star, says: "I'm devoted to Lux Toilet Soap."

OLIVE BORDEN
(right) Radio Pictures, says: "It's a wonderful soap!"

98% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen and the radiant skin of lovely girls everywhere are kept exquisite with **LUX Toilet Soap · 10¢**

Outstanding quality, remarkable results–

yet the cost is 25¢ the large tube

HAVE you learned the lesson already learned by millions—that Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ is the most remarkable value in the entire tooth paste field?

Get a tube today and prove it yourself. Compare it with any paste at any price—and judge by results alone.

Note how white, brilliant, and lustrous it leaves your teeth.

Note how thoroughly it cleans between the teeth and front and back; how swiftly it removes ugly tartar and discoloration without harming the teeth. Its cleansing ingredients are harder than tartar and so remove it. But they are softer than enamel and therefore do not harm it.

Note how its mild fruit juices neutralize destructive acids of decay.

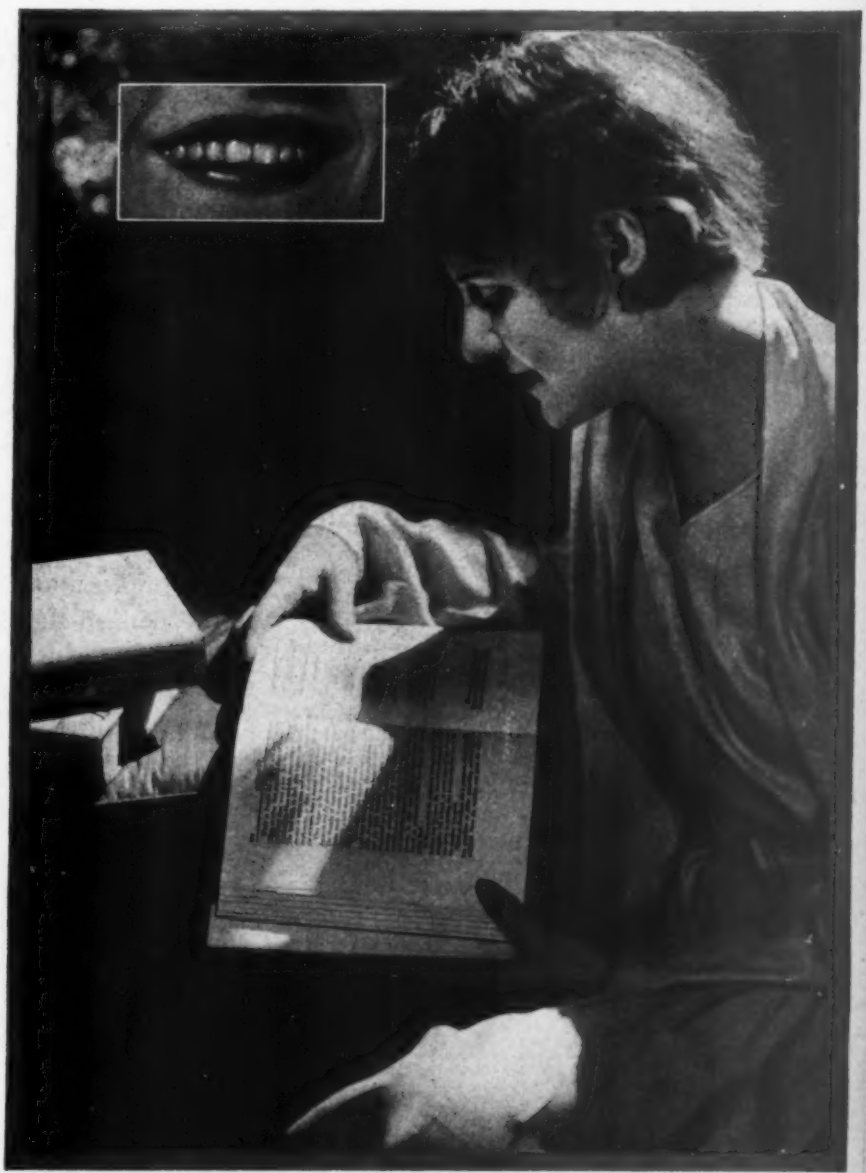
Incidentally, at 25¢, this tooth paste saves about $3 per year per person over dentifrices in the 50¢ class. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Buy

3 good books with the $3 it saves you

This is the day of the first rate dollar book. Why not buy a few with that $3 a year you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class?

Tell the men about this!
50¢ quality
LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM
***now* 25¢**



Things Worth While

COLONEL T. E. LAWRENCE, the young Englishman who made Arabia safe for the Allies in the World War, was an example of what could be accomplished by a school boy who follows out an original line of activity. Before he was twenty years old, Colonel Lawrence had learned several Arabic dialects, had explored many archaeological ruins in Syria, and had made important contributions to the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford.

The average American school boy has resources within himself that are seldom uncovered because no proper effort is made to call them forth. It often takes a lot of coaxing and encouragement to get the modern boy to realize his latent capabilities.

The Military School offers a valuable educational service in that it quickly brings a boy to measure his capacities and gives him an ambition to test and develop his powers. To accomplish this, to furnish this incentive, and still to maintain scholarship standards is what gives the Military School its distinctive quality as an educational institution.

Today the Military School has much to give a boy which is not found in other types of training. The school life itself tends to develop initiative and the habit of cooperation. Every boy takes particular pride in his own squad, his own company, his own barrack. He realizes that he is not just one of a crowd but an individual upon whose shoulders rest certain definite obligations, and every fiber of his young being responds to this trust.

Best of all, the Military School provides a wholesome form of guidance and discipline which is acceptable to the modern boy. It thus acts as an educational balance wheel in his formative years. The daily activities in the open, the regular life, in fact,—the whole regimen, captures a boy's imagination and wins his cooperation. He plunges into tasks with enthusiasm which ordinarily would hold no interest for him.

It was Doctor Schurmann, the second president of Cornell University, who defined the educational value of the Military School in these words: "Military training . . . . . accustoms the individual to cooperation and team work, while fostering comradeship, thus facilitating community life and lubricating social intercourse. It prepares youth for better citizenship by constantly emphasizing the conceptions of duty and service."

Editor's Note—This Editorial was prepared by the Executive Committee of the Association of Military Colleges and Schools of the United States.

Published monthly at McCall St., Dayton, Ohio. Editorial and Executive Offices—230 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. Subscription Offices—919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., and Dayton, Ohio. REDBOOK MAGAZINE—October, 1930. Vol. LV. No. 6. Copyright, 1930, by The McCall Company in the United States and Great Britain. Application for entry as second-class matter at Dayton, Ohio, is pending. Subscription Price, $2.50 Per Year. Canadian postage none; foreign $1.00. For change of address, give us four weeks' notice and send old address as well as new.

$5000. *in* Prizes

. . . . *just for telling us which of these two cards we should send to two million women!*

ALL women appreciate a bargain. But often one particular bargain will have more appeal than another. Here is a fascinating contest which will enable you to express *your* idea of a bargain. Merely tell us *which* of these two offers you think will be the more acceptable to 2,000,000 women—and you may win one of the 380 prizes offered by RIGAUD—*Parfumeur*—Paris.

What's It All About?

Rigaud—Paris (Parfumeur by Royal Decree to His Majesty, King Alfonso XIII of Spain) wishes to acquaint more American women with his exquisite Parfum Un Air Embaumé. To do this he intends to send approximately two million letters from Paris to discriminating women in America (the customers of 184 famous stores.)

The letter which these women will receive from Paris will enclose a card for presentation to these stores.

Which Card Shall Rigaud Send?

Only one of the two cards shown at the right can be enclosed with this letter. Which shall it be—A or B?

Note that the regular retail value of the assortment given in *Offer A* (as listed on the card) is $6.45. Yet this card will enable Madame to obtain it for $2.95.

Then consider *Offer B*, giving a total retail value of $3.00 which this card will enable Madame to obtain for $1.50.

Which of These 380 Prizes Will YOU Win?

1st Prize		$1200
2nd Prize		$ 800
3rd Prize		$ 500
4th Prize		$ 250
5th Prize		$ 100
6th Prize		$ 50
7th Prize		$ 25
13	Prizes of $15 each	$195
80	$10 Bottles Parfum Un Air Embaume	$800
120	$5 Bottles Parfum Un Air Embaume	$600
160	$3 Bottles Parfum Un Air Embaume	$480
		$5,000

Think which of the two offers would be most attractive to *you*—and hence in your opinion more likely to please 2,000,000 women. Would you prefer the half-price $1.50 offer, or would you rather spend $2.95 in order to get the "better than half-price" $6.45 value? Write your opinion in *50 words or less*, explaining which of the two offers appeals most to you, and why.

Remember that Rigaud-Paris is one of the world's greatest Parfumeurs—that his exquisite Parfum Un Air Embaumé was selected by Mrs. Vanderbilt for use at the million dollar wedding of her daughter, Consuelo—its popularity is world wide, and, consequently, Un Air Embaumé Toiletries are chosen by women of taste and discrimination.

Simple as A B C

You don't need to be a user of Rigaud Toiletries to compete. You don't need to buy anything. Just write and send your opinion. Neatness, brevity, logic, and originality will be the factors that count in the awarding of prizes. Your chance of winning the capital prize is as good as any other woman's. And just think—with Christmas coming—what you could do with $1200! Or the 2nd prize of $800—or the 3rd of $500! Surely when a little effort may bring you one of these 380 valuable prizes, the thing to do is to *act!*

RULES of the CONTEST

1 Contest closes midnight November 1st, 1930. Entries postmarked later will not be considered. The winners will be announced in the **February issue of TRUE ROMANCES Magazine.** Prizes will be awarded by committee consisting of Robt. E. Mulligan, Manager of the Toilet Goods Department of the famous store of Jordan Marsh Company, Boston; Robt. W. Beatty of Schwab and Beatty, Inc., Advertising Counsellors, New York City; and John L. Canova, of Canova & Pierce, Certified Public Accountants, New York City.

2 Contest open to any WOMAN with the exception of employees of the New York or Paris Salon of Rigaud-*Parfumeur*-Paris, or employees (or their relatives) of the organizations of any of the judges. You need not use the coupon unless you wish. Write your opinion—in 50 words or less—on any paper you like, but be sure to write plainly, to assist judges.

3 Only one entry permitted to each contestant.

4 If two or more women submit opinions which judges consider of equal merit, full amount of the prize tied for will be awarded to each contestant.

5 Address opinions to RIGAUD Box *16*, Station *C*, New York, N.Y. It is understood and agreed by contestants that entries are to become the property of Rigaud-*Parfumeur*-Paris, and may be used by them for advertising purposes. No entries can be returned, nor can Rigaud-*Parfumeur*-Paris correspond with contestants about the results of the contest.

A

MADAME is invited to accept

the UN AIR EMBAUMÉ assortment (listed at the right), value $6.45. This card entitles bearer to receive the assortment for $2.95.

RIGAUD—*Paris*

Signature of Bearer.....

Address.....

Amount of Purchase.....

OFFER A

1 Parfum	$1.00
1 Double Compact	$1.50
1 Cold Cream	.60
1 Vanishing Cream	.60
1 Bottle of Talcum	.75
2 Boxes Powder	$2.00
Value	$6.45

PRICE—$2.95

B

MADAME is invited to accept

the UN AIR EMBAUMÉ assortment (listed at the right), value $3.00. This card entitles bearer to receive the assortment for $1.50.

RIGAUD—*Paris*

Signature of Bearer.....

Address.....

Amount of Purchase.....

OFFER B

1 Parfum	$1.00
1 Jar Cleansing Cream	$1.00
1 Box Face Powder	$1.00
Value	$3.00

PRICE—$1.50

SEND *Your* OPINION NOW!

Do you prefer Offer A or B? Turn it over in your mind. Talk to friends, get their advice. Offer B costs but $1.50—and saves $1.50. Offer A costs a *little* more, $2.95, but it saves *much* more—it saves $3.50. Both offers include Toiletries women use every day, exquisite Un Air Embaumé Parfum, Powder, Creams, etc., *already* favorites on the boudoir tables of lovely women.

For example, one woman whose opinion was asked wrote:

"Offer A, I should think would be preferred by every modern woman, not only because of its marvelous value, but because it will enable her to enjoy a large assortment of Toiletries which no woman can get along without."

And another who preferred Offer B wrote:

"Offer B is my choice for this reason: To get acquainted with perfume and powder which may be new to her the average woman will want to keep her initial outlay to a minimum—then, when pleased, she will indulge in the creams, compact, and talcum included in Offer A."

Make *your* choice. Write your reasons—the little buying motives you think would apply to you—to other women you know. Then send your opinion in 50 words or less. You have 380 chances to win! Write *today.*

RIGAUD—*Parfumeur*—PARIS

Dept. 110, Box 16, Station C, New York, N. Y.

USE THIS COUPON OR WRITE A LETTER

RIGAUD (Dept. 110), Box 16, Station C, New York, N.Y.

Here is my opinion. I think you should place Offer . . . (write A or B) on the card to be sent to the two million women. Please enter my name in the $5,000.00 prize contest.

Here is WHY I think so: .....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Name.....

Address.....

REDBOOK
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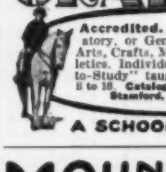

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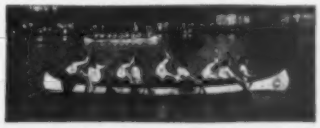

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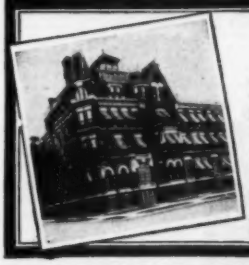

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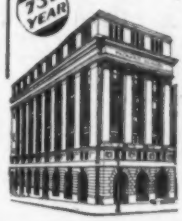

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The Hard *Way* to Wealth

by Bruce Barton

IN a certain city two buildings stand almost side by side.

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Across the street is the other building, a little three-story structure. It may have been attractive in its youth, but the years have weathered it and soiled it; its windows are dirty, and its sidewalks unswept.

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I often stand at a high window in the big building and look down on the little building. Hard work goes on inside those grimy walls—harder work, I sometimes think, than is done across the street.

The chief difference between the men in the two buildings is not one of intelligence but of points of view.

In the big building they set out to make an honest product and to sell it honestly. The men in the little building thought that honesty was too slow a road to wealth.

I am continually amazed by the smartness of crooked people and the comparative dullness of many who have become successful. I can think of three individuals of my own acquaintance who had brilliance enough to become president of anything. They chose to expend their brilliance in cutting corners, and not one of them is well off.

On the other hand, I could name fifty men in high places who have only a little more than average intelligence, and they themselves would be the first to admit it

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> The fine vegetable oils in Palmolive Soap are nature's most effective safeguard for the lovely texture of the skin

In Paris, London, Rome, Madrid

The great specialists all over the world, 23,720 of them, agree on the efficacy of Palmolive Soap. They may differ on dozens, hundreds of other theories. But on this one facial treatment they all agree.

They all realize that soap must cleanse without irritating; must refresh and beautify the skin without injuring its delicate texture. And Palmolive answers these needs perfectly. Its vegetable oils have been used by lovely women since the days of Cleopatra. It is used today by millions —for the bath as well as the face— because it costs so little.

Palmolive owes its natural green color to palm and olive oils . . . to no other fats whatever. The fresh odor of these oils makes unnecessary the addition of heavy perfumes.

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The Tempo of Our Times—

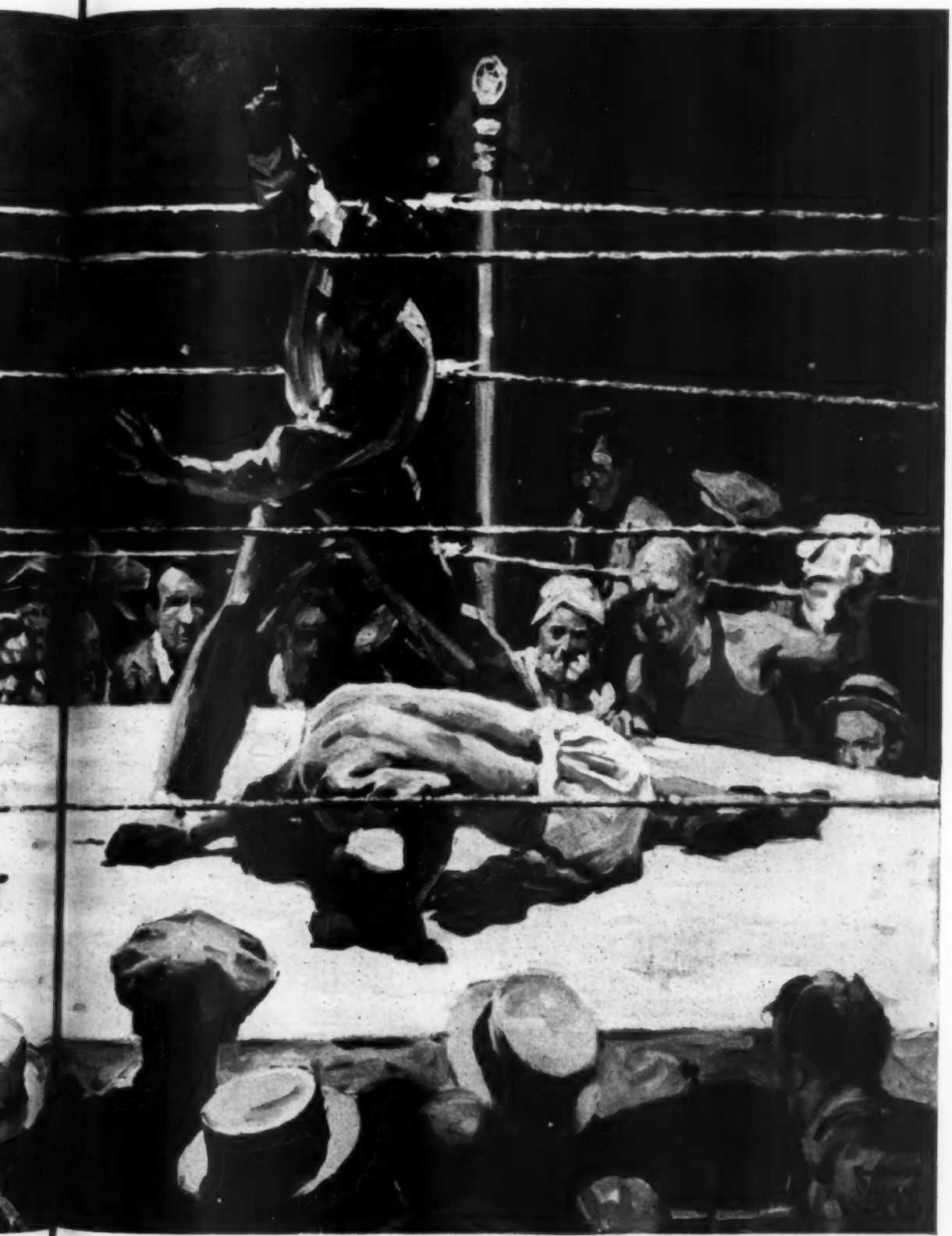
Love Scene

painted by
John La Gatta

From the stage before them: "Why should I think you can be mine and true, though you in swearing shake the throned gods, who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness, to be entangled with those mouth-made vows, which break themselves in swearing!" (*Antony and Cleopatra.*)

Knocked Out!

In foreground: a radio announcer; two men who correctly predicted this finish. Across the ring: the



second of the boy who is beaten; his mother; men who have just lost and who have just won their wagers.

A Present Day Portrait
painted by
William Meade Prince

Friends being summoned, completed the identification. They could give no clue to the identity of the woman.

Here is Mary Hastings Bradley's
Sensational Mystery Novel

Murder in ROOM 700

Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson

SHE stood trembling in the middle of the room, staring at the figure that lay sprawled upon the floor.

Philip—was that Philip? That black, still figure, lying so limply? . . . Then it was all true.

Desperately she fought back the horror that was shaking her. There were things she must do, if she did not want to be caught like a rat in a trap. She stared about the room.

It was a hotel living-room, but with signs of more than a transient's occupancy. A wide flat-topped desk was littered with untidy papers. A bookcase was crowded with books. By the windows, their shades drawn close, a small baby grand piano bore a mound of sheet music on the Chinese robe that draped it. . . . Nothing there that she must take away. . . . Then she saw the suitcase, dropped beside a low couch.

She stepped forward, then stood hesitating. She could not have Philip lying there. It was too horrible. If she threw a coverlet over him, that would attract the attention of the chambermaid when she opened the door next morning. Every hour was needed for escape.

Fearfully she brushed past the body and opened the door into an inner room. It was a bedroom, untouched, with not a personal thing in sight. She must get Phil onto the bed.

Cold with fright, she stooped above him and tried to lift the heavy weight. She did not want to see his face, frozen in that ominous surprise. Only the dark, tousled hair was like the Phil she knew. . . . And it had been so little time since he had been smiling disarmingly at her, those lips making their easy promises!

What was it he had said? *"Safe as a saint, Jinny dear!"*

Faint with terror, she forced herself to self-control and swift action. Crouching, she shouldered the burden on her back and staggered toward the bed. She thought her strength would break with the effort. He was so heavy. . .

He was on the bed now. She straightened the limbs, buttoned the tweed coat to hide that blood-stained hole in the shirt beneath. Then she covered him with the blanket on the foot of the bed and drew it high above the shoulders.

Let the maid look in! She would think him sleeping and withdraw. Every hour gained was vital.

She must get away as soon as she could. It was almost one o'clock. The clerk downstairs would think it queer for her to be leaving alone at such an hour—that Phil did not come down with her. She must hurry. No time to yield to terror or compassion.

Closing the door behind her, she went back into the living-room and went swiftly to the case on the couch, a small brown leather overnight case, lettered in gold. She caught it up, then put it down, hesitating. If she went out, carrying the case—that might awaken suspicion. She must make her going seem natural. And yet she must not leave a trace.

She opened the bag and eyed the contents anxiously. The silver fittings were monogrammed—well, she could tuck some of them in her handbag and stow the rest, with the other things, about her person. Lucky for her that she was fairly tall, with a slim, almost meager body. And lucky that the evening frock was a gossamer chiffon and the night-robe a wisp of silk! The silver slippers and the mules were a harder problem, but frantically she packed them about her, winding the frock tightly, and tucking in handkerchiefs, fittings, every telltale personal thing.

Then, the bag emptied, she searched the room with desperate eyes. There was a tiny handkerchief on the table beside the unopened bottles of ginger ale—a glove on the couch. Oh, fool, fool, to scatter her things so recklessly! But who could have foreseen what this night was to bring, what desperate madness and danger?

Safe as a saint, Jinny dear!

And all the time he had been planning, been contriving, planning anything but what had happened, that had brought her here.

Keenly now she looked about the room, telling herself to make sure, very sure, that nothing was left that might betray identity. This was her only chance. Everything depended on it. . . . She had looked everywhere, searched every corner. For a last moment she stood staring about her.

She was a slim creature, a woman who might be anywhere in the early thirties, but who now, in her stark terror, looked the eight-and-thirty that her beauty would have denied. Her dark hair banded the pallor of her tense face; she had a nun's brow, wide and low, over dark, stormy eyes, and a mouth whose delicate ironic curves derided both the calm brow and the mutinous eyes.

Frantically now those eyes were searching . . . . Ah, the overnight bag itself! A chill sweat broke out on her at that oversight. The case was monogrammed.

Furiously she set to work with manicure scissors, scraping at the three small letters, *V. A. C.*, till the leather was shredded. Then she went through the case again to make sure it was utterly empty.

Of course she was leaving finger-prints. But with a damp cloth she wiped every surface that would show them; and unless something unforseen dragged her into this, her fingers would never be examined.

Now she must go. She slipped on the black coat she had discarded when she packed the things about her, and drew the beige fox collar high. She pulled low the black casque of hat. In the glass her white face and burning eyes stared so starkly at her that she brushed on rouge with shaking fingers. It stood out like a bull's-eye, but it might deceive the clerk. She must make herself appear like one of Phil's acquaintances, connected with the theater, who ran in and out of his workshop here casually at any hour of the day or night.

One more look about the room, one more look into that inner

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"I pushed open the door. Phil was on the floor before me. He was dying. He never spoke... There was no gun."

room, her eyes seeking, in awful pity and farewell, that still figure on the bed. Oh, Phil—poor, poor Phil! But she must not let herself think of him now. She must keep her head, act coolly.

Had she got the key to the suite? Yes. Now turn out the light. Queer, how that sudden darkness made her hammering heart lurch again. Now out the door.

She gave a swift look up and down the hall as she turned the key in the door,—it was not self-locking,—then slipped the key with its huge disk into her handbag already bulging with silver. She pressed the button for the elevator.

It seemed eternities before it came. She thought of the stairs, but that might look evasive. She was on the seventh floor—too much chance of meeting some one. She must seem natural, above all. It was natural to wait for elevators.

The night service was slow. This was a second-rate hotel where people went for secrecy from their own kind.

The elevator at last. The colored boy was staring at her—did she look strange? He spoke to her, a forth-putting boy, she thought, as boys probably were at these hotels.

"Late, aint it, lady? Anything I can get you?"

"Oh, no." Her voice was quiet enough, though brittle to her own ears. "No, just an errand I have to do myself at the drug-store."

He looked as though he were going to speak again, then stopped. Probably he did a little bootlegging.

Downstairs the elevators opened on a hall that was just off the main lobby. The building had been made over into a hotel and was full of makeshifts. Around the elevators was a side entrance that led out to Sixth Avenue, a little lane of an entrance between the Smart Clothes Shoppe on the corner and the florist's tiny cubbyhole.

As she glanced down it, the boy, who had come out from the elevator cage, said casually: "That door's locked now, lady. After twelve." She flung a fluttery, "Thank you!" over her shoulder as she turned into the main lobby.

The place was empty. The ornate red velvet pseudo-something-or-other chairs were vacant by the little stands still littered with the cigar-butts and ashes of the evening's occupants. Over them drooped silly-looking palms from jars of brilliant reds and blues.

She felt the eyes of the night-clerk. She went straight to the desk, and he leaned toward her, over the registry book, a small, bald, spare-fleshed man, with pouches under his sharp eyes. She thought those eyes were immediately questioning—hotel clerks must be nurtured on suspicion.

"Is there a good drug-store near?" she asked the man.

Her voice was too tense. He mustn't think her anxious. She summoned a slight smile. "It's nothing but indigestion, but I must get a prescription put up."

"One right across the street," said the clerk. He had a manner better than the hotel; he must have come down in the world, and he peered at her as if recognizing her own unsuitability to the place.

"I'll send the boy for you," he added.

"Oh, no—I want several things. I shall have to see what they have."

She walked away, across the lobby, and out the door that a lounging colored man sprang to open for her, then crossed the street to the drug-store. She felt sure they were watching. She went in and ordered mustard and aspirin, then asked for Catosen —a made-up name.

"Never heard of it," said the clerk. "Something new? What percent is that?"

She smiled slightly and stared down the street.

It seemed empty for New York, even at that hour. Few people were in sight .... She was walking too fast; she must slacken to the definite-seeming pace of a woman out at night, alone but unobtrusive. She felt as if she were being followed.

So she forced herself to stop at another drug-store and asked for Catosen there. Then she hurried toward Broadway and its lights. There were always people on Broadway. But not so many at one-thirty. And she must not look back over her shoulder like that. As if she was being followed.

Suppose that clerk grew suspicious when she did not return and had the door opened?

All they would see would be that quiet figure on the bed. Surely they would not disturb it. But if they spoke, to explain the intrusion, and had no answer—

At any moment they might be after her.

She could not go home alone, not at this hour. It would be far more difficult to explain than an absence all night. Often she visited friends and now she must stay away till a reasonable hour in the morning.

Two young men who had passed turned and strolled by her again, their eyes bold and inquiring. They had dark, foreign faces. At her flash of contempt they laughed loudly. She hurried on. There were other lone women in sight. But not quite like herself. She could not walk like this much later. Where did people go to hide?

The subway! A tired woman, coming home alone, would not be strange there. She saw a station and went down into it. It had been years since she had been in a subway; she expected to buy a ticket and had to be directed how to drop a coin into the mechanism that released the bar in the gate she must pass through.

Into the first train that came. There were others there, some rowdy youths, a well-dressed man, a couple with a sleeping child, a young pair snuggled lovingly together.

The air was close, the roar deafening. She sat still and watched the white-tiled walls slide by with amazing speed, her eyes mechanically noting the advertisements at the stations. "Change for Brooklyn Bridge."

Brooklyn—that was the place. It must take a long time to get there. . . . She kept looking at her watch, forgetting what it had been the last time.

At Brooklyn she got out and turned vaguely into the darkness of unfamiliar streets. When a policeman looked at her, her heart stopped. She walked till she found another station and rode back to Manhattan.

She felt as though she were in a never-ending nightmare. Her only consciousness was of roaring, hurtling speed tearing through white-tiled tunnels—noise and bad air and peanut-shells.

She sat still till she was alone in the car. She did not know how far the train went; she was surprised when it ceased to be a subway and became an elevated. At last she got out and found herself in shadowy streets, among tall, dark-windowed apartment-houses.

A taxi veered toward her, and she walked rapidly away. She angled about two squares, then followed the elevated back to another station. To Brooklyn again. The only passenger. She lay back and pretended to be asleep.

It was after three now. It was after four when she got to Brooklyn, about five when she returned to New York. At five, one could walk about the streets, she thought.

Gray, queer streets, with queer people on them. Peddlers pushing their carts. Workingmen plodding along. Taxies finishing the night's prowling. Strange people that she had never seen before, people with bags of black oilskin, poking in the garbage cans set out at the curbs. She saw a woman salvage an old corset, a remnant of bread, some rinds of melon.

She turned toward the Avenue. She was near the park. Men were hosing down the sidewalks. Servants were out airing the dogs. A housemaid in uniform with a Pekinese on a leash was murmuring something intimate to a footman with a police dog. A bored-looking English maid passed with an equally bored Scotty.

She felt more conspicuous here, and hurried over to Sixth.

The newsboys were crying the papers. "Murder—all about the hotel murder. Murder!"

So soon! They must have found out at once!

She bought a paper and went into a restaurant, where she sat down at a white-topped table and ordered breakfast.

Her heart was hammering horribly as she unfolded the paper. Her wrists were weak; for a moment she thought she was going to faint. That was ridiculous—here, after all she had gone through. She called on the sternest stuff in her to bear her up. It was real; she must face it. She had grown to feel that it was a nightmare from which she might waken. But no wakening for her . . . . Or for Phil.

The type danced. She read it in snatches.

PROMINENT PLAYWRIGHT MURDERED.
FOUND DEAD IN HOTEL ROOM.
WOMAN COMPANION FLED.

"One of the most startling mysteries of years confronted the police at three o'clock this morning, in Room 700 of the Eastgate Hotel, when its occupant was found lying on the bed, fully dressed, shot through the heart.

"The dead man was identified from papers in the pockets of his clothes," (Oh, why hadn't she taken those—that might have delayed things!) "as Philip Darrow, the well-known playwright and prominent club-man. Later the body was identified by friends summoned by the police. He had been known to the management of the hotel for the last three months as Mr. Deering, under which name, on the private registry of the hotel, he kept a suite of rooms in which he worked from time to time, when he wished to escape the distractions and interruptions of his usual life.

"The management explained that the supposed Mr. Deering visited the hotel erratically, sometimes working all night and staying the night, but ordinarily only coming in during the day and leaving at night. He received no mail there, and ordinarily entertained few visitors. He used the hotel as an office to which he could retire.

"On this evening he had come in at ten o'clock accompanied by a woman, whom the clerk described as being of youthful appearance, attractive, and fashionably dressed.

"There was nothing in the woman's appearance to arouse suspicion. She was carrying a small handbag which was found afterward in the room, empty of contents, with the initials cut away from the leather.

"The first evidence that the management had of anything unusual was the advent of the woman, alone in the hotel lobby, shortly after one o'clock. She told the clerk that she wanted a prescription put up for a stomach disorder and inquired the nearest drug-store. On being directed to the one across the street she entered it.

"Later she was seen by the hotel man to leave the drug-store and walk down the street, but the doorman thought nothing of it then, as he imagined she had not found what she wanted and was looking further.

"When time passed without her return, the hotel clerk, Mr. Dakin, became uneasy, and after an interval communicated with the manager, who finally knocked on the door of Room 700. Receiving no response, he finally opened it and proceeded to the bedroom.

"The occupant was lying on the bed, apparently asleep. But on investigation he was found to be stone dead, with a bullet wound over his heart. The coat was found buttoned over the wound, although there was no bullet-hole through the coat. The vest within was not buttoned, but the bullet had penetrated the vest while it had been buttoned, and at short range, for the woolen goods showed the scorching of powder-marks. Evidently his companion had unbuttoned the waistcoat to investigate the wound, then drawn the coat above it.

"There were no signs of blood on the bed, but a rug in the living-room showed stains of blood. There were no marks of struggle in the room. He had evidently been taken unawares.

"The assassin undoubtedly used a silencer as the occupants of the next room, who were playing cards till midnight, heard no noise, nor did anyone at the hotel. The shooting took place sometime before midnight, according to Medical Examiner Corrigan, who examined the body. He set the time as about eleven o'clock. The woman did not leave until after one.

"When the management discovered the body, they immediately notified the police, and very shortly the official investigation commenced. Identification of the body immediately followed, from papers in the clothes of the deceased; and friends, being summoned, completed the identification. However, they could give no clue to the identity of the woman.

"The question of suicide, raised by them, is not held tenable by the

She stepped toward the bed, the paper in her hand. "Nina! Nina darling!" she said.

police, since the gun was missing, and the woman would hardly have removed evidence which might have protected her. Also, the shot was fired slightly from the left, a position impossible for the victim's own right hand.

"Mr. Darrow was a well-known figure in metropolitan life and a playwright of distinction. Two successes of his have had phenomenal runs, 'The Turning Point,' and 'Her Move.' He was socially prominent, a member of the following clubs" (her eyes raced past the familiar names) "and was mentioned as a possibility for the American four at polo to play against the British. He was thirty-eight years old.

"His domestic life was notoriously unhappy, as his wife had been pronounced insane ten years ago, one year after their marriage, and has been in a sanitarium ever since. From time to time his name has been connected with various members of his companies, but no possible reason for murder could be given by his friends. They profess themselves utterly in the dark as to the identity of the unknown woman.

"When last seen by the clerk she was wearing a dark, fashionably cut coat with light-colored fur about the throat, a small black hat, brimless, black shoes and tan silk stockings."

(Sharp eyes, that clerk!)

Over and over she read it, as she forced herself to eat the breakfast brought; each mouthful choked her, but eat it she must, under the eyes of the waitress. She felt stunned by the swiftness of the police. She had counted on its not being discovered till nine or ten in the morning. She wondered what friends had been summoned, how long before her phone would ring. . . . She could not sit there at the table any longer. Out in the street again. Almost six o'clock now. She could be at the apartment by seven. She took a taxi to the Grand Central, then in a panic remembered the station would be watched, gave another direction and soon got out.

There was little money left in her purse; she could only afford one more taxi, so she walked until time for it. Then she gave the man her address, one in the east Nineties.

It was a building of quiet and well-ordered correctness; the day man was at the door, with his ready smile, tinged now with frank surprise.

"You're early, Mrs. Channing!"

"Terribly early." She smiled as he opened the door and said a bright "Good morning!" to the lanky foreign youth in the elevator who slammed the gratings and pressed the buttons.

"Ten," she reminded him. She had nearly said "Seven." (Seven—seven, seven hundred.)

She stepped into the little hall, turned to a door on the left and rang the bell. Her heart was hammering in senseless panic as the door opened.

What did she expect—to see uniforms lined up to receive her, detectives questioning the maid, Nina in hysterics?

Chapter Two

THERE was her accustomed hall, green-paneled, quiet, filled only with the accustomed things—yellow roses in a Chinese bowl given back by the mirror behind them—Ellen in her trim gray and white, holding open the door. It was like reaching sanctuary. The sense of peace, of safety, was almost nerve-shattering in its seeming security.

Her smile quivered as she faced the maid. "Oh, I'm so tired," she said with a confessing sigh. "Those terrible morning trains!"

Oh, why had she said that? She must remember that she had said trains. She did not know yet what alibi she was going to give for this night's absence. All she had explained was that she had been called to a sick friend. Now she must remember that she took a train to that friend's house.

She was yielding her handbag when she remembered its contents and gripped it again.

"Never mind, Ellen . . . . Miss Nina awake?"

"No ma'am. She came home after you left—headache, but nothing bad, she said. She didn't go to the house-party. She was moving about, packing, late into the night."

"I hope she hasn't undone that good packing of yours," said Mrs. Channing.

"Well, there's no hurry about waking her—her boat doesn't sail till noon."

"I'll have breakfast soon for you, ma'am—"

"I had breakfast on the train."

Oh, did they have diners on

those early trains? Why hadn't she said station? She added: "Don't bother about anything till Miss Nina is ready."

There was no one else to plan for. She had been a widow for ten years.

She went down the green-paneled hall and opened the door into her room. She realized she was still holding the paper in her hand. Had Ellen noticed it? Had Ellen read the story in the one delivered at the apartment—or was it only in the later edition sold on the streets?

If Ellen had read it, she would think it strange her mistress came in so smilingly, with no word of it . . . . She stood still a moment and shut her eyes. Well, she could explain. She could say she had not looked at the paper till she came in.

First she must rid herself of those things. Hurriedly she reached under her frock and divested herself of the swathings—the chiffon frock, the peach night-robe, with the silver slippers and peach mules in its folds.

She hung the crumpled frock within other frocks hanging in the wardrobe in her closet. She could take care of it later.

The silver she laid casually out. Then she stood with the key in her hand, considering. A big red-colored disk was attached to it, with the number "700."

No hiding-place occurred to her—none that would baffle a shrewd search. New York apartments are not prolific of cubby-holes. For the present it was safe in her handbag. She always carried a bag.

Then, holding the paper, she went through her bathroom and opened a door into the room beyond. Silently she looked in. Nina lay there asleep; her mop of dark hair—she was letting it grow—outspread on the pillow about her made her seem younger, more helpless, than she seemed awake.

Nina—her little Nina! Flushed with sleep, long lashes dark on the smooth cheeks. Her little face with its poignant, almost heart-breaking beauty, was turned toward her mother, one bare arm outflung across the pillows. Little Nina, so vulnerable, so young, looking so much younger than the sixteen she had but lately ceased to be!

It seemed to Virginia Channing that she could rather die, there, on her tired feet, than go in and wake her child, and speak the words that must be spoken. But she must not show the white feather now. Time was flying.

She stepped toward the bed, the paper in her hand.

"Nina! Nina darling!" she said softly. "Nina—it's morning." . . . .

Half an hour later she came out of the room and sought the maid.

"A terrible thing has happened, Ellen," she said quickly. "It was in the paper I brought home with me. Did you see it? About Mr. Darrow?"

The girl turned a blank face towards her.

"He was killed last night—shot at some hotel," said Mrs. Channing. "No one would have believed it could happen to him, would they? The woman made her escape—no one knows who she is . . . . I've been telling Miss Nina. You can imagine how this hurts her—hurts us both."

"God in His mercy!" said Ellen, wide-eyed.

"It's pretty bad, Ellen," said Mrs. Channing unevenly. It was a comfort not to try to hide her agitation—it was natural enough. "There will be a terrible scandal. And since there is this—this other woman in his life, I think it would be best if you did not tell anyone he was here at all last evening. We don't want to be dragged into it. I suppose the reporters will be busy asking questions. And we don't want to be dragged into it," she insisted. "To have him coming here—and then to be shot by some woman—"

"Who'd 'a' thought it?" said Ellen, her blue eyes scared. "Oh, never a word out of me, Mrs. Channing . . . . Can I see the paper?"

"Miss Nina's reading it. Perhaps it's in this one."

Virginia went to the one folded beside her plate in the dining-room, glanced at it, and held it out. "Here it is. We must be very careful, Ellen, not to get talked about. I know I can rely on you."

"You can that," said Ellen fervently.

Ellen was loyal—loyal and unsuspecting. But she was young and feminine, and there would be those in her circles that she would think she could trust—

However, it had to be risked.

Back into her room. A cold shower and a fresh frock—was there a dull stain on the back of the one she took off? She hid that beneath a ball-gown in her closet, and pulled on a black skirt and blouse of Chinese red with gay gold and black embroidery.

No feeling of sanctuary now in her home. Her mind had begun to rush out to meet the dangers. What about letters? She should have looked through Phil's pockets—he might have kept some reckless lines that would point suspicion.

There might be anything in his desk at home. He was so careless. And Dervish, his man, might have overheard various telephonings, even conversation about the evening.

She'd have to chance that. Now she must plan an alibi that would be question-proof.

A sick friend, she had said. What sick friend? Whom could she trust to stand by her? Searchingly she began to turn over, one by one, the possibilities of her friendships. A friend at a little distance, since she had said trains.

At any moment they might be after her. . . . . When a policeman looked at her, her heart stopped. She felt as if in a nightmare.

Lita? Lita was loyal—but Lita had a husband and a household. The Whedons? They had too large a place—too many servants. Aunt Helen? There was her housekeeper, with her austere conscience, to reckon with.

Virginia's mind raced hither and thither. What friend was there for such a need? What friend anywhere?

The bell. It was only eight o'clock. Who was coming at this hour. Some reporter?

She was standing, rigid, in the hall, when the maid brought her card.

"He says it's important, Mrs. Channing, or he wouldn't trouble you so early."

Mrs. Channing looked down at the card. Stephen Ryder—Stephen Ryder. . . . That name ought to mean something to her. Fear was numbing her faculties.

"Just a moment, tell him," her voice was saying automatically to Ellen, and she stepped back into her room. Rouge on her lips—that was better. Not too much—just warmth and light. A smoothing touch to those dark bands of hair gathered in a knot on her neck. A brush of powder over her white skin. Now she could face him. She caught up her handbag and walked lightly into the drawing-room.

A man was standing there, in a gray tweed overcoat, holding his hat in his hand—a big man, lean but large-framed, with broad, straight shoulders, and blunt features, square-angled, and clear, hard, gray eyes. Unmistakably a man very definitely to be reckoned with.

"If you drag me into the limelight," she cried swiftly, "it will give the guilty one time to escape!"

"Mrs. Channing?" he inquired perfunctorily.

"Yes?"

"I'm Stephen Ryder—Phil Darrow's friend."

Of course. Her mind must have been paralyzed. That she had not reacted to the name told her what fixity of fear was numbing her. But there was more to it than that—some association which was escaping her.

"Indeed I know your name," she was telling him. "Won't you sit down—and take off your coat, Mr. Ryder?"

She was proud of her voice. It was low and troubled, but no more than it ought to be.

"You've seen the papers?" he said abruptly.

"Yes . . . . A great shock." She was sitting on the edge of her chair, her eyes alertly on his face.

Something very like fury burned through the cold guard of his eyes. "It's damnable," he said shortly. He added: "I came at once to you to help us out, Mrs. Channing. You were so close to Phil that you must know a number of things that would help us."

"Us?" she echoed.

"Our office. I'm Assistant District Attorney."

That was it! That was the lurking association which had eluded her. She stammered: "Of course. I ought to have remembered, Phil talked of you so—I was too upset to think."

"He used to guy me for going in for it," said Ryder. "Solemn citizen stuff—*you* know him."

His eyes smiled a little at her. That was a good sign. Or was he trying to reassure her—take her unawares? He looked somehow too big, too honorable for that; yet an Assistant District Attorney must be shrewd. Phil had spoken of him as a marvel.

"They got in touch with me at once this morning when they learned who it was. Sevaney, the lieutenant, went through his clothes; there was a letter from me there. They have put the case in my charge. As Phil's friend—" *(Please turn to page 134)*

Dad Carrigan dreamed of the *perfect* race horse, *found him*—and then—

Racing

FOR forty years Dad Carrigan had been looking for a dream horse, but the only horse he had ever seen that remotely resembled the horse of his dreams was Man-o'-War. And horses like Man-o'-War must not even be dreamed of by old race-track gypsies condemned to selling-platers and sprinters stabled in Poverty Row.

Through all the years of his wandering, Dad's dream horse had never altered an iota. He was a two-year-old colt, bred in the purple, in color a dark brown with a little star in the center of his forehead. He had lots of space between eyes full, brilliant and kindly at feeding time, but with the look of a conqueror in them once the saddle was on him. He had small ears, well set on, with more than average space between them; when you spoke to him he pricked them forward and held them there, his head up and his gaze fixed on the horizon. He had luxuriant mane, tail and foretop, and he was fifteen three high, short-coupled (but not too short) and thick in the middle. He had broad, powerful haunches and a grand front, long sloping shoulders with the legs set on straight, broad knees, short heavy cannon bone and perfect feet; pasterns medium, well sprung ribs without a tendency to shorten quickly and "tuck him up;" straight hocks well under him, and withers just right to hold the saddle. He was big for a two-year-old—bigger, in fact, than the average three-year-old, for the average thoroughbred horse in the United States is small. All in all, Dad's dream horse was built and bred to be a distance horse; he had a kindly disposition and good manners, although not above being a bit of a cut-up, for Dad could never pin his faith in a lazy horse or one with a phlegmatic disposition.

For forty years Dad had dreamed of owning this horse—and when at last he found him, he recognized him at a glance, even though the colt was only a yearling. But what a yearling! Dad first saw him in a green pasture in Amador Valley, California, where he had two broken-down sprinters boarding for the summer. Instantly he parked his old car beside the road, climbed the rail fence and approached the colt, snapping his fingers the while. The colt came sedately up to him, and when Dad started scratching him behind the ears, the colt laid his face against Dad's breast and enjoyed it.

Dad's practiced hands ran over his legs. He had fine flat bone; if he wasn't a thoroughbred, Dad had never seen one. Presently half a dozen other yearlings came up to make friends with Dad, after the habit of thoroughbred youngsters that have been handled since birth and never known what it is to be afraid of a man. So Dad decided he had stumbled onto a thoroughbred stock-farm; observing a shabby house and a decrepit barn in the distance, he walked over and rapped at the door. A stout woman past fifty opened it. She had a bitter and belligerent visage.

"Excuse me, ma'am," said Dad Carrigan, "but I wanted to ask a question. I saw seven yearlings over in yonder field and I assumed whoever lived here owned them."

The woman nodded grimly.

"They're thoroughbreds, ma'am, of course."

Again the woman nodded.

"I was looking at the largest of them—a brown colt with a small star in the center of his forehead. He looks good to me, provided his breeding is right. Is he for sale?"

"The whole kit and caboodle of 'em is for sale," the woman answered. "They're all by registered stallions out of registered mares, but they aint been registered yet."

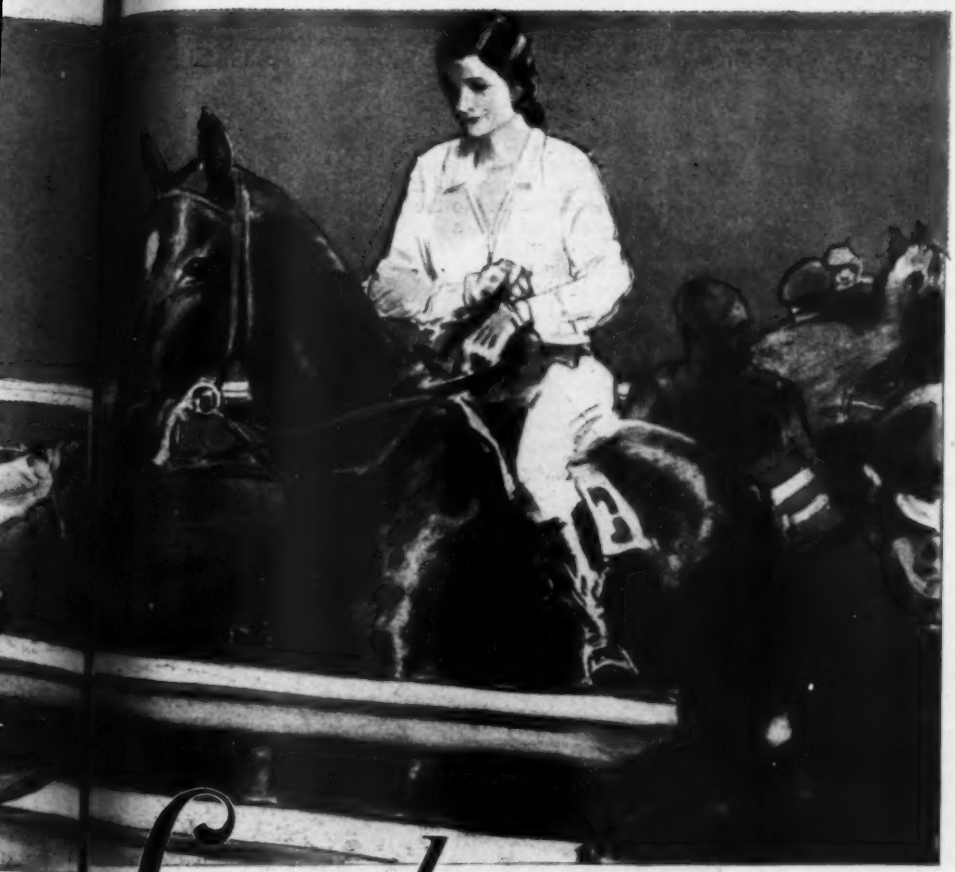
"Might I see his pedigree, ma'am?"

She invited him in and brought him out a sheaf of pedigree forms.

"Here's the pedigree of his full sister, a two-year-old. She broke her leg last week an' had to be destroyed. That's the trouble with thoroughbreds," she went on complainingly. "Nothin' ever happens to a scrub; but you breed a good horse, an' everything happens to him. I'm sick an' tired o' thoroughbred horses."

"You got to be born with a feelin' for them, ma'am," Dad soothed.

"My husband was that kind o' fool. He's dead now, an' all he's left me is this farm an' a lot o' horses I can't sell. He died o' pneumonia, an' when he lay dyin', do you think he thought about me an' how I was goin' to get along? No sir. All



"He'll not stand for the bat," Gerry informed him. "I struck him once and he started to come right back on me."

g Luck

by Peter B. Kyne

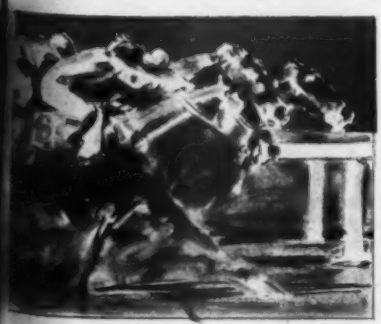
Illustrated by W. C. Hoople

he did was complain about his hard luck in havin' to go before Sweet Music dropped her foal. Somehow he had an idea it was goin' to be a colt."

A sneaking sympathy for the man, dead or alive, churned in old Dad's gentle heart. He took the pedigree of the brown colt's full sister and scrutinized it; his hand trembled a little as he handed it back to the woman. "Sweet Music is an imported Irish mare, I seem to remember."

"That fool of a husband of mine mortgaged this farm to pay ten thousand dollars for her—and her seventeen years old at the time!"

Dad Carrigan, known all over the United States as the greatest "shark" on pedigrees and past performances, knew that at last he had come to the end of the rainbow. If blood counted for anything, that brown yearling colt had everything; in addition to being classically bred, he had inherited size from his Irish mother and was bred to go a distance. Dad regarded the woman as a blasphemer. He felt like striking her.



He did not ask the woman what she wanted for the yearling. He had a thousand dollars in his pocket, all in new crisp, yellow-backed bills; he was a man of few words in a horse-trade; so he drew out his wallet and slowly counted the thousand dollars out on the kitchen table. "Take it or leave it," he said.

"Are you a married man, Mister?" the woman queried.

"No, my wife died sixteen years ago."

"She's been spared a lot o' worry," was the acid answer. The woman picked up the bills; Dad wrote out a bill of sale, and she signed it. "I'll sell you one or all of the others for a lot less money," she cajoled.

"No, I just want the brown colt. He's all I can afford—an' maybe I'm wastin' my money buyin' him. I've seen the best of 'em so slow they couldn't win in a scrub race on the Fourth of July. It's just a gamble, from soup to nuts."

He sent a van for the colt, and put him to board at a stock-farm where he knew the youngster would receive the best of care. And when the van hire and the first month's board had been paid, Dad's fortune consisted of less than a thousand dollars. But he was not worried. His amazing pride of possession in that brown colt quite submerged such a trifle as financial worry.

When he returned to the little cheap two-room-and-kitchenette apartment he occupied in San Francisco with his daughter Geraldine, aged seventeen and named for a very useful mare of that name once owned by him, he was gushing like a schoolboy.

"Gerry, sweetheart, I've just bought the finest yearling colt in the world. Got him for a song. A miserable thousand dollars!"

Gerry realized, young as she was, that the purchase had shot the Carrigan bank-roll to pieces; but like her father, she was an optimist and held a good colt in greater reverence than fine raiment, jewels and a sports roadster. She gave Dad a hug. "You *dar*-ling! You haven't!"

"I have," he replied solemnly, and told her all about it. "And now," he added, "we've got to think up a good name for him. It must be something distinctive."

Now, it so happened that Gerry had been out to the Presidio that morning, watching the soldiers drill. So she had a bright idea.

"We'll call him Top Sergeant, Dad. In the army the top sergeant is always out in front of the company."

"Top Sergeant he is, Gerry. Oh, that's a bully name for our colt! He'll be out in front of the company, all right, or I don't know a good horse from a goat."

Dad Carrigan got a job training some young stuff that fall—babies eighteen months old. They would be two-year-olds on January first, and the best of them would race at the winter meeting at Agua Caliente. Gerry, gallantly shouldering her share of the family struggle, rose each morning at five o'clock and cooked Dad's breakfast; from six until eight-thirty she rode the youngsters for Dad and collected the wages of an exercise-boy—one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month. Dad preferred her to any exercise-boy he had ever known, for she was light (ninety-eight pounds); she knew horses and wasn't afraid of them; she

had been riding since her fifth birthday and could stick on a bad one; she had fine hands, much patience and was an instinctive judge of pace.

Gerry broke Top Sergeant, seldom a difficult task with a thoroughbred that has been babied and petted all his life. The first day she topped him, he crow-hopped a few times, then put his head down and trotted around the paddock. Within a week he realized what was expected of him; his tender mouth had become accustomed to the rubber-bound bradoon bit, and he commenced to yield obedience to it. A half-hour's gentle work each morning, and after school another half hour of trotting around the paddock at the end of a cavesson, gradually took the excess fat off him and hardened his muscles. Gerry fed him and rubbed him, but Dad prepared his meals, for it is the amount and quality of forage that a horse gets in the first two years of his life that either stunts or puts size on him. The colt had good hand-picked meadow hay, with some crushed oats in the morning and at night a cooked meal consisting of crushed oats, a handful of wheat, two handfuls of corn, a double handful of bran and three quarts of fresh milk from a tuberculin-tested cow! Dad, unlike most trainers, liked to run his two-year-olds a bit high in flesh.

Top Sergeant flourished like the green bay tree; when he shed his winter coat, he was glorious. He had what horsemen refer to as "bloom," which is another name for tip-top health, plus condition. Dad trained him in bandages, and he stood in his box with bandages, for the old horseman would take no chance on the colt over-reaching himself and inflicting on his front legs even a minor scratch or bruise. The colt was a splendid "mover," a true galloper; he ran with hoofs just flipping the earth, his head outstretched, but carried just a trifle low; he had a natural habit of lowering it from time to time and thrusting it forward and upward again, the sign of a distance horse.

When he was twenty months old, Gerry took him out for his first "breeze" on the little half-mile training track at the stock-farm. He broke like a flash and ran an eighth in eleven and a fifth. Dad almost fainted with joy. Eleven and a fifth! A little later he would do it in eleven flat; that meant a quarter in twenty-two or twenty-two and two fifths, and any colt that can do that is a real race-horse. He and Gerry went over to San Francisco to dinner and the theater to celebrate the event.

Meanwhile the two crippled sprinters that represented Dad's right to be called a race-horse man before he had acquired Top Sergeant, having been fired in the late spring and allowed to run out all summer, were taken up and put into work; in January, Dad quit his job as a trainer and shipped them and Top Sergeant to Tia Juana. He worked the cripples carefully on the soft track, and before their tendons could bow again, had won a race with each of them. Fortunately it was a claiming race, and both horses were claimed on him at a price of eight hundred dollars. But Dad did not care. He had won a seven-hundred-dollar purse with each of them and cashed bets totaling two thousand, so he was in funds again. And he had Top Sergeant left. His overhead was now cut to a minimum, for he rubbed the horse himself and paid a colored exercise-boy seventy-five cents to work the horse each morning. Gerry was in a good private school, and Dad's only worry was that he was stabled in Poverty Row with the gypsies of the track—careless, stupid fellows who were always bringing in horses with an infectious disease.

He was saving Top Sergeant for the Futurity, a four-furlong race for juveniles. The colt, under wraps, was breezing the eighth in eleven and a fifth, the quarter in twenty-two and four fifths. As his condition improved, as he hardened for the race, he stepped the three-eighths in thirty-four and a fifth three days before the Futurity, and when pulled up was not puffing hard enough to blow out a candle. So Dad knew he was fit for the race, that when he should be let out, he would do the eighth in eleven flat, or even shade it a bit. This furious burst of early speed would put him out in front, and there he would stay. Dad felt certain the colt would step the four furlongs in forty-six or at least under forty-seven—and that would give him victory by two lengths, at least, for Dad had clocked the early morning workouts of all the contenders in the race.

Forty years of yearning, of repression, of luck, good, bad, very bad and indifferent, were balanced against Dad Carrigan's faith in Top Sergeant to win the Futurity. God had been good to him at last, and led him to a horse that would make him and Gerry rich. Ah, how badly he needed Top Sergeant! He was an old man and he had married late; he *had* to leave Gerry a bank-roll when he passed on, or—

But optimists like Dad Carrigan never permit themselves to get beyond that point. It is too painful. Dad's mind switched automatically to the Futurity—a ten-thousand-dollar added stake, which with the entry fees and forfeits would make it fifteen thousand. That would mean about twelve thousand to the winner—and Dad had a feeling that Top Sergeant would get a fair price in the pari-mutuel machines. . . . He had Gerry come down to see the race. "Honey," he assured her, "we can't lose. I've got a fine boy up—probably the best jockey on two-year-olds in the country—and we'll bet the bank-roll on him."

After the race, Dad came to the colt's box and glared at him.

"Fine," said Gerry. "If we go bust, we'll only have to go back to work again. Let's look at Top Sergeant."

The instant Gerry saw the horse in his box she said: "*Dar*-ling, you mustn't race him. He isn't well."

Dad looked incredulous.

"Nonsense, honey. He's fit as a fiddle."

Gerry ran her little hands up under Top Sergeant's jaws. "He has swollen glands, darling. His eyes aren't so bright, and—why, Dad, he's got a slight discharge from his nose! Better take his temperature."

"Damnation!" Dad could have been much more emphatic. "It's that influenza that's been spreading through all the two-year-olds this season." He felt the swollen glands, and a thermometer he could trust registered two degrees of fever. Whereupon he sat down and wept. Gerry comforted him, and so it happened that three

"You vision of bad luck!" he growled angrily. "You'll ruin me yet."

hours before the race, Top Sergeant was scratched; from the clubhouse veranda Dad and Gerry watched the winner of the Futurity win home in forty-eight, ridden out. He had been the favorite and paid two to one in the machines. He was a small colt, as fast as Top Sergeant for a quarter, but Dad knew he would have to be ridden out in four furlongs, whereas Top Sergeant would have finished strong and going away.

"Well, our colt's illness cost us that purse, Gerry," he said sadly, "and we'd have won five thousand more betting on Top Sergeant. He'll be out of training for six weeks or two months—and it will require another two months to get him fit again."

"Well, we're not broke, darling," Gerry comforted the old man. "And there'll be other big stakes for maiden two-year-olds around Chicago this summer. We'll just have to wait."

Dad nodded. Too well he knew the old race-track maxim: "If you don't wait for a horse, he'll make you wait for him!" Yes, the racing game teaches a man patience, and those who are impatient usually preside over a hospital instead of a racing stable. Top Sergeant was fully recovered about the time the meeting closed at Tia Juana, and so Dad shipped the horse to Tanforan Park, near San Francisco, where a twenty-five-day meeting was to be held. Of course the horse could not be got into shape to run at this meeting, but Dad put him in training there, for the Tanforan track is soft and fairly slow, and that sort of track exactly suited the old horseman for working his wonder colt. When the meeting closed, he remained at Tanforan a month—and when he found himself quite alone there, he put Gerry on the colt one morning and instructed her to set him down for four and a half furlongs. Wearing heavy training plates and carrying a hundred and twelve pounds, he stepped it, in the deep going next the rail, in thirty-eight. He pulled up without any signs of distress; he cooled out as promptly as after a normal work-out, was not at all nervous, and cleaned up his feed as voraciously as usual; and after being groomed and blanketed he lay down in his box, stretched out like a foal and went to sleep.

"He's growing," Dad exalted. "Even his sickness didn't retard his growth. He's taken on a hundred and fifty pounds since then. I do believe he'll be the fastest two-year old in the country this year; he isn't a cut-up at the post—at least, he has never been while being schooled there with other horses—he breaks like a flash of lightning and runs straight and true."

"And he'll not stand for the bat," Gerry informed him. "I struck him lightly once, and he started to come right back on me. I had to cluck to him and talk to him to get him started again. When this horse is run, don't give the boy a bat. It hurts his feelings to be whipped. A cluck, a boot and a cheer is all he needs to bring out his best. Remember that, Dad. He's a free runner."

When the horse was fit, Dad shipped him to Arlington Park, Chicago, where he had already nominated the colt in the Hyde Park Stakes, fifteen thousand dollars added. The trip cost him nearly a thousand dollars' expressage, for he had to ship in a car all by himself. But he brought his own good California hay. He arrived a week before the race, and Top Sergeant stood the trip well. Dad rested him three days, then gave him light work, saw that the horse was fit, breezed him a quarter to open his pipes and entered him. He got a good boy to ride him, but he forgot Gerry's advice and gave the boy a bat. The horse got off third and raced in that position to the three-eighths pole, when the jockey made his move. The first and second favorites were out in front of him, and he wanted to pass them with a rush, take a position on the rail and stay there. So he drew his whip and struck the horse half a dozen times. From his stand in the infield Dad saw his horse's tail fly up twice; then Top Sergeant dropped back, and the field swept past him. He finished last.

Had Dad Carrigan bet on him his entire bank-roll, as he had been sorely tempted to do, the shock would, undoubtedly, have killed the old man. But he had resisted the temptation, and only bet five hundred at ten to one. He knew there are a thousand ways in which the best horse in the race can lose it—and he had to remember Gerry and her needs. To bet his all, was too great a risk to take; in the very moment of his greatest temptation he had remembered Gerry and refrained. He thought of her again as Top Sergeant came in fifteen lengths behind the field; too late he remembered her warning not to use the bat on that free-running and courageous horse.

"What happened?" he asked the boy.

"He quit on me, Mr. Carrigan. Why didn't you tell me he wouldn't stand for the bat?"

"My fault entirely, son. I knew it, but forgot to tell you. I must be getting old."

That race took something out of Top Sergeant. He was nervous and cooled out slowly; that night he did not eat his cooked ration; he walked around his stall and sulked. Yes, his feelings had been grossly outraged, and it took Dad three weeks to make him forget it.

Dad was bitterly disappointed—but *(Please turn to page 106)*

The Suspense *Gets* Them

A story of the ring—
and Chicago

By Sam Hellman

SEEING as I'd left Speed in New York but a week before, knee-deep in a realty racket, I'm rather surprised to meet up with him in the Loop. Surprised, but not nonplused. You're likely to find that baby anywhere, doing anything. He could be in Philadelphia of a Monday floating a company for making Navajo blankets from used razor blades, and out in California on Friday merging a picture concern and a biscuit factory to produce talking animal crackers.

As a matter of fact, when our paths first crossed, Speed had just quit peddling steam-shovels down South, to take on a line of cosmetics in the Middle West. He'd made a quick clean-up in the synthetic blush business and was now shooting his roll out in all directions to track down unearned increment.

"What," I inquires adroitly, "are you doing here?"

"I could be selling trench mortars," returns Phil, "but I'm merely in Chi for the ride."

"Well," says I, "you've come to the right town for one. Come clean, crook! What's the game?"

"If you must know," replies Speed, "I'm in the leather line. I've bought me a box-fighter."

"A whom?" I eyebrows politely.

"A box-fighter," he repeats. "A resin-sniffer, a canvas-kisser, a leather-pusher, a biffer, a—"

"I see," I cuts in. "How do you buy a box-fighter—by the pound or by the ear?"

"It's Hit-me Hennessey," explains Speed. "A few days ago he and his manager, Harry Flitch, had a row over a split of the gate receipts, Hit-me claiming that Flitch took the receipts and gave him the gate. I happened to be about, so I ups to Harry and makes a deal for his contract."

"What for?" I asks.

"Oh, I don't know," shrugs Phil. "It just seemed to be a brilliant thought at the time. Everybody ought to have a prize-fighter. There's gold in them thar mills."

"Yeh," I grunts, "but not with Mrs. Hennessey's boy Hit-me. If my recollection isn't kidding me, that palooka's been picked up and laid down by everybody but the aged Begum of Bhopal."

"I don't think they've met," says Speed, "but in a general way you've got the boy's number. He has been featuring the horizontal. Of late, however, he's developed a championship asset—he's become an easy guy to foul."

"That is an asset," I admits, "but what's the idea of bringing your horse to Chicago?"

"Well," returns Phil, "I thought I might hire him out here as a bodyguard for the police department. The fact is," he goes on, "the patrons of the game in the East have become a bit fatigued with Hennessey, so I figured it wise to transfer him to the Western front."

"It's wise, all right," I agrees, "but you didn't go west enough. Chicago reads its sport pages every morning as well as its casualty lists. Pardon me if I seem to be intruding into the private life of your Aunt Hattie, but what do you know about handling a scrapper?"

"You'd never forgive me," comes back Speed, "if I told you how little; but I'm a quick study. I once learned the Latvian national anthem between two stops on the train."

"Yeh," says I; "and you'll probably learn box-fight management between two stops on Hennessey's chin. Hit-me Hennessey! What is it—a monicker or an invitation?"

"Even more than an invitation," replies Phil. "It's practically been a begging letter, but things are about to be different. No longer'll Hit-me urge the opposish to break its fists on his pan. From now on, he ceases to be a defensive fighter and becomes offensive."

"In Chicago," I points out, "that wouldn't even be noticed. A considerable part of the population's that way now. What are you going to do—send him into the ring with a bow and arrows and a handful of javelins?"

"Leave it to me," advises Speed. "The same finesse that unloaded lip-stick on lumberjacks and rouge on river roustabouts will unload Hennessey on victory. . . . How'd you like to meet the lad?"

"I'd love to," says I, "but I promised the Field boys to take a look at a museum they're running down by the lake. Where's your primrose stached—out at the stockyards?"

"Nope," he answers. "I wouldn't take a chance with the Government inspectors. I've got him working out at the Abattoir A.C. Come on. Ankle along. I want you to see the sow's ear I'm turning into a silk purse."

Personally, I'd rather see it rain on my new spring suit, but Phil's insistent, and I traipses along. When we arrives at the club, Hennessey's out in the gym massaging a punching-bag. The bag looks remarkably intelligent.

Hit-me's a light heavyweight with a barrel-like build and with a face that's bunched a thousand hits. The guy who always wanted to throw an egg into an electric fan must've got his signals crossed and pitched Hennessey's pan in by mistake. His nose is far from its boyhood home, his ears accordion-pleated and his brow corrugated with cuts, the general effect being that of a plastic operation performed by a surgeon afflicted with dada-ism and a handsome jag.

I'd never seen Hit-me in the ring, but I'd read plenty about him in the gazettes. His had been the Battling Nelson system—take it until the other bimbo's arm- and leg-weary, and then spill him. It's a great system for the iron men, but not for long. In a few years they're pounded loose from their agates, and are to be found thereafter walking around on their heels looking for seven-legged cats with green wings and purple ear-muffs. Offhand, Hennessey stacks up to me like a lad who's not far from his quota.

"Got a fight for me?" growls the pug, ducking away from the bag just in time to catch it on the beezer.

"Not yet," returns Speed, "but I'm lining up a row with Roundhouse Heffernan. Think you can lay him?"

"Sure," says Hennessey. "Who is he?"

"A good boy," answers Phil. "He's won his last three outs the hay way, and they're pointing him for the champ. Right now, he's looking for a set-up."

"Me a set-up!" yelps Hit-me.

"What do you care what he thinks you are?" comes back Speed. "Calling a tiger a titmouse doesn't make it a wall-eyed pike, does it?"

Illustrated by
Tony Sarg

Roundhouse is late for the boat. Hit-me is inside; both fists flatten against the other boy's chin.

"What's that?" scowls Hennessey suspiciously.

"Never mind," says Phil. "I'm looking after the politics of this firm. You working out the way I told you?"

"Yeh," grumbles the biffer, "but it aint my regular style, and—"

"Never mind your regular style," interrupts Speed. "The regulars have failed, so we're bringing up the volunteers. You follow my instructions, feller, and you'll be eating your ham and eggs off platinum plates. After we put Heffernan away—"

"I'll kill him," predicts Hit-me.

"Don't," says I. "Cook County's about three years back on its inquests now."

In a few seconds Phil meets me on the outside.

"You've certainly dug yourself up a jug of low-grade ore," I remarks to the boy friend.

"Perhaps," says Speed, "but I've smelted simoleons out of sorrier-looking slag than that. It's the potter, not the clay, that counts."

"Go ahead, kid," I urges. "This seems to be the day you give metaphors away. . . . What makes you think that battered-up moron has some good fights left in him?"

"Hit-me's got hidden resources," returns Phil, "that never have been tapped. He's been catching all his life, when he should have been pitching."

"Funny," I observes, sarcastic, "that it took a powder-puff peddler to make the discovery."

"Why funny?" comes back Speed. "It took an apple-knocker named Newton to discover the law of falling bodies, didn't it?"

"Maybe," says I, "but it took you to invest in 'em. . . . What did you cough up for Hennessey's contract?"

"Twenty grand," answers Phil.

"Ye gods and little Nell!" I exclaims. "Twenty grand for that tramp! And you expect to get it back?"

"With compound interest at eight hundred per cent," says Speed, "not to mention extra dividends, stock split-ups and rights."

"Yeh," I growls. "Rights to the jaw! . . . ."

When I gets back to Chicago a couple of weeks later, I learns from the papers that the Hennessey-Heffernan joint debate's been arranged—in fact, it's scheduled for that evening. I'm about to go out and skirmish for a ticket, when Speed drops in.

. . . . . .

"I figured you'd return for the ruckus," says he. "What do you want to do—swing a towel or tote a bucket?"

"Will one bucket be enough?" I asks. "I should imagine it'd take three or four to carry out the fragments of a big boy like Hit-me."

"A fig for your fragments," chirps Phil. "Hennessey's in and blanketed. I expect him to shush Roundhouse to sleep before—"

"You may expect him to," I cuts in, "but you're seemingly singing a solo, or at least a duet, with your private pug. Of course, all I know is what I see in the papers, but the betting appears to be five to two on the lad in the other corner."

"That's nothing," shrugs Speed. "In 1497 the betting in Europe was a hundred to one against there ever being such a place as Chattanooga, Tenn., and now look at the joint—eighty-seven miles of paved streets, three lovely parks, two public swimming pools—"

"Nice town," I admits; "but just who's fighting tonight—Rand and McNally, or Hennessey and Heffernan? Tell me, do you seriously look for that punch-drunk baby of yours to win?"

"So much so," returns Phil, "that I went in on an eighty-twenty split. Better hock your ticker and take some of that five to two."

"Without me," says I, "I wouldn't bet a thin dime on Hit-me even if the whole Hoover cabinet predicted prosperity for Heffernan."

"You're leaning over backward now," declares Speed. "Doesn't my record for picking 'em mean anything to you?"

"Nary a thing," I assures him. "Even the Maine Stein Song'll crack if you play the record often enough."

"That's the kind of break," says Phil, "you never get."

He changes the subject, and a few minutes later we drifts down below for our measure of oats. We're walking through the lobby toward the restaurant when a tough-looking *hombre*, his hat over his eyes, plants himself in our way, glowers at Speed and spits out:

"Hennessey wins tonight."

"Of course," returns Phil easily. "Can you doubt it?"

"I can," snaps the stranger, "but you'd better not let me."

"No?" bristles the boy friend. "Who the hell are you—the Spirit of Fair Play?"

"Yeh," comes back the visiting girl grimly. "This mill tonight's on the up and up, and your lad wins."

"And if he doesn't?" I chimes in.

The shadow of a grin crosses the hard-boiled baby's pan. "Your friend ever taken a ride out Gary way with identification marks on his underwear?"

"With what?" I exclaims.

"Identification marks," repeats the bozo, and turning away, walks rapidly through the revolving doors.

"Who's the boy scout?" I asks.

"He's a new-laid yegg to me," replies Speed, "but I suspect—"

"Just a minute," I interrupts. "I'll get a line on him." And I motions over the house dick, with whom I'd gotten pretty thick in my ten years of stopping at the hotel.

"Who," I inquires, "is the punk we've been palavering with?"

"Killer Cusimano," comes back the flat-foot. "Billy Messina's right bower. You been stepping on his toes?"

"Not yet," I returns, and tells him of the conversation.

"I get the angle," says the square-toe. "Roundhouse Heffernan trains along with Big John McAfee's mob. Messina's ag'in' anything Big John's for, and I guess he's put plenty on your pug. He's just making sure that the fight isn't in the bag."

"It is," declares Phil, "for Hennessey."

"O.K.," shrugs the dick; "but if it's fixed the other way, you'd better unfix it. Cusimano'd bump off his mother if she fried his eggs too hard. He's got St. Vitus in the trigger-finger."

"Where are the cops?" I asks.

"Helping school-children across the street," says the house *Holmes*, and departs to annoy a guest.

"Nice widows-and-orphans' investment you've gotten into now," I observes to Speed. "How about you and me beating it up Milwaukee or Soo City and catching the fight by radio?"

"Don't be a Sylvan," growls Phil. "If they put a New Yorker on the spot in this burg, Mayor Walker'd send a fleet of gunboats up the Chicago Drainage Canal and blow the town off the map."

"All right," says I, "but if you find yourself missing tomorrow morning, don't blame me."

After dinner I walks with Speed over to the arena. A pork-and-bean prelim's already in progress, and Hit-me's in his dressing-room, scowling down at his bandaged mitts. For a few minutes Phil whispers earnestly into the bruiser's cauliflowers.

"If I got to," mumbles Hennessey at length, "but I aint never done it before like—"

"Never mind," cuts in Speed. "This isn't before; this is now. I'm betting on you to clean up quick."

"Chancing much?" inquires Hit-me.

"You'd be surprised," I tells him. "Speed may be your late manager if you don't cop."

"I don't care how late he is," grunts the pug absently. "He doesn't even have to show up if I lose."

"He probably won't," says I.

They're packed in the arena like sardines in a subway when the boys hop into the ring for the main go. Heffernan's the larger of the two, a rangy youngster, with the longest arms I've ever seen outside of a free lunch. The Roundhouse monicker comes from his habit of swinging 'em like one. I notices Hit-me regarding the lad with some respect.

"Looks like he packs a wallop," he whispers, leaning over the ropes to pass Phil that crumb of comfort.

"Don't worry," says Phil lightly. "He can't hurt us."

Whether he can or can't doesn't develop on this occasion. At the bell, Hennessey leaps viciously at Heffernan. Roundhouse, apparently surprised by the suddenness of the onslaught, takes a step back and unleashes one of his swinging curves, but he's late for the boat. Hit-me is inside the sweep and both his fists flatten against the other boy's chin. Heffernan grins vacantly, sags with his spreading knees and slopes to the floor, face down. The count's a waste of time.

"Can I pick 'em?" demands Speed.

"Yeh," says I, "but what's more important is that no shots'll be heard tonight on the Gary road. Cusimano can't even suspect he was crossed."

"He can't," grins Phil, "but Heffernan can. He and the rest of 'em figured Hit-me'd stand around for six or eight rounds, taking it like he's always done—but I learned 'em."

"That quick stuff your idea?" I asks for the rise.

"Listen, feller," says Speed. "When I'm in northern Illinois, and a clever idea's developed in northern Illinois, it's mine. The same goes for eastern Alabama and the country around double Walla, Washington."

"Come on," I growls. "Let's get out of here before I discover you were at the capital when the tariff bill was passed."

At the door we comes face to face with Killer Cusimano. He greets us with a broad smile and broader hospitality.

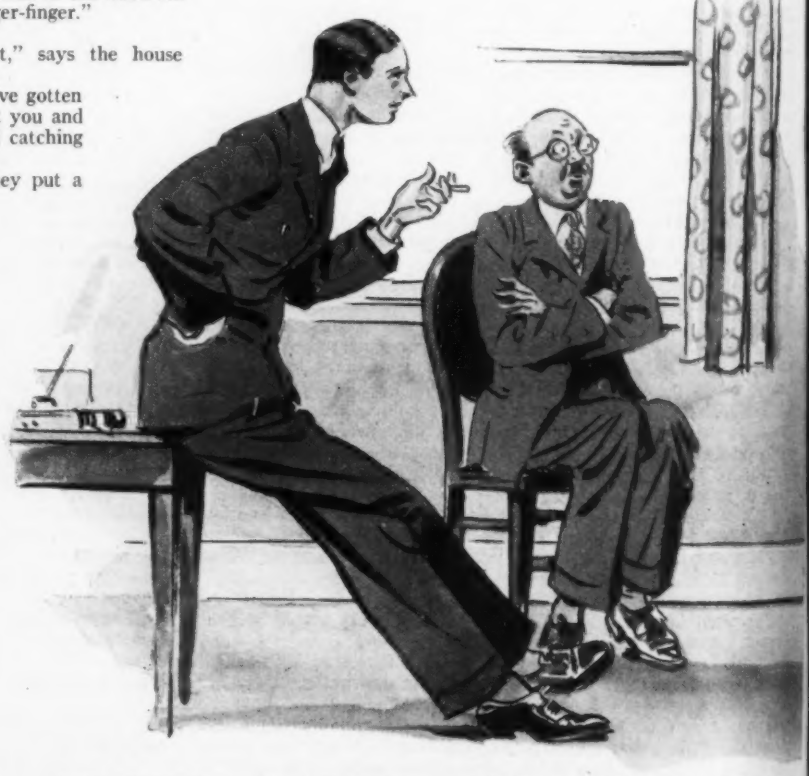
"We're staging a little party tonight," says he. "How'd you boys like to cut in?"

"Not this Nordic," I returns hurriedly. "I haven't even got my Elks' card with me for identification."

"Forget it," grins the gangster. "How they treating you at the hotel?"

"Oh, all right," I answers. "Why?"

"Tip me if everything aint just so," says Cusimano. "I'll fix



"I've promised myself a win tomorrow night," says McAfee, "and I never

Isn't there something I can do for you? Isn't there anything you want?"

"Nothing but some sleep," remarks Speed with a yawn. "They're doing some riveting at night where I'm staying—"

"Leave it to me," cuts in the Killer promptly. "There'll be no more riveting there at night. What's the address?"

I LEAVES Chicago the next morning to cover my Dakota and Wisconsin territory, and when I gets back three weeks later I have no expectation of finding Phil in town. According to precedent he should be up in Alaska working on a scheme for making silk out of sea-water, or down in Texas with a plan for grafting beans to corn and growing succotash. However, much to my surprise, I finds him in when I gives his bed-house a buzz.

"How are tricks?" I asks when we gets together.

"Taking 'em all with aces," returns Speed. "Hit-me scrambled another bozo in a stanza last week."

"So I read," says I. "The punk seems to have developed a bed-time tale."

"Developed nothing!" snorts Phil. "He always had a lullaby, but the hooeys who handled him must've been watching parades instead of their meal-ticket. Because Hennessey could take it, they figured he couldn't do anything else. I sized him the minute I saw him."

"You would," I comes back. "It's too bad you weren't around when Tom Edison was pounding a telegraph key. We might have had electric lights twenty years sooner. . . . When does Hit-me shoot again?"

"Pretty soon," says Speed. "The Heffernan mob's yelping for a return regatta, and we'll stage one just as soon as the yelping reaches the proper financial pitch. Mike thinks—"

"Mike?" I queries.

"Cusimano," explains Phil. "We're buddies now."

"Ever since he stopped the riveting?" I inquires, sarcastic.

"If you don't think he stopped it," says Speed, "you're crazy. They knock off now the minute the lights in my room go out."

"What'd the Killer do?" I asks. "Peel a pineapple in front of the contractor's house?" But Phil only shrugs his shoulders.

"Mike Cusimano," he returns, "doesn't encourage curiosity, but there's nothing he wouldn't do for me. Every evening he calls around to learn if anybody's offended me during the day. I'm offended plenty, but I don't dare tell him. I don't care to have traffic cops and elevator starters bumped off in my name. . . . Anybody you want put on the spot?"

break a promise to myself. 'Your boy takes a nose-dive or—"

"Yeh," says I. "Moe Feinberg of the Bon Ton Store at Bismarck, North Dakota. He gave me a big order last week and then wrote a cancellation on the bottom of the page."

"I'm afraid," observes Speed regretfully, "that Bismarck's a bit off the boy's beat, but it might be arranged. Maybe these gangsters have the same arrangements for telegraphing 'rides' that the florists have for—"

"Never mind," I cuts in. "I'll get even with Moe myself. I'll send him a Christmas card on the Fourth of July. But getting back to your favorite self—aren't you taking chances being such a hell-fellow-well-meant with the Cusimano cutthroat?"

"Chances?" repeats Phil. "What chances?"

"Birds of a feather," says I, "fall together in these latitudes. You can't get tapped for one lay-out around here without getting blackballed by another. I wouldn't be surprised if Big John McAfee had a machine-gun sharpened up for you."

"Pish and a couple of tushes!" snorts Speed. "John doesn't even know I'm alive."

"Sh!" I whispers. "Don't say 'alive' out loud in Chicago. It's bragging. . . . Isn't that your biff-boy over there?"

Toward the rear of the restaurant sits Hit-me Hennessey dressed up like a cross between a track-tout in clover and a Greek boot-black at a christening. There's enough candle-power in his shirt-front to illuminate the Hoosatonic Tunnel. He's not alone.

Beside him's a dizzy damsel who, from a distance, appears to have long outgrown the stork story and the Santa Claus anecdote. Hennessey catches my eye and motions a come-over.

"Meet the moll," says Hit-me, when Speed and I deal ourselves in at his table. "Miss Trotter."

"Tillie to you boys," she flashes graciously.

"I used to know a filly named Tillie," I remarks to make conversation. "It was back—"

"That must be the other Tillie," cuts in Miss Trotter agilely. "The one who lives in Kansas City."

"Probably," I agrees. "I've never been there."

"The frill, here," offers Hennessey at this point, "thinks that I ought to go on the stage."

"Why?" I asks. "Has she seen you fight?"

"Yeh," returns Hit-me. "That's how she got the idea. Tillie's a swell actress herself—"

"No!" I exclaims, practically aghast. "A regular play actress with a part and everything?"

"Uh-huh," she nods, her tongue in her cheek. "I've tripped the boards and tripped over 'em, but I'm not working now. I'm waiting for the picture craze to die out."

"You're right," says I. "If I were you, I'd wait till they got tired of telephones, too."

"I guess they aint much chance of that," ventures Hennessey. "I wouldn't know what to do without one—now." And he winks heavily at the Trotter trick. I glances at Speed. He, obviously, is not enamored with the idea of his biffer going Lochinvar over a wise wren with a gaudy gate in the offing.

"Better start your training tomorrow," says he to Hit-me. "Everything's about set for the return go with Heffernan."

"You're funny," growls Hennessey. "I could break a leg and beat that lay-me-down."

"Yeh?" snaps Phil. "Well, you've got another think coming."

"And when that arrives," I horns in, "you ought to hold a celebration. It will be your first-born."

"Huh?" mumbles the pug.

"He means," explains Tillie, "that after your first punch, Heffernan'll wish he'd never been born. Like in the other fight."

"Sure," says Hit-me, patting me on the back. "You got the idea. . . . Well, we must be going. Tillie's taking me places. I'll be seeing you."

The pair beat it, and Speed and I drift out into the lobby for a quiet smoke. We're hardly squatted when the house dick shuffles up.

"What's your boy doing, playing around with Big John's gal?" he asks.

"Whose gal?" I exclaims, jumping half out of my seat.

"Big John McAfee's," repeats the slew-foot. "Better have Hennessey dig into his little red book and get another phone-number. Tillie's poison to play around with."

"Seems a nice kid," observes Phil.

"Oh, she's all right," comes back the dick, "but Big John

doesn't let anyone cut in on his dances. A couple of Valentinos are already watching the grass grow from the roots up for trying."

"Feller," says I, when the Hawkshaw lams, "you're just getting in prettier and prettier in these here parts. First you bring a baby to Chi to knock off Big John's favorite fighter, and now you're sponsoring an attempt to pry his lady friend loose."

"Where do you get that sponsoring?" yelps Speed. "Am I responsible for my pug's pick-ups?"

"Maybe not technically," I agrees, "but something tells me you'll shortly be associated in a large way with slow music and the cloying fragrance of tuberoses."

"You're all wet on the Tillie angle," declares Phil. "It wouldn't surprise me any if McAfee sicked the skirt on Hennessey."

"What for?" I asks.

"To make a tramp out of him," returns Speed. "Keep him out nights, get him hopped up with hooch and otherwise soften him up for the mill with Heffernan. I hear Big John's talking of betting a hundred grand on his plug, and—"

"The bunk!" I cuts in. "That kind of deep-sea stuff went out with Congress gaiters and spotted coach-dogs. Let's take a walk."

Outside the hotel we runs flush into Cusimano. He's most cordial, welcoming me back to Chi with an enthusiasm that would call for a shower of torn ticker-tape in New York City.

"Everything all right today?" he asks Speed.

"Fine," returns the boy friend.

"Nobody bother you?" persists the Killer.

"Nobody," Phil assures him.

"How about you?" he inquires of me. "O.K.?"

"Well, yes," I replies. "There was a little bit too much sand in the spinach at dinner, but—"

"Yeh?" scowls Cusimano. "I got a steak in there yesterday that wasn't so good, either. I think I'd better have a little talk with the chef." . . . .

I never saw so much hot-stove excitement over a third-rate fight as there is over the Hennessey-Heffernan return go. Not since the Tunney-Dempsey imbroglio had the betting been as heavy, and the gab-fests in the cigar stores and poolrooms as loud. Even the papers get infected and give it the space usually devoted to another municipal scandal or a silk-lined suburban love-nest. The gang background's responsible.

Under Speed's urging, Hit-me goes about his training in earnest fashion. He still sees the Trotter dame from time to time, but the high, loose and liberal nights Phil'd feared don't eventuate. Hennessey's in the hay at a reasonable hour, and he seems in great shape to me as the date nears.

"Betting much?" I asks Speed the day before the mill.

"The bank-roll," says he. "And you?"

"Nix," I returns. "Hit-me, I suppose, is as good as he ever was, but what do I know about Roundhouse? You can throw that other win out for me. It was a lucky fluke, and flukes don't repeat."

"There'll be no repeat," promises Phil, "except in the result. The line of attack tomorrow night'll be entirely different."

"Yeh?" says I. "What's Hennessey going to do—ooze into a foul if the wind comes up?"

"Wait," counsels Speed, "and you'll see plenty."

I sees plenty, and without waiting. That evening I'm in Phil's room, helping out with some of the bookkeeping of the fight, when the door opens, and in walks a stranger, a broth of a bozo six feet some tall, and considerably more than two hundred pounds on the hoof.

"I'm McAfee," announces the visitor, dumping his tonnage into a seat. "Do you know me?"

"Should I?" comes back Speed.

"It wouldn't be a bad idea," says Big John. "Lots of folks find me a pleasant playmate."

"And lots of others?" inquires Phil.

"Not so pleasant," returns McAfee. "Thought I'd drop in for a chat about the fight. How does it look to you?"

"Don't you know?" counters Speed.

"I guess I do," admits the big boy, "but it might not look that way when I leave. What are your charges for being reasonable?"

"Nothing," snaps Phil, "when I want to be; and there's not enough dough in Chi when I don't want to be. And this is Don't Be Reasonable Week with me."

"I've promised myself a win tomorrow night," says McAfee, his eyes narrowing, "and I never break a promise to myself."

"No?" shrugs Speed. "Well, even a beer-runner's got to begin sometime. Before you go any further, it might interest you to know that I'm not a pants-presser. Better confine your rackets to them."

"And so," goes on Big John, calmly and as if he hadn't heard a word of the kid's crack, "your boy takes a nose-dive, or—"

"Or what?" snaps Phil.

"Just *or,*" says McAfee, but he says it in such a way that a chill hits me in the spine.

Better make a deal with him," I whispers to Speed, but it's too late. Big John's risen to his feet and lumbered out of the room. I starts after him, but Speed stops me.

"That baby means it," says I. "He doesn't bark like Cusimano. He bites. I hear he has a record for slaughter around here that compares favorably with the stockyards output. Remember that garage massacre last year?"

"Yeh," returns Phil, "but he can't bluff me. I've always been able to take care of myself in the clinches."

"Maybe," I comes back, "but you might not even get a chance to clinch. It's a safe bet, too, that Big John's gotten wise to Hennessey's boop-a-doop with his gal. If he has, it's curtains sure."

"Well," demands Speed, "what do you want me to do about it?"

"Play along with McAfee," I returns. "What do you care? Get yours and beat it. You're about ready for a shot at something else, aren't you?"

"It's no go," decides Phil. "If Hit-me loses, Cusimano'll figure I crossed him, and he'll take me for a ride."

"Gosh!" I says, startled. "I hadn't thought of that. You're certainly sitting pretty, boy—you're bumped off if you do, and you're bumped off if you don't! I think I'll hop a rattler tonight for Dakota and look over the trade. I promised my mother once that I'd never get in the way of a fusillade."

"There'll be no fusillade," says Speed, back to his braw self, "and we're going through with the mill as scheduled."

"All right," I shrugs. "It's your funeral."

NEXT day I drifts over to the clubhouse with Phil. In the office is Cusimano, in high good humor, and he walks back to the gym with us for a peep at Hennessey. The pug's in the sulks.

"You look great," chirps the Killer.

"I don't feel great," mumbles Hit-me.

"Well," says Cusimano cheerfully, "you don't have to feel so good to run Roundhouse ragged."

"I don't know about that," growls Hennessey. "If he's in any kind of shape at all, he'll take me. I got a feeling—"

"Forget it," laughs the racketeer. "You'll win under wraps."

"I wouldn't bet on it," says Hit-me gloomily, and drags himself off.

"What's the matter with him?" I asks.

"Not a thing," returns Cusimano. "Just a little grouchy. He never looked better. I'm going out now to lay another grand on him. He'll cop sure. Take it from me. I know."

"I may be wrong," says I to Speed, when the Killer exits, "but does it occur to you that Hennessey may have been seen by the McAfee mob?"

"What makes you think so?" he comes back.

"I don't know, exactly," I tells him, *(Please turn to page 133)*

Arthur Somers Roche

who wrote "Fallen Angels," and who is one of the few writers who *know* the extravagant and fashionable society of our day, returns to Redbook next month with a startling series which you *mustn't* miss—

"THE RECKLESS ADVENTURES of LYDIA GREY"

In Tune *with* Our Times

Pacific & Atlantic Photos

VITA SHOEMAKER

Ninety pounds of symmetry, alertness, nerve—and, luckily, a parachute which opened quite properly a second or so after this picture was snapped from a plane.

The ladies have gone in for leaping from higher and higher points; and Miss Vita Shoemaker, who when on the ground is employed in Wall Street, holds the woman's record, as we go to press. She stepped out into space when more than three miles up.

Photo by Lazarnick

ERNEST TRUEX and HORTENSE ALDEN

A scene from a play that according to the classic records started its run two thousand, three hundred and forty-one years ago. To be sure, the run has been interrupted by a millennium here and there; and in the Middle Ages it must undoubtedly have suffered from the censors. However, *"Lysistrata"* is quite robust again, and as human nature remains remarkably constant, you can now see the scenes that crowded the theater first in 411 B. C. and are doing the same today.

To be SOLD,

A new and convenient houſe, barn and ſeveral out-houſes, together with twenty acres of land, very pleaſantly ſituated in the heart of New York Iſland, along the Middle Road, near the 3 mile ſtone, about ½ mile North from Chelſea Village. The land is fertile, partly wooded and well watered, and eminently ſuitable for the riſing of various produce, profitably diſpoſed of to the opulent families of the City. It is confidently expected by thoſe whoſe opinions are conceded to be ſound, that the rapid growth of the City and of the Villages of Greenwich and Chelſea will ſoon cauſe the value of the Aforeſaid Land to be greatly enhanced.

The ſubſcriber's only motive for diſpoſing of the above place is that circumſtances require his removal to the City. For further particulars, enquire of the ſubſcriber on the premiſes.

JNO. THOMPSON.

Photo by Lazarnick

ALFRED E. SMITH and his EMPIRE STATE BUILDING

If there ever was a time rather to be right than President, this seems to be the year.

Above is a 1799 advertisement of property upon which the building now rises. The land does seem to have had a future; and what a hundred years hence? Mr. Smith means to swing Zeppelins from a mooring mast at the top of this structure.

Photo by Vandamm Studio

ALFRED LUNT and LYNN FONTANNE

star in a success which they wrote for themselves—a romance of married life which has already achieved a run of eight years off the stage. For the Miss Fontanne of "Caprice" and the Mr. Lunt of "Clarence" are husband and wife, and they have a clause in their contracts stating that, when on tour, they must both play the same towns.

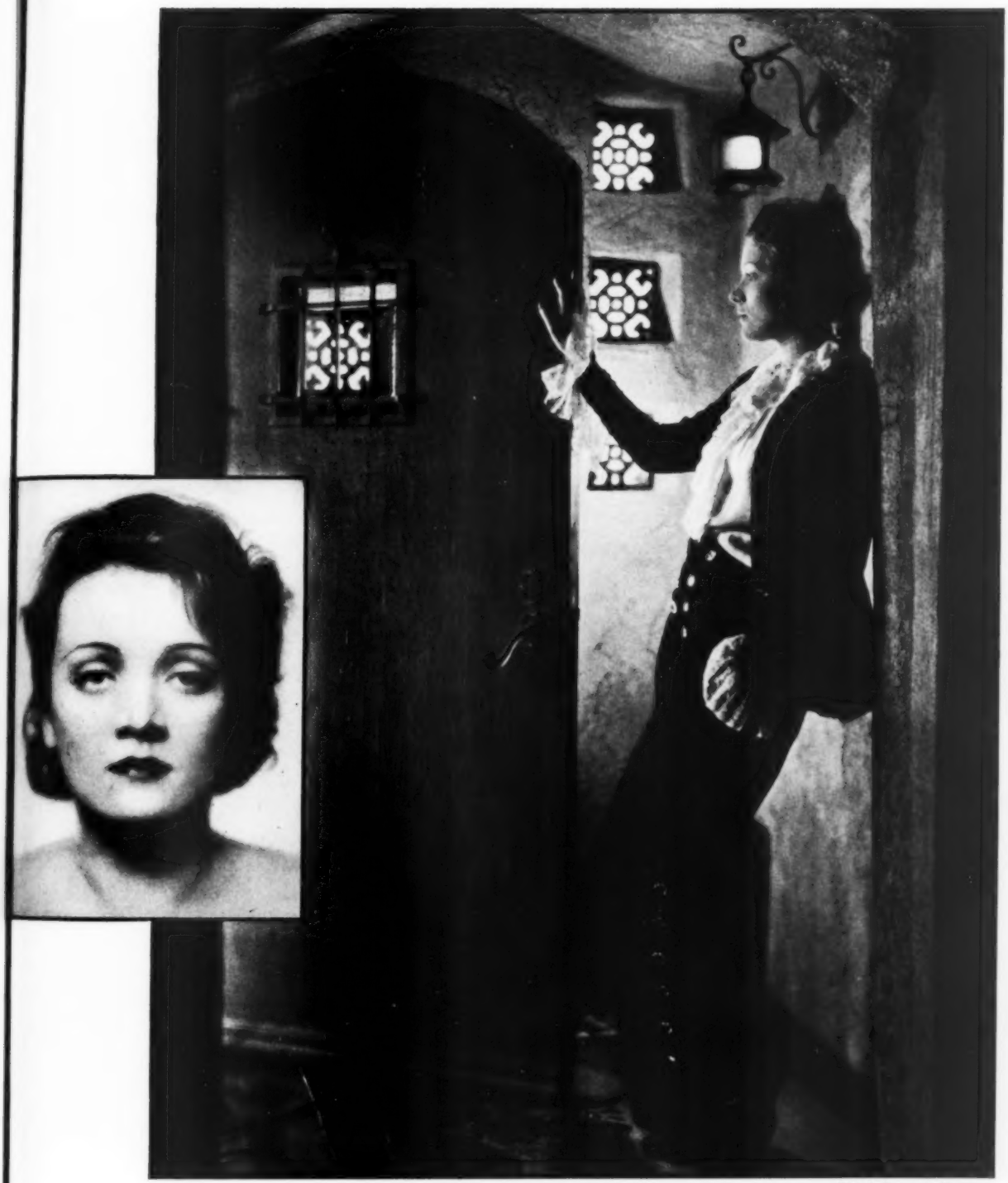


Photo by Paramount Pictures

MARLENE DIETRICH

When UFA borrowed Josef von Sternberg to direct Emil Jannings' first talking film, the republic of Germany paid quite a price; for Mr. von Sternberg discovered in Berlin that Marlene Dietrich was not only beautiful and the reigning success of the theater, but that she spoke English faultlessly. The result—Hollywood. And the rest you will hear and see on the screen.

Photo by First National

Loretta Young

awhile ago played the feminine lead in that sardonic success, "Laugh, Clown, Laugh!" And now she becomes the romantic *Joyce MacMillan* of William Byron Mowery's "Heart of the North," which you read in this magazine.

Photo by Mitchell

Elsie Janis

most delightful of impersonators (and toast of American Legion men all over the world), again demonstrates that if yours is the art of entertaining, it is immaterial whether you put your show upon the stage or on the page. Elsewhere in this issue, "Texas Love," by Elsie Janis.

Wide World Photo

Admiral Byrd and Igloo

Practically everything has been printed about Admiral Byrd—except the interesting reason why, with all the risks he has run, he has had so few "adventures." Another explorer, Stefansson, well explains this. "An explorer," he says, "meets an adventure when he makes a mistake."

Olive Palmer

was a church singer in Louisville when she telephoned William Hinshaw in New York for a part in an opera. He phoned back:

"I cannot wait for you to come East for a trial." She replied: "You don't need to!" And Long Distance, listening in, heard "The Shadow Song" from "Dinorah." At once Mr. Hinshaw engaged her. Hers is the splendid soprano that comes to you on the Palmolive Hour. No; the suitability of her name is not a complete coincidence. She was Virginia Rae.

Photo by National Broadcasting Co.

Photo by Pinchot

Ted Shawn

Dancer, born in Kansas City, and creator of the title rôle of "Orpheus Dionysus," recently proclaimed at the Munich Opera as the most interesting dance event in Europe. He is the husband of Ruth St. Denis.

Photo by Paramount

Claudette Colbert

Portrayer of that most modern heroine the feature-writer wife of the "Young Man of Manhattan" in Katharine Brush's story. Versatile Miss Colbert has also won success in the merry "Kiss in the Taxi" and Eugene O'Neill's doleful "Dynamo."

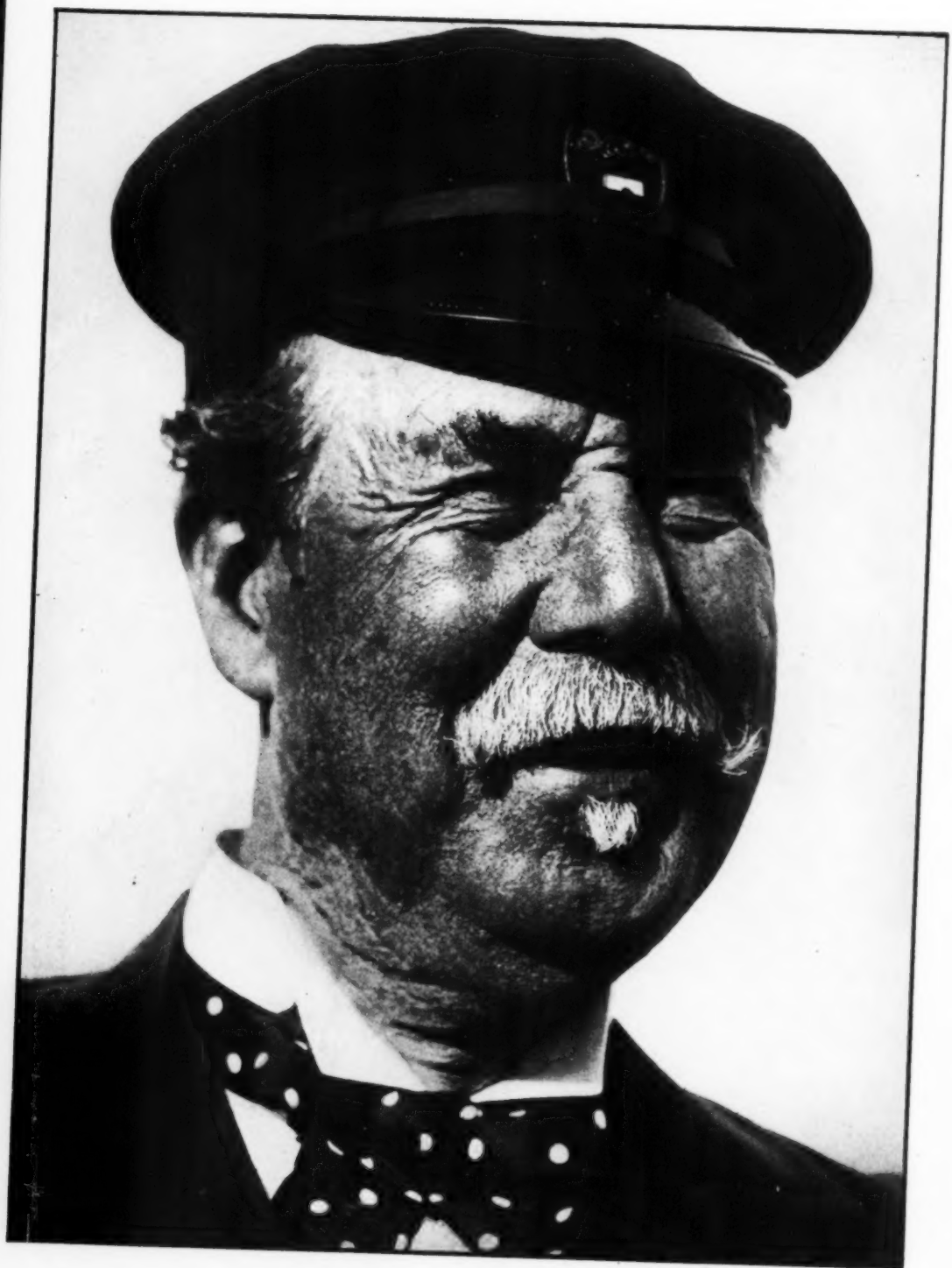


Photo by Underwood & Underwood

SIR THOMAS LIPTON

tea-merchant, sportsman and seeker, par excellence, of the *America's* cup carried away from his native shores when he was one year old—seventy-nine years ago.

My GARDEN

By Angelo Patri

Decoration by C. B. FALLS

IT is a place of peace, this my garden, and of sweet content. It abounds in gracious memories, is alive with hope and promise.

Smiling through faint blue shadows of larkspur and summer sky and fresh-leaved pines, Piccirilli's Pan sits dreaming, his pipes at rest upon his breast, a wee squirrel daringly close to his beckoning finger. That elusive smile, a light that comes from far away illuminating the hillside, warming the cold stone until it thrills with life, is the old master's own. Many and many a time has that smile warmed my heart as we walked and talked together here. Friends long gone live in my garden.

In the fair-faced lily host, the selfsame flower the angels carry, abide the shades of little children. Long summers ago they grew up and took on serious ways and manly stature, but the lilies hold fast their first sweetness for me. In and out among the swaying stalks flits a vague figure, the blue-smocked form of one who first set the buds of hope and promise there. Joy is in her face, and strength and ministering grace. Tender thoughts dwell in my garden.

By the side of the winding path sits the old gray rock whispering, "From everlasting to everlasting." Mountain pinks cast a bright scarf of bloom about his shoulders. Gay golden buttercups dance in a crown above his head. Thyme, sweet as fairy breath, delicate as elfin lace, lays a tracery of green and white and rose across his breast, comforting and comforted. In the canopy of bittersweet a robin nests. Life is abundant in the shelter of the old rock.

One day a child of strange and lovely fancies stood there and suddenly trilled into laughter. "I'm going to live here, too!" And from his gifted fingers sprang the prancing frog that charms rock and robin into moods of rollicking, frolicking mirth. "When you see him you shall see me and hear me also," said the merry youngster. Ah, much laughter and childish fun have gone into this garden!

High on the topmost terrace, for this is a mountain garden and close to the sky, perches Bruno's bronze Boy. Mischievous, scoffing, a small son of Pan, he embodies for me all the little boys who have trodden the ways of my garden. Youth, elemental and bold and inspiring, is here in my garden.

And venerable age. Trees that have endured through the centuries—brooding, sure—stand guard and in the stillness of evening murmur benediction. And up and down the grassy steps of the terrace pass well-loved forms, faces alight, arms full of flowers, the staff but the token of translated experience. Memories, they forever belong to memory now, and they make of my garden a shrine.

Above, beyond and round about are the hills, cradling the stars and the storms. On still afternoons they bend down to kiss the lake, child of their smiles and their tears. In their beauty I find joy. In their steadfastness, courage. In their quiet, peace. In their purpose, faith.

Strange and mysterious, this my garden. All sorts of seeds sleep and awake into flower and fruit, and always the fruit is a thousandfold. Friends and family come and go. Change is the law of the garden. Yet nothing of beauty is ever lost. Each departing leaves a wealth of life behind it, and always the fruit is a thousandfold. Eternal life is in my garden—and in yours.

By Sophie Kerr

Illustrated by Marshall Frantz

Overdue

She had to be SURE — He Had to take a chance

"Darling," he cried, "promise you'll not love anybody but me, ever!"

The Story So Far:

DOWNSTAIRS in the old Southern house the guests were gathered for the wedding of Emily Rallifer and Malcolm Crayn. Malcolm's mother had come down from Massachusetts for the occasion. And his friend Tory Birch had come from New York to be best man. A long-distance call had come for Malcolm from New York.

"It was Hale," Malcolm had reported to Tory. "The market's flivved, and he's yelling for more margin on that Jexley Oil I bought. I'm cleaned out."

Meanwhile Malcolm's mother had gone to Emily as she was dressing for the ceremony upstairs.

"My dear," said Mrs. Crayn to Emily, "these are my gifts for you and Malcolm."

In the small box was a brooch of whole pearls, of good size and shape, well matched, fine color. The slip of paper was a thousand-dollar check. "That is to go toward the furnishing of your new home," said Mrs. Crayn. "And you—yourself, not Malcolm—are to have the sole spending of it. I want that understood." She put a sharp emphasis on the last words.

"But why?" asked Emily. "I—" She stopped. That wasn't a nice question. "You're a lot too generous and kind, and the pin is the loveliest thing I ever owned."

When the wedding ceremony was over and Emily and Malcolm were driving to the train, and all along the street people had come out to wave and shout, "Good luck!" "Good-by, Emily!"

"Oh, Malcolm," Emily exclaimed, "hasn't it been a grand and glorious wedding! I don't believe I told you what your mother gave us—now, that's stupid of me, of course she told you herself."

"She never said a word. Mother never tells me anything much. What was it?"

"This gorgeous pearl pin, and look—this check for a thousand dollars for furniture."

Malcolm seized the check and looked at it with amazed eyes.

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"Well, for crying out loud!" he said at last. "Talk about manna in the wilderness!"

"It is, isn't it?" said Emily. "I thought that we'd have to buy everything by installments. Dad would have loved to give us our furniture, but you know how poor we are at home, Mac; we simply skin along from one mortgage-interest payment to the next."

Malcolm was still staring at the check.

"It's made out to you," he said at last. "You'd better endorse it over to me, and I'll bank it until—until we need it."

He put the check in his inner pocket, smiled and caught her hands. "I'm the luckiest fellow in the world, Emily—I always seem to get a break, somehow."

And it was only some weeks later, when Emily urged that they should leave the hotel, take an apartment and furnish it, that Malcolm confessed:

"Darling girl, we've hardly got a nickel left of that furnishing money. We spent it on our honeymoon."

Finally they did manage an apartment of their own. But Malcolm's gambling spirit and irresponsibility about money were a continued perplexity to Emily. He had borrowed from Tory Birch, for example, and told Emily he'd paid the debt. But—

"Don't forget to ask Tory to dinner some night this week, will you?" she said after a party one night. "I was so glad you'd paid him back that money; I'd have felt very queer sitting there beside him in my wedding-dress, thinking we owed him for part of our trip."

She slid into her own bed, serene and content with the world. But her peace was shattered, her security cut away. For Mac was saying, jerkily, huskily, like a sleepy little boy: "But I didn't pay him. It seemed so foolish to hand it back to him when he doesn't need it, and I do." (*The story continues in detail:*)

EMILY did not intend to, but she burst into a tempest of tears. She sat up in her bed and drew up her knees and cried with her head bowed against them. "Oh, Mac, Mac darling, I can't bear it! Mac, why *didn't* you pay him? It seems so *dreadful,* it seems so *degrading,* to sit beside a man at table and talk to him when you owe him money and might have given it back long ago—"

At her first word Malcolm leaped up in stark amazement; at her tears he was terrified and abased. He came over beside her, held her, tried to soothe her. "Emily, what on earth—Emily, darling girl, don't, don't, dear! Emily, I can't imagine—why, my love, my girl, old Tory and I have borrowed back and forth for years. He doesn't mind. I wouldn't have you upset like this for anything in the world. Listen, Emily, I'll pay him back tomorrow, I swear I will. But don't, don't cry. You make me feel the meanest dog on earth. Emily—listen—"

But Emily sobbed on: "I can't help it, I can't help it. I hate the thought of owing people money; it poisons everything; it makes everything seem mean and strained and horrible. Dad was always so worried and anxious the last month before he had to pay the installments and the interest on Uncle Joe's notes. Twice a year we had to go through it, and when he did get it all scraped together, it was such a *relief,* and we all sort of jumped up like jack-in-the-boxes. And sometimes he didn't have more than just the interest, and then he worried whether the bank would renew; and of course it always did, but he *worried so!* And he was always saying to Mother and me both that we mustn't buy a single thing unless we had the money in our hands to pay for it. It's too awful to be in debt, it's too awful. And you had the money to pay him; you said you were going to—"

"Emily, darling, I could shake you, honestly, if I didn't love you so much. You're making yourself miserable over nothing at all. I meant to pay Tory, of course I did; and then I heard of a little curb stock that was just due for a play, and it seemed so much more sensible to double that money and then pay him—"

"I wish you'd leave those old stocks alone," wept Emily. "I wish you didn't hear of so many little stocks all ready to rise. I don't know anything about such things, but I don't see how there can be so many little stocks all ready to rise. I should think everybody in the world would be rich, and they're not—"

At the end of her hysteria, she was very much ashamed of herself. She had been, she knew, very childish, and she had reproached Mac far beyond the seriousness of his offense. But her tears had had an enormous effect on him.

So he vowed anew that he would pay Tory tomorrow, and that hereafter he would be so scrupulous, so careful with money, that she would never have cause to cry again about that, not so long as she lived. (Young people are always making vows for as long as they live. It is a phrase old people never use.)

Mac did pay his debt to Tory; and when Tory came to dinner later in the week, they joked each other about it mercilessly, Tory calling Mac a dead-beat and a loafer, and Mac replying with *tight-wad, miser* and *Shylock.* It made Emily feel better to hear them; she could convince herself that she had magnified the transaction far beyond its importance, even as Mac had told her. She wanted to own herself wrong rather than him.

Yet she soon saw that paying his debt to Tory was only a single gesture, and that he had not at all changed. She couldn't prevail on him to keep her regularly supplied with enough for their necessities. He didn't care whether the market-man got his check this month, or six months from now, or never. And as for the telephone, the electricity, the gas—"Let 'em wait; they won't cut off service even if they threaten it; heavens above, those big corporations don't do business that way."

Besides this, old bills kept cropping up, bills he had made in his bachelor days, tailor's bills, and haberdasher and restaurants, where, he said, "They simply insisted on my signing the check instead of paying cash." He threw them all in the wastebasket as fast as they came, but Emily took them out and hid them in her own dresser, without telling him. They must be paid sometime, she thought, and now and then, whenever she had a five- or ten-dollar bill she could spare by a little extra economy, she sent it to the most urgent of the debtors with a placating letter. In time she hoped to pay them all, but it would clearly be the work of years.

One day a collector appeared at the apartment who represented the hotel where they had lived—the last week of their stay had never been paid for.

"And a darned good joke on them, the bunch of highbinders!" Malcolm blithely replied to Emily's stricken account of this visit. "Don't look so upset about it. They overcharged us right along, and we have that last week coming to us. Let 'em whistle for it. I hope you didn't give him anything."

"I didn't have anything to give. But I told him it would be paid."

"Quite right; and I dare say he believed it."

"Mac," said Emily, with her cheek against his, "I don't see how you can be such a dear and yet so dishonest."

"But I am honest. I'm the honestest little fellow you ever knew. The point is that I tell the truth about money and act the truth. Money isn't important; paying bills is no test of character. Very few people pay their bills promptly; it hurts their credit. If you go ahead and pay bills as soon as you get 'em, the shops think there's something the matter with you, and when you need real credit, they won't give it to you."

"Well, we must be building up a magnificent credit. I don't like it. I'd rather have no credit at all and not be getting all these letters saying, 'we expect a check by return mail.' They always make me sort of sick."

"But that's only a phrase; they have to say it. Darling girl, it's only the suckers who pay cash; and there are always enough suckers to carry the expense of any business, so we credit folks get the benefit, don't you see?"

"No, I don't see. And even if the cash people ruin their credit, there's one priceless thing they get for their money, and that's peace of mind. I feel too awful when I have to let bills wait and wait and wait. I feel just like a thief."

"E m i l y, please don't say things like that. Feel like a thief, indeed! Now, that's wild!" Mac protested.

Old bills kept cropping up.

"I do consider you my friend. I couldn't consider you anything else."

"Well, maybe not quite like a thief—but nearly."

"Then listen to me, Mrs. Crayn: we'll pay on the dot hereafter; I'll meet the bills at the door with a sheaf of checks in one hand and my roll in the other."

And for a couple of weeks after one of these conversations, he would keep his word, and Emily would have the pleasure of paying as promptly as Andy and Bette. Then Mac would get a hot tip on the market, his good intentions would warp, and he would empty his pockets to plunge. Sometimes he won; quite as often he lost. Slowly Emily began to realize that it was impossible for him to share her scruples; literally he could not: it wasn't in him. Often she thought of what he had said of his ambitions, but it was futile to remind him of them. He was no patient builder like Andy; he could not add a little here and a little there, and watch the slow solid increase of fortune with pleasure. He was for the long chance, the risk, the quick profit, the spectacular *coup*. A real gambler—and not, it seemed to Emily, a shrewd one, if gamblers ever are shrewd.

The moment his salary was paid, he would dash over to Barton Hale's firm and fling it into the latest big bet, the latest wildcat about which fantastic rumors had been running all week through the small fry of the financial district, the salaried personnel of Broad and Wall, the little people who see wealth all about them and earn scarcely more than a living. Mac could no more help this weekly flare than he could help breathing; indeed, it was the one moment of his life away from Emily which he loved; the excitement of it was his release, his necessary flight into peril after six days of safe dull plodding.

Emily hated and feared the things he loved; and she too could not change. Well, then—she knew they must find some middle ground, some way of adjustment, for if they kept on in the deep sea of argument brought by overdue bills they'd drown their love and happiness in it forever.

First of all, she decided, this dissension must lie wholly between themselves and be secret from everyone who knew them, particularly from Bette and Andy, and from Cousin Louisa and Cousin Oscar. She wanted to shield Mac from any criticism; she could not endure that anyone should be sorry for her because she differed from him on this one thing, when in every other way he was good and kind and true.

Bette's party, as she had anticipated, had brought them friends, placed them in the social life of the suburb; and at the women's parties there was always much discussion of shops and prices and spending, and plenty of gossip about people who were not present—their ways came under close scrutiny and were freely commented on. It reminded Emily of the talk in her own home town; but there was, she saw, a striking difference. In this suburb nothing anyone did mattered; it brought them no reproach, no ostracism, even though comment was sharp behind their backs. Those who were most severe in their criticism would go cheerfully over to the erring one's home for cocktails that evening; the sinners were neither avoided nor rebuked. If Ted Gover appeared at the Rylands' musicale offensively drunk and fell down on the hall sofa in a snoring coma, it was talked about by all who knew the Govers, but he was not omitted from any party lists. If Babe Marshall struck up a hot silly flirtation with Paul Hardinge and played round with him conspicuously for a month or so, Babe and the erring husband were treated exactly as usual by everyone, save possibly Mrs. Hardinge. The general attitude toward life was a tolerant what-of-it!

With such examples before her, Emily realized that mere evasion of bills could never bring any public condemnation of her and Mac. She could not find much comfort in this; instead it made her secretly a little contemptuous. People ought to have standards; they ought to be more strict; she felt it would be better for everybody. She surmised that this was an essential difference between a long-settled, stable community, where generation peacefully followed generation in idea and opinion, and an aggregation of people from all over everywhere, brought to the big city by material interest, and living in one town because of its convenience to that city. She only found that she didn't like either Mr. Hardinge or Babe Marshall; and as for the Govers, while she and Edith were instinctively drawn to one another, they met and improved their friendship at times when Ted was likely either to be sober or absent.

Edith Gover, Ruth Elstir, Bette and Emily formed gradually

"If you should want to make a little money on the side, let me know."

a congenial and intimate quartet. Of the three, Emily liked Edith the best; there was something tested and fine in her that the others lacked. She lived by Emily's own code, for by no least sign did she ever admit before the world that her husband was less than she wished him to be. She went through life with her head up and her lips shut about herself and Ted Gover.

Bette and Ruth thought her very foolish. "If she had any sense at all, she'd leave him and go to Reno," said Bette.

"Yes, and get rid of him and have a decent life of her own," added Ruth. "The money's hers, I understand. Sometimes I think she sort of enjoys herself being a martyr."

"You don't mean that, Ruth," said Emily.

"No, I don't. Edith's not a bit that kind; I ought not to have said it. But why does she put up with him? That's what I don't understand."

"She loves him and can't stop," offered Bette. "It's one of those old-fashioned cases where the woman's really devoted to the man but can't control him, and can't cut away from him and let him absolutely go to pieces. It's all very splendid of Edith to stick to him and nurse him through the D. T.'s, but personally I wouldn't be capable of it."

"I'm afraid I wouldn't, either," said Emily. "And yet I don't know. Sometimes I think that no matter what Mac did, I'd love him."

"Oh, yes, you're old-fashioned too," scoffed Bette. "In everything but your looks."

"She's old-fashioned in her looks too—I mean her expression," giggled Ruth. "That's why all the men are so crazy about her. How's the affair with the broker coming on, Emily?"

"Simply by leaps and bounds. He's had us on two parties, and is going to have us on another, and he sent me flowers after we'd asked him to dinner But I fear the reason he's so nice to me is because he feels so safe."

"Call that old-fashioned?" jeered Bette. "You're perfectly right, old dear; all single men feel much safer with married women than they do with girls, unless their intentions are honorable. And Barton Hale's intentions toward Emily, in my opinion, are far from that."

"Let's stop ragging Emily on her lack of moral character and decide about going to the city on Wednesday. I want to see the new O'Neill play, but we can't get tickets except at a wicked price."

"How much d'you think?" asked Ruth.

"Six or seven dollars apiece."

Emily's total resources at the moment were eleven dollars and thirty cents, and out of that must come Rendivoo's wages for the week, which would leave exactly seventy cents in her purse. So she spoke quickly: "I don't think it's worth it, and I can't afford to go even if it is."

"It is a lot for one show," said Bette. "I'm saving too. I want an ermine coat."

"So let's all stay at home and read a good book—or do a little darning! You two are screaming. If I had a husband, I'd get the money I want or know the reason why."

"Women without husbands always have a grand lot of practical ideas about making the home happy and peaceful."

"I tell you what I'd do," said Ruth. "I'd snitch all I could off him when he was feeling well-fed and generous, and then I'd put some away for emergencies."

"You sound like Andy," drawled Bette. "He's always making wise-cracks like this: 'No business and no home can be properly run without a reserve fund,' and 'Every thousand dollars invested brings a week's living income for old age,' and when I shoot the works and spend a couple of hundred dollars at a time, he reminds me pleasantly that it is the income of four thousand dollars at five per cent."

"But that's *terribly* depressing."

"I think it's grand," cried Emily. "It appeals to me mightily."

Emily could not get Andy's financial platitudes out of her head; they opened a marvelous vista for her. Suppose she should begin to put away a reserve fund! On the rare occasions when they were flush, suppose she extracted a few dollars and put them away, and said nothing about it to Mac until she had accumulated enough for a tiny investment—a hundred dollars, perhaps. Did people invest as little as a hundred dollars, she wondered; it seemed such a picayune sum when compared to the

thousands and tens of thousands which rolled glitteringly through the talk of Mac and Barton Hale, glitteringly, but unsubstantially.

She didn't tell Mac at once of her scheme to regulate his haphazard nerve-trying methods of finance, but she did tell him that she and Ruth and Bette had found the tickets for the O'Neill play too high and canceled their matinee project accordingly. Also she remarked that Bette was going to buy an ermine coat. This got his attention.

"You'd look marvelous in an ermine coat, a lot better than Bette," he said.

"It's the last thing I'd want. Half the time when we go places in the evening we walk; or if we go in town, we're in the train. You don't want to see me wearing an ermine coat in the train, or walking through the streets, or even riding in one of the dirty town taxies. It would be ridiculous. Now Bette and Andy have their own little car."

"But Emily darling, you'd be so beautiful in white fur, like a snow queen—"

"Or a white rabbit. My soul, if I was going to have a fur coat at all, I'd never choose ermine. I'd rather have something I could wear out in the morning to market. But please don't go getting fur coats for me. I wish I hadn't told you about Bette's, but you'd have seen it sooner or later, I suppose."

"You want to keep things from me?"

"There are ever so many things little boys shouldn't know."

"Am I a little boy, Emily?"

"I haven't the nerve to call you a case of arrested development to your face, but—"

"Oh, impudence!" And the discussion was diverted into a riotous tussle all through the apartment, ending only when Emily bolted herself in the kitchen and threatened to swallow the dish-mop unless Mac would promise not to beat her if she surrendered. This being agreed to, after some parley, they returned, hilariously breathless, to the living-room.

In the middle of the following week he came home looking like a little boy, and a more mischievous little boy than ever. "We're going to have a theater party for six on Saturday night," he announced. "Ask Bette and Andy and Ruth, and then there'll be us and Hale. I've already asked him. We'll meet up in town for dinner at the Plaza Grill and go to the show."

Emily thought for a moment he was joking. "I suppose we're going to see the new O'Neill play?" she asked, laughing. "The one where the tickets cost so much."

"We're going to see the new O'Neill play, and the tickets set me back eleven-fifty each from the basest scalper in New York. And hist, my good girl, this is not all the tale! I have engaged a spacious limousine to transport the suburbanites to this party, to and fro, indeed, and from the hotel to the theater the same palatial conveyance will be at hand. But wait—"

He went outside and reappeared with a large flat box. "And now, the big parade! Look at this and bust out crying, honey child."

She knew before she cut the string that it was an ermine coat, but she could not show her bitter dismay before Mac's expectant delight. She lifted it out silently. "Put it on," he said, and she wrapped herself in the suave softness of its velvet lining, rolled up the great rounding collar about her averted face. "Darling," he cried, "you're just too magical in that coat. Take it off quick! I'm afraid somebody'll steal you away from me. Come here, come here, and promise you'll not love anybody but me, ever and ever and ever."

"Oh, I promise," said Emily, "though I ought to be firm with you and make you take this coat back and—"

"Not a chance! Not after I've seen you in it. I simply had to get it; I've been thinking about it ever since you told me Bette was going to have one. And when I cleaned up on that last deal, I went uptown to a good shop, and—oh, look here—here's the rest of it. Buy yourself a new dress and slippers and a lot of doodads—" He pushed a handful of money toward her, crisp, rustling, lavish.

The next day, after Mac had gone to business, Emily counted them. They amounted to a little over five hundred dollars, and she took four hundred for her regular bank account; but the other hundred she hid at the bottom of her letter-case until she could speak to Andy. The few odd bills she put in her purse for immediate use. She had just finished doing this when Rendivoo poked her head in at the door and said:

"Mis' Crayn, I found er piece paper in 'at box your new coat come in, and I thought maybe you'd like to keep holt er it."

Emily looked at the piece of paper. It was a statement that the price of *"One White Ermine Coat, lined with Rose Velvet,"* was fifteen hundred dollars, of which five hundred had been paid; subsequent payments of two hundred and fifty dollars each would be due on the first of each month for the next four months.

Chapter Seven

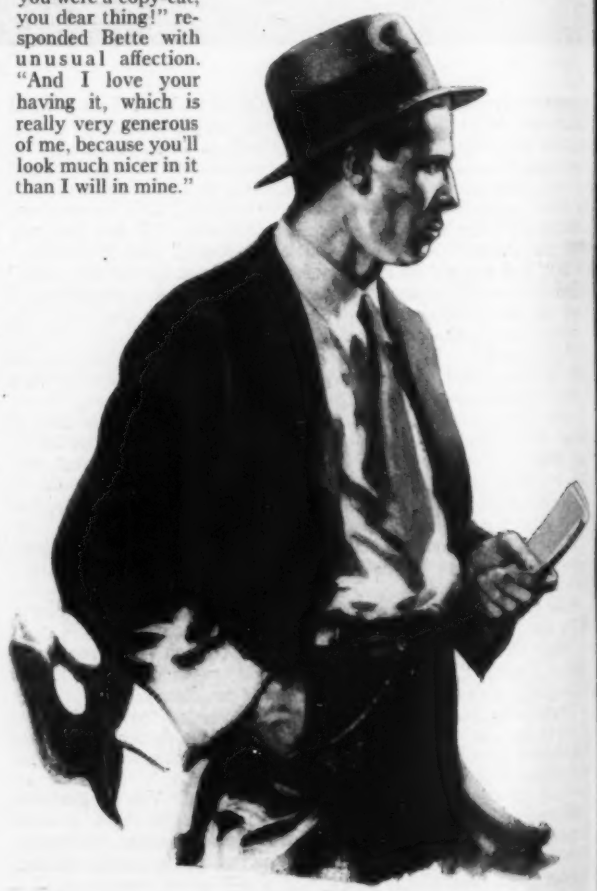
IT took Emily a long time to decide to keep the coat, but in the end she did so decide, though it was a struggle. All very well for Mac to be airy and offhand and say he'd pull off something good long before the first payment fell due, but the mere thought of it sunk Emily in a wretched chaos. "This can't go on, this can't go on," kept buzzing in her brain. "It must stop, or I'll go crazy."

Yet she found she did not have the courage to take the coat back, explain the circumstances to the manager of the store, and either use the five hundred dollars already paid for a more suitable garment, or get the money and apply it to Mac's hopeless old bills. Mac was so jubilant about the coat, and talked with such pride and delight of how she looked in it, that if she rejected it, she knew she would wound and disappoint him, deny him that essential and primitive motive of indulgence and pleasure which prompts every man who gives luxuries to the woman he loves. Better to wear it and hate it, and dread more than ever the first of the month, than to do that to him.

There was another reason to hate the coat—Bette. Bette might very well be annoyed when she discovered that Emily had seemingly rushed in ahead of her own cherished wish. So Emily wasted no time in telling the truth:

"It's nothing but a white elephant to me, Bette—I didn't want it; but Mac went and bought it without telling me a word, and he'll be broken-hearted if I take it back. I hope you won't mind my having one, Bette, when we go out so much together; but please don't think that I meant to be a copy-cat."

"I'd never think you were a copy-cat, you dear thing!" responded Bette with unusual affection. "And I love your having it, which is really very generous of me, because you'll look much nicer in it than I will in mine."



She might have known Bette would be sweet about it, Emily thought, as she went downstairs; she might have been sure that Bette wouldn't feel she wanted to be vulgarly competitive. So now there was no special drawback to the coat except the need of raising two hundred and fifty dollars for the next four months. With despairing bravado Emily sat down and deliberately checked out two hundred and fifty dollars and sent it to the furrier, forestalling the first demand, and also forestalling the possibility that Mac might ask for the four hundred back, or else take the rent out of it. Then, as further precaution, she paid her household bills, and though there was precious little left in the bank, she had a moment's respite. The hidden hundred, however, she didn't touch.

Cautiously she sounded Andy: "Do people ever invest as little as a hundred dollars? Or is that too small to bother with?"

Andy was charmed to give her a learned discourse on baby bonds, mortgage bonds, Government bonds, savings banks, preferred and common stocks. He showed her the financial pages of the newspapers and explained their terms. Emily didn't understand all of it, but she did gather that her hundred might find a welcome in many directions, and when Andy mentioned the name and address of a man in a bond house with whom he had dealt for many years, she wrote it down carefully, and on her next trip to the city alone, she took her money with her. And if Mr. Raskoe, of Holdermann and Company, was at all surprised and amused by the seriousness of the new customer sent in by Andrew Osgood, or by the extreme smallness of her capital, he gave no sign, but was as kind as Andy had been. He was a veteran in the business, Mr. Raskoe; but Emily's gravity and ignorance, and her fresh and appealing loveliness, made her something new even to one accustomed to many types of men and women.

At the end she thanked him and asked a question, hesitantly, and with a quick burning blush. "It doesn't make any difference that I'm married—I mean, I don't need my husband's signature or anything to own a bond, and it's really mine, isn't it?"

"You can own, buy and sell stocks and bonds to any amount without your husband's knowledge, if you wish, and they are legally and entirely your own," said Mr. Raskoe; and as she went away, he wondered cynically what story lay behind that question; was she perhaps receiving her money from a lover? You never could tell a thing about these baby-faced girls!

Emily got from this interview a sense of security she had not known since her marriage. All about her, it appeared, were plenty of people who understood and sympathized with her feeling about money, and who would gladly help her to become stabilized and safe. Andy, for instance, and Mr. Raskoe, who had taken so much trouble about her little bond. And that bond, thought Emily gloatingly, was going to bring her five dollars every year without any effort, without any bother; it would simply produce five dollars on its own volition, regularly, solidly, like manna in the wilderness of uncertain and irregular income where she now lived. "Of course," she reminded herself, "five dollars is little enough, but it's something; and it's a beginning. If I can get another bond, there's almost enough for Rendivoo's wages for one week, and that will be wonderful. I'll feel so much more peaceful, and I won't have to wish that Mac was different. He can do as he pleases, and it won't matter."

She meant to tell Mac about buying the bond, because, after all, it was his money; he'd made it; it belonged to him, even though he had thrust it into her hands. She approached the subject carefully:

"When you give me a lot of money we don't need right off, you don't mind if I take a little of it for myself, do you, Mac?"

"Darling girl, take it all. Whatever I've got is yours, and you know it."

"I don't want it all—I just want a little for my own. You know I haven't any money of my own, Mac, and sometimes I hate to ask you for it. I wish I was one of these smart women who can make money on the side, writing, or painting, or making bags and chocolate cakes for the Women's Exchange. I suppose I might make chocolate cakes—"

"Stop right there. Lay off that home-industry thing and forget it! You do enough work right here in this apartment—too much, as a matter of fact. If you started in to earn money for yourself, it would certainly make me look like a grand little two-spot. What's on your mind—something special you want? You tell me and I'll get it for you if it takes my last cent."

"It's nothing I want now, but sometimes I do want things when we're both stony. So if you don't mind, when you give me a whole bunch of money I'll just put a little snitchen of it away and save it, and have it when I need it."

"Now you listen to me, sweetie-pie: you just grab off anything you can when the old exchequer's flush, and spend it, or save it, or throw it down the elevator shaft, and don't tell me a word about it. Satisfaction?"

"Mac, you are such a lamb. You know I won't be greedy and gimme, don't you?"

"Emily, you're the best wife in the world! I think so; everybody thinks so. There's no argument about that."

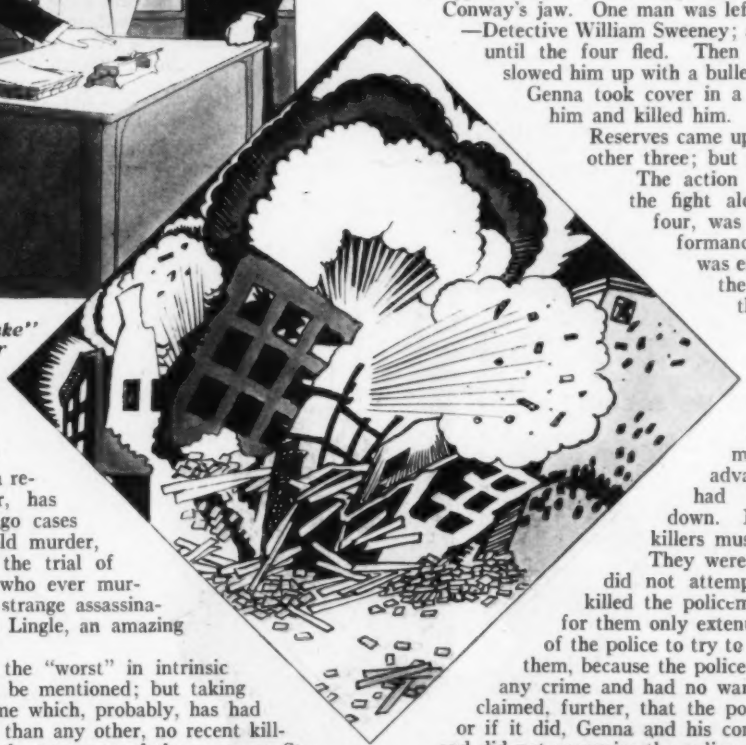
It was not until considerably later that Emily realized she had not told Mac specifically about the bond. To do so now would be an anti-climax; so, feeling secretly guilty, she kept silence.

But she also felt that her silence was somewhat justified when she reckoned the cost of the dinner and theater-party they gave. The car cost thirty dollars, the tickets sixty-nine, the dinner with the tip forty-five—nearly a hundred and fifty dollars gone just for an evening's amusement, *(Please turn to page 112)*

She said to the man: "You don't get the money. I'd have given you a check, but you've behaved so outrageously, I sha'n't."

How Close to YOU?

"You stand for this shake" (you pay money) "or your joint goes up."



WHICH is the worst of recent crimes?

To one who, as a reporter, or special writer, has covered sensational Chicago cases including the Loeb-Leopold murder, the killing of O'Banion, the trial of "the most beautiful girl who ever murdered" and, recently, the strange assassination of the reporter Jake Lingle, an amazing choice comes to mind.

If you mean which is the "worst" in intrinsic horror, one murder would be mentioned; but taking worst to apply to the crime which, probably, has had a more far-reaching effect than any other, no recent killing--and I do not except the massacre of the seven on St. Valentine's day—compares with the "manslaughter" of Detectives Olson and Walsh and the appalling consequences of the gun-battle in which they fell. No other so clearly shows what is happening to us today in America.

It was during the brief but bloody reign of the Genna brothers over one duchy of Chicago gangland. Angelo Genna, the late leader of the "mob," had been "got" most frankly and fatally by a dozen bullets; and his brother Mike—"Bloody Mike"—had taken over the command. O'Banion previously had been killed; the patched-up truce of the O'Banion-Torrio gangs was ended. Hymie Weiss, himself soon to die by machine-guns in the shadow of the cathedral, was known to be out to get the Gennas; and they naturally, were supposed to be out for Weiss and his ally "Bugs" Moran.

In this situation, a police-squad car with four detectives was cruising the streets one rainy afternoon and was close to the quarters of Moran when the officers sighted a car with Mike Genna and three companions. It was plain that they were out looking for trouble, and the police put after them.

Detective William Sweeney, who survived the action of the next few minutes, declared that the police gong on the side of the squad car was kept ringing during the chase; the gangsters denied this. They raced away at a speed above sixty miles an hour, but skidded at last on the slippery street and brought up against a lamp-post, smashing the car but injuring none of themselves.

The police car slid to a stop, and the four officers jumped out. Instantly Genna and his gang opened on them with automatics. Detective Olson fell with a half-dozen bullets through him; Walsh dropped dead over his body, and a bullet smashed Detective Conway's jaw. One man was left against the four gangsters —Detective William Sweeney; and he stood and shot it out until the four fled. Then he followed Mike Genna, slowed him up with a bullet through the leg, and when Genna took cover in a cellar, Sweeney went after him and killed him.

Reserves came up in time to take two of the other three; but the last man escaped.

The action of Sweeney in sticking to the fight alone, and following up the four, was one of the stanchest performances in police records; and it was especially so considered when the police found that the pair they had captured were Scalisi and Anselmi, two reputed "killers" of the gang.

The shooting of the three police detectives stirred tremendous excitement, since the men, as they advanced to make investigation, had been mercilessly mowed down. It seemed certain that the killers must be punished.

They were brought to trial, and they did not attempt to deny that they had killed the policemen; their attorney pleaded for them only extenuation, and denied the right of the police to try to stop them or interfere with them, because the police had not seen them commit any crime and had no warrants for their arrest. He claimed, further, that the police gong had not sounded, or if it did, Genna and his companions had not heard it, and did not recognize the police car; he claimed that Scalisi and Anselmi feared that another gang was after them, and they had killed in defense of themselves.

This plea succeeded in gaining for them a verdict of guilty of manslaughter only—not of murder—and a sentence of not more than fourteen years.

The State was not satisfied. It had brought them to trial first for the murder of Olson; it put them on trial again for the murder of Walsh; but now the necessary witnesses to substantiate Sweeney's testimony could not be found or were afraid to appear, and the State failed to obtain any conviction at all on the second trial.

Anselmi and Scalisi, sent to Joilet, had little more than started serving the sentence for manslaughter when the State supreme court reversed the trial court which had sentenced them, and ordered a new trial on the charge upon which they had been convicted. They were returned to Chicago, acquitted and freed to go back to their business of killing.

That they did go back to it, there can be little doubt; the gangs themselves have given the best evidence of it. The constantly recurring gang war soon rose to one of its characteristic climaxes in the massacre of St. Valentine's day; and, apparently in some adjustment of gang affairs following this, Messrs. Anselmi and Scalisi were taken for the well-known "ride" and riddled with machine-gun bullets, along with a friend who had the misfortune to be in their company.

This chain of events, covering over three years and but recently completed, is, I think, the most instructive that has come out of

is THIS *coming*

by Edwin Balmer

Illustrated by Herb Roth

Chicago. Understand it, and you will comprehend a cause of the paralysis of the police, when dealing with the gangs, not only in Chicago but elsewhere.

It is impossible to exaggerate the effects of these events upon the police-force. Here was a case in which two officers out of four died in performance of duty, a third was badly wounded, and the fourth stood up to a quartet of murderous guns; here was a case when arrests were made, and when conviction, if possible in any gang case, appeared certain—when, indeed, a conviction was obtained, but when the loopholes of the law gaped wide open for gang advantage.

Here is denial in detail of a comforting illusion of persons far removed from the front that, if the police-force could be "cleaned up" and improved, order would be reëstablished. The situation is not nearly so simple as that; nor is this situation at all confined to Chicago.

In the wild days of the West, armed guards rode on the seat with the driver of a stage-coach carrying gold. Those days and conditions are gone. Today, in the strongest centers of our civilization, drivers of cars carrying money ride alone. The guards know better than to expose themselves; they are driven through New York and Chicago streets behind steel armor, loopholed for pistols and automatic guns.

If this fact were highly exceptional, it would be of small concern. Exceptional conditions, however sensational, are minor matters; but it is of first importance when conditions, once thought outrageous, become so common and ordinary that they startle nobody.

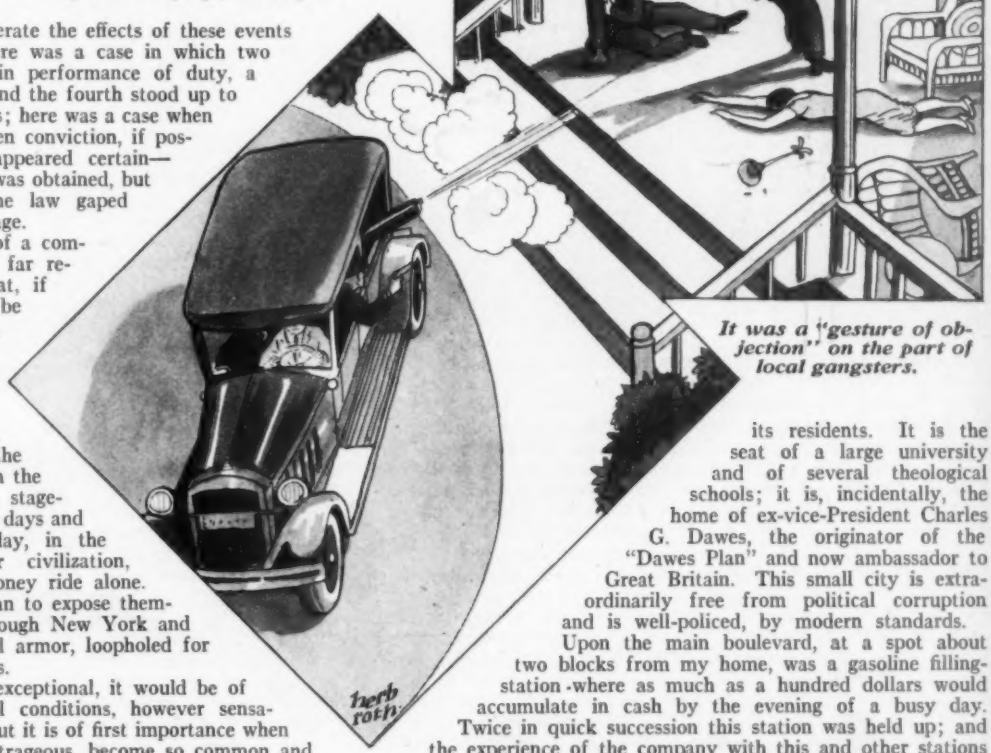
Upon any working day, when banks are doing business and money and bonds are to be carried about, you can see in Wall Street, New York, and upon La Salle Street, Chicago—indeed, upon many another street in these cities and elsewhere—black or red cars with blank sides, steel-clad and supplied with miniature barbettes or steel half-turrets for an automatic pistol or for a machine-gun. Painted upon the sides of some you will see the name of an express company and then, calmly proclaimed, *"Armored Car Division."*

These are such ordinary sights that they surprise only strangers to the financial district. I have seen three gun-slotted armored cars drawn up at a curb, one behind the other, and the Wall Street crowd flowed to and from the Stock Exchange giving them barely a glance.

Everybody who banks or trades in a great financial district is well aware that it is unsafe to move any large amount of money on the best-protected street in America except under the muzzles of automatic guns and behind steel armor.

Yet to people living in localities of Kansas and Iowa and even in backward counties in the hills of Pennsylvania, this condition is amazing. Indeed, it is so shocking as to be quite incredible.

I lived, until recently, near the edge of Chicago in a suburban city which boasts that within its confines is concentrated more culture and educational advantage than in any similar locality in the Midwest. It claims the greatest wealth of communities of its size, and the largest proportion of "Who's Who" among its residents. It is the seat of a large university and of several theological schools; it is, incidentally, the home of ex-vice-President Charles G. Dawes, the originator of the "Dawes Plan" and now ambassador to Great Britain. This small city is extraordinarily free from political corruption and is well-policed, by modern standards.



It was a "gesture of objection" on the part of local gangsters.

Upon the main boulevard, at a spot about two blocks from my home, was a gasoline filling-station where as much as a hundred dollars would accumulate in cash by the evening of a busy day. Twice in quick succession this station was held up; and the experience of the company with this and other stations soon led to the establishment of an armored-car service to make the rounds of the stations at such intervals that there need never be more than a few dollars in cash and change on hand at one time.

It is not a good business risk to expose an accumulation of a hundred dollars beside a traveled thoroughfare in one of the most comfortable and enlightened small cities in our land.

One Saturday night, when I called for my children at a motion-picture theater, my car was preceded to the door by an armored car with armed guards who proceeded to remove the box-office receipts to some place more secure than an office strong-box. It was an incident which, naturally, interested the children and demanded explanation. It was difficult, as a member of a generation responsible for conditions, to feel proud of the explanation that had to be made.

When I was a boy in Chicago, occurred the first of the "modern" crimes in that city notorious now for murder. If this was not actually the first killing of the modern school of murder, at least it was most suggestive of what was to come. Three young men staged a robbery which started with the shooting of a defenseless man in cold blood.

This was the modern touch which made it so especially shocking and horrible at its time. Previously, when there had been murders,—and there had been many of them,—they had been crimes of passion or of personal enmity or revenge, or had been killings *incidental* to a hold-up or robbery. When something went wrong with the plan, or the bandits got frightened, then they shot

to kill; they did not plan cold-blooded murder as the first move in their scheme.

The "car-barn bandits," as these three became known, shot down their victim at the outset and with no warning at all, without offering him the option of saving his life by giving up the money he guarded. These three bandits were caught, convicted and hanged.

I have had the strange experience of describing the "car-barn murder," which startled boys of my generation, to boys of the age of my son. It left them totally disinterested; their current recollection supplied scores of killings far more savage and sensational. Only when I mentioned the hanging of three for the one murder were they curious. How had that happened? Weren't killers "protected" then? The punishment alone seemed exceptional and strange.

Children of this decade are growing up in a atmosphere of terrorism, violence and murder—open and mostly unpunished. And it is not only that they see our society helpless to prevent or punish crime; far, far worse, they feel it *afraid* to grapple with the gangs armed with machine-guns and bombs.

There is something especially demoralizing about a bomb. So simply and secretly may a metal tube be tossed into a man's house or upon his porch or left against the wall of his factory, to lie silent and unnoticed until the time fuse, without warning, detonates the charge of dynamite, nitro or T. N. T.

Waves of bombing come almost like waves of volcanic activity; they seem to be almost as uncontrolled by society's physical forces until of themselves, for one reason or other, they subside temporarily. In a period of such activity recently in Chicago—in the four hundred and sixty-one days between October 11, 1927, and January 15, 1929—there were set or exploded in the Chicago metropolitan area one hundred and fifty-seven bombs. The rate is slightly greater than one in three days on the average.

As I write this, the New York *Times* proclaims upon its first page that a bomb has just exploded at the Simplon Club, on Fifty-third Street near Fifth Avenue, New York City, "jarring the neighborhood, which includes John D. Rockefeller, Jr., among its residents." There is added the comment that the bombing was done in "the Chicago manner;" and another New York paper hails the coming of a Chicago "circus" to Manhattan. "The bomb set off on fashionable West Fifty-third Street is their first 'cheerio' to Gotham."

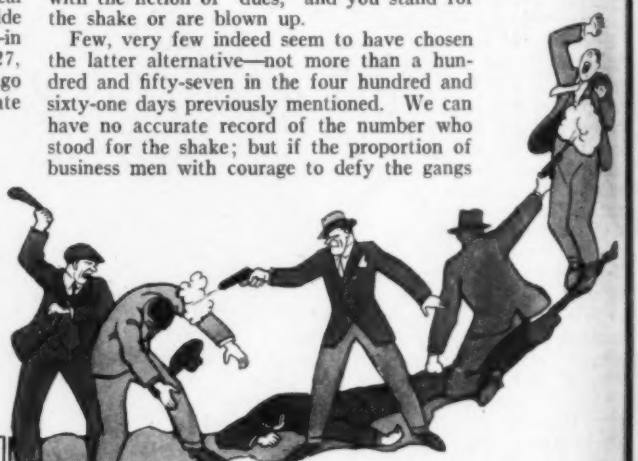
As early as 1922 Chicago had a serious bomb situation to deal with, and the State indicted a "Big Three" who were brought to trial charged with terrorizing by bombs; and already so effective had bombs proved in lowering the morale of citizens that a venire of thirteen hundred persons was called before twelve men could be found who would sit as jurors on the case. Then the first trial resulted in a hung jury, though a later jury convicted one defendant and freed the others.

Chicago first, and now the country, is being "educated."

"To educate," by the way, in its modern meaning, is to "terrorize, browbeat, intimidate, use physical violence upon." The definition is from a glossary of gang terms in an exceedingly fascinating account of recent events entitled "It's a Racket" and distributed by the Employers' Association of Chicago. "An educational committee" is a group of sluggers or strong-arm men appointed to visit and bully, terrorize or beat some one into yielding to the orders of the runners of a racket. Many and many a business man in Chicago and elsewhere has had calls from such a committee. Their educational course is short and direct and offers the pupil but one alternative to learning his lesson: "You stand for this shake" (you pay money) "or your joint goes up." (Your place of business is bombed.)

It is blackmail, direct and merciless. Gangsters—machine-gunmen and bombers—"muscle in" on a business. That is, they decide to levy toll upon it; they form a phony "association," if they feel particularly polite at the time, to which the victim can pay "dues;" if they are in more of a hurry, they may dispense with the fiction of "dues," and you stand for the shake or are blown up.

Few, very few indeed seem to have chosen the latter alternative—not more than a hundred and fifty-seven in the four hundred and sixty-one days previously mentioned. We can have no accurate record of the number who stood for the shake; but if the proportion of business men with courage to defy the gangs is the same as the proportion of veniremen willing to serve on a bomb jury, they are fewer than one in a hundred; and the rewards of the racket suggest that this figure is conservative. The financial returns from blackmail to business racketeers in Chicago in one year is put above one hundred and thirty-six million; and I need go no further in time and place than today in New York City where I write this, to find in the morning's paper an accounting of one hundred thousand dollars taken from twenty business firms by a single budding "racket."



Tithes of terror, paid as "dues" or "membership fees" or bare, unvarnished blackmail, not only by business men of Chicago and New York but by men just like them in Detroit, Minneapolis, Boston, Cleveland, San Francisco and cities throughout the nation.

The total paid cannot be computed; the tribute-payer never boasts of his tribute; seldom, indeed, dare he complain of it. Daily it goes on, spreading not only from city to city but from city to country town. When in Chicago recently on investigation following the killing of the *Tribune* reporter Lingle, I had a talk with a man from a town of ten thousand about a hundred and twenty miles away. The racket had reached there to him. . . .

Sixty miles north and east of Chicago, in a pleasant countryside, is Fox Lake; and upon a veranda of a summer-resort hotel three men and a woman were dining. Out from the shadows darted a car with a machine-gun going which swiftly slew the three men and wounded the woman.

It was a "gesture of objection"—as one newspaper cynically put it—on the part of the local gangsters to the "muscling in" of Chicago gangs upon their territory, which was that pleasant, pastoral country-side.

Shortly afterward in Chicago a gangster, *while in the hands of*

It is a scene repeated in every city in America.

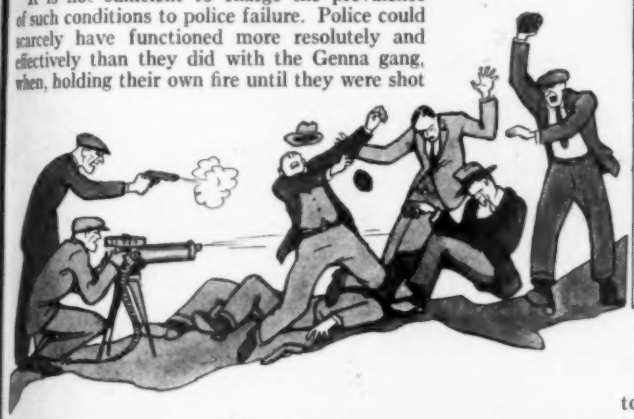
the police and under their escort, was shot at by men of another gang.

In Detroit, Jerry Buckley, a radio announcer, began the use of "the air" to fight gambling and gangs; and while he sat reading a newspaper in the lobby of the La Salle Hotel, three gangsters stepped in, pumped eleven bullets into his back—one bullet missed—and stepped out again.

At the side entrance of the same hotel, a couple of weeks previously, two Chicago gangsters—Collins and Cannon—had been put "on the spot" and murdered. In nineteen days Detroit alone had eleven gang killings, and when the radio announcer was buried, the greatest throng that ever gathered for the funeral of a private citizen in that city crowded the streets.

Currently, in New York City the *World* proclaims that racketeers are taking over the lottery "game" in Manhattan, and netting, through fake tickets on racing sweepstakes, a hundred thousand dollars weekly.

It is not sufficient to charge the prevalence of such conditions to police failure. Police could scarcely have functioned more resolutely and effectively than they did with the Genna gang, when, holding their own fire until they were shot



at, two men fell in line of duty, one was wounded and one stood alone against four gunmen. Police made the arrests and brought the gangsters to trial; you have heard what happened.

This is no attempt to whitewash the Chicago or any other police. I am aware that, especially since prohibition, there has been a serious spread of corruption among the police; but I am aware also that the police who perform their full duty today do it under handicaps and discouragements which make it a marvel that so many do hold to their duty, even to death.

You have heard much of the crimes in Chicago; you should hear too of the square of honor on the wall beside the office of the Commissioner of Police; it is a great square glass-enclosed case preserving the stars from the uniforms of the policemen who have fallen in the line of duty in recent years.

The stars from the coats of Olson and Walsh are there; but you will have a hard time locating them in their place, side by side in one row, for there are so many, many stars marking the fate of men—let us borrow, for this purpose, the phrase of the French—*mort pour la patrie,* dead for their country.

It is neither fair nor sufficient to ascribe the failure of order—"the subsidence of our foundations," as President Hoover has described it—exclusively or even primarily to faults of the police.

Something far more serious and subtle than mere police corruption or inefficiency spreads among us and is coming close to those who never could have imagined themselves in contact with it. . . . A man, with no connection with the gangs, is driving down a boulevard from his home to his office in the forenoon of a business day; a car forces him to the curb, and he faces about to feel a pistol at his side. "Get into this car and keep quiet, or you're a dead gooseberry." He is kidnaped and held for ransom.

A man and his wife are retiring in their home; a ring at the door; a pistol at the servant's head, and in a moment bandits walk in, tying up the man and his wife. It is a scene repeated, with but slight variations, in every city in America.

How close is it coming to you? I have been asked that question often, as a resident of Chicago for many years.

When covering a "story," naturally some events of violence have come closer to me than they would to another citizen. I have sometimes seen the dead from gang murder; and I have spent a little time, on various occasions, with the doomed—that is, with men marked for murder, and who knew it.

Once, when detailed on a story, I visited a death-cell and had

"Get into this car, or you're a dead gooseberry."

to talk to the man waiting death. He showed far less strain than a man who had been condemned by the gangs and who knew it, whom I met in Chicago. The man under sentence from society at least knew how long he had to live and the manner in which he was to die; the other only could guess at either of those things. But these contacts were equally aside from the ordinary chances of residents in an American city.

As a resident of the Chicago area, these things have happened in the last two years in my circle of acquaintance: Let us say that the circle would include a total of three hundred persons. In this group two men and their wives have been followed from the opera by a gangster car which halted beside their car when they stopped at their home. The four were held up, the men robbed of their money and their wives stripped of rings and jewelry under threat of most visibly offered death.

Another friend of mine, living upon one of the most fashionable avenues in the city, was held up, together with his wife, in their own home just as they finished dinner; they were threatened, confined and robbed and their house ransacked.

I lived near Northwestern University, which I once attended, and the teams of which I have always followed—becoming slightly acquainted with some of the players, as an alumnus does. One of the fullbacks on the football squad, two years ago, was a fine, high-spirited boy of about twenty. After a game, which Northwestern won, this boy and his brother were driving his car in Chicago, and at a crossing they happened to scrape the fenders of another car. Both cars stopped and the boys got out, and there began the ordinary sort of argument about who was to blame. This suddenly was stopped by the occupants of the other car, who happened to be gangsters.

One of them whipped out his pistol and shot the fullback through the spine, paralyzing him. This boy lived, paralyzed, for about six months; then in spite of all the efforts of surgeons and his family and friends who gave blood for him, he died of that gangster bullet.

THERE is an even more serious contact which is being made, daily, by the constant recurrence of crime.

Within sound of pistol-shot—or machine-gun shot—of the garage on North Clark Street, Chicago, where, on St. Valentine's Day, 1929, seven men of the Moran gang were lined up and "chopped" to death by a machine-gun, is a school which my nephew happened to attend, and where children of my friends are enrolled.

(Please turn to page 147)

ALL *or* Nothing

by Elmer Davis

A story of *happiness* and of what *happened* then

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

MR. WILLARD HARPINGTON, of Harpington & Company, investment bankers, who usually left the office early, had been detained this evening till after seven. He felt affronted and put upon as he went out through dark and deserted offices; nobody worked overtime but the head of the firm. Then he saw a blur of light on a ground-glass door; young George Graham, too, was working late. Might have expected that, thought Mr. Harpington. Graham was the most promising of the younger men in the office; a few years more, and he'd be ripe for a partnership. But in the meantime— With a sudden benevolent impulse, Mr. Harpington tapped at the door.

George looked up from a mass of papers spread out in the light of the desk-lamp. Then, recognizing his caller, he rose hastily.

"Just wondered what was keeping you so long, Graham."

"I've been analyzing these reports on the trend of business in Oklahoma, in connection with that Southwestern Groceries bond issue."

"Better leave them till morning, my boy. Needn't keep your nose on the grindstone, you know. A man's job can be a jealous mistress. Go home and have dinner with your wife. Young women who haven't been married very long are apt to be touchy about things like that."

"I'm afraid, sir, I ought to finish this now."

"Well, as you like. But don't feel that you have to do everything all at once. You'll be with this firm another forty years, I hope."

George was ashamed to look at him, as he said good night—ashamed to admit that he didn't care a damn, at the moment, about the trend of business in Oklahoma. He was analyzing it, while he waited with fading hope for a telephone-call from his wife, to keep himself from wondering where she was, and whether he'd see her tonight.

His wife had a job too, and a more jealous one than his.

She was Mrs. Graham under the law, but she was Janet Carrier on the card above the doorbell, and Janet Carrier to readers of the New York *Morning Express*. She and George had met on vacation, a year ago last summer, had fallen in love at sight, and turned the vacation into a honeymoon. They agreed that a wife had a right to keep her job, if she liked it. Of course they'd want children, eventually; but Janet was just beginning to be well known as a reporter. In two or three years, when her name had more value, she could give up her job and have her children, and then perhaps write plays. So all was lovely till they came back from the honeymoon, and realized that they wouldn't see much of each other when George worked from nine in the morning to five in the afternoon, and Janet worked from one in the afternoon to one in the morning.

"If only you could get a job on an evening paper!" he groaned.

"But darling, I'd be ashamed to leave the *Express* so soon after they'd given me a raise. Besides," said Janet sagely, "it might not be good for us to be together all the time. Too much intimacy kills emotion. But if we can always be luxuries to each other—"

So they took a two-room non-housekeeping apartment in the village. George had to get up at seven, and at first she insisted that he wake her so that she could kiss him good-by. But she couldn't always go back to sleep, and you need sleep when you work twelve hours a day. So George stopped singing in his shower, and closed the door softly as he tiptoed out to breakfast in the restaurant downstairs. At first, too, he used to wake up when she came home in the small hours of the morning. But if he'd gone to bed early, as he often did after a hard day at the office, he couldn't always go back to sleep. After the first year they took a new apartment, with separate bedrooms.

They dined together when they could; and after dinner he went to a movie, or to the Harvard Club, or home to read, while she went back to work. But they could do that only when she had an afternoon assignment that could be neatly cleaned up before dinner-time. Sometimes they hardly saw each other all week.

But on Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Graham got reacquainted. They slept till noon, and breakfast-lunched at the Brevoort, and told each other everything that had happened since last Sunday. In

"Good Lord!" said George. "You've ruined a man! A man you knew and liked!" She shrugged. "What could I do? He said it, and I heard it."

the afternoon they went to a concert, or a museum, or a cocktail party; and on Sunday night they entertained her friends, or his. (Her friends and his didn't mix.) It was great—thought George, absently regarding the reports on the trend of business in Oklahoma—to be married to Janet, even twenty-four hours a week. But six days out of seven he was a bachelor. Janet was a bachelor too. . . . And at this point in his musings, the telephone rang.

"Hello, dear!" said his wife's voice. "What luck to reach you, so late as this! I'm dining at Barbuti's. Can you come up and join me?"

"I'll start in five minutes. Got to finish a little job first."

He was ashamed to let her guess that he'd been waiting for that telephone-call for two hours. . . .

Barbuti's was just off Times Square, convenient to three or four newspaper offices. George had counted on having his wife to himself, but he found her at a corner table with Ray Barr of the *Express*, and Weinberg of the *Chronicle*, and Metcalf of the *Record*. They had started dinner. Of course, when her friends, men who worked with her, came in and asked her to have a drink with them, he couldn't expect—

"Lo, George," they said. "We saved a place for you." George took it; his wife, slim and dark and restless, smiled across the table.

"Tired, dear?" she asked. He shook his head. You couldn't admit you were tired, in the presence of men who would do four or five more hours of work before they called it a day. But she looked tired.

"What have you been doing?" he asked her.

"Hearing of the East Side Women's Committee on Unemployment, before the Board of Estimate. Grand story—the Mayor lost his head and said some things he wishes now he hadn't; and Reba Harnitz called him a bloody tool of capitalism, and got thrown out for it—"

"Must have been good," George agreed. "Were you all there?"

"No, we're on the eggs racketeering story," said Metcalf.

"I suppose they'll pin that on Rags Connally," George suggested, proud to show them that he knew the inside story. They stared.

"Pin it on him?" Weinberg snorted. "When he's so close to—Well, you know who I mean. Unless Janet's been holding out on you."

"Yes, I know who you mean," said George sourly.

He wished to God she wouldn't let everybody call her Janet. But Weinberg had known her longer than he had; he supposed in some ways Weinberg knew her better than he did. They had more in common.

They went on talking, the newspaper men and the newspaper woman, while George ate in silence. What could he say? They weren't interested in the trend of business in Oklahoma, and he didn't blame them. Every day they were thrown into contact with something more immediate, more exciting. They talked eagerly, in cryptic phrases and shortcuts, about the things they had in common; they were polite enough to George; he knew they liked him in a vague indifferent way—a pretty good guy, they'd call him, but of course he didn't belong.

His friends liked Janet, not at all vaguely; they were delighted to meet that pretty Miss Carrier of the *Express*, who knew so much about what was going on. Quite right, George reflected. She was more interesting than her husband. Her job was more interesting than his, though hers paid seventy-five a week and his paid ten thousand a year.

They finished dinner, prepared to go back to work.

"What are you doing tonight?" George asked his wife.

"Dinner of the Sons of the Founding Fathers. Senator Holman's the big speaker, with Admiral Kellock as a runner-up."

"That's easy," said Ray Barr. "Holman always sends in a copy of his speech, and the Admiral makes the same speech at every dinner—a technical talk about the work of cruisers with the

battle-fleet. He's afraid to talk out loud, with the administration so hot for disarmament."

"I'd better stop in at the office," said Janet, "and look over Holman's canned copy. Going back with me, Ray?"

Barr shook his head.

"I've got a date with Rags Connally at the Lisette Club. He won't tell me anything I can use, but I've got to cultivate my sources. You'll be cleaned up early, Jan; why don't you come on up and meet Rags, and dance a little? You too, George, if you'd like."

"George always goes to bed early," said his wife. "I might turn up, Ray, if I get through in time. Good night, George darling."

He wanted to kiss her; he might not see her again for three days. But he knew she was self-conscious about kissing her husband before her friends—though not about kissing her friends before her husband.

This couldn't go on, thought George as he walked home. Settled in his armchair in the living-room, with a book in his lap that he didn't read, and a pipe in his mouth that kept going out, he knew it couldn't go on. Tonight he wanted a wife who'd go dancing with him, and he had a wife he wouldn't see till Sunday. He knew half a dozen girls who'd go dancing with him, if he called them up; but he didn't want them. He wanted the girl who would presently be dancing at the Lisette Club with Ray Barr—and that unconvicted crook Rags Connally. He wanted to buy her a five-hundred-dollar evening gown—he could afford it—and take her out to a smart restaurant where people would whisper to one another: "Look! It's Mrs. George Graham. Isn't she gorgeous?"

But Janet Carrier insisted on buying her own clothes, and she had little use for evening gowns, when she worked every night but Sunday.

Janet's husband realized that he was jealous. Not of any man—yet; he almost wished it were a man who was alienating her from him. Against a man he could compete, win her back; but competing against a job she loved, he was as helpless as if he were competing with a woman. And he couldn't blame her. He'd seen enough of her work, soaked up enough of her viewpoint, to realize that reporting was a good deal more exciting than his business. No money in it, of course. She supported herself, but he'd have to support their children—if they ever had any children. They hadn't spoken of children for months—or of the plays she had meant to write. No, this couldn't go on.

For if it went on, he could foresee the end. Some day he'd have to be jealous, hopelessly jealous, not only of her job, but of some man with whom she had more in common. She loved him still; but as between a man who shared her most absorbing interest, and a man with whom she only spent her Sundays—

There was just one way out, George decided; and he might as well wait up for her, and put it up to her tonight. She'd have to give up her job. She wouldn't like it; but if they were going to stay married, they must have the same hours and the same interests. They could live in comfort on his salary; and while she loved her work, she loved him too. If she realized that this was the only way to save their marriage—

She came in at half-past twelve, carrying a copy of the first edition still damp from the press.

"Hello!" she said. "You're up late. . . . Lord, I'm tired!"

"Did you go dancing with Barr, and meet Rags Connally?"

"Couldn't. I got a big story. Exclusive, too." She tossed him the paper. "Read it, while I get my things off."

He looked at the front page:

ADM. KELLOCK FLAYS U. S. FOREIGN POLICY

Disarmament Insane, He Says, While
State Department Provokes
Foreign Powers

By Janet Carrier

As he finished the story, she came back, in negligee.

"Poor old Kellock!" she said. "He was slated to take command of the battle fleet next spring, but with the administration so touchy, he'll be lucky if they let him resign to escape court-martial. Too bad. He's a nice old fellow, as admrials go."

"What on earth got into him?" George asked.

"Champagne, of course. He was the last speaker. All the other reporters left after Senator Holman finished—even the City News man. Holman had given us some good stuff, and we all knew the Admiral's usual line. I don't know why I stayed—I wanted to go dancing with Ray Barr. But somehow I had a hunch something was going to break."

"Good Lord!" said George. "You've ruined a man—a pretty big man, too. A man you knew and liked!"

She shrugged. "What could I do? He said it, and I heard it."

"If no other reporters were there, you could have forgotten it."

"That's not what I'm paid for—to forget things. It's a shame, of course; but I didn't do it—he did it. I was just the—the Recording Angel."

George shook his head. "I should think you'd never want to cover a news story again."

"Why not? It's too bad if nice old gentlemen get stewed and talk too much; but when they do that, they let themselves in for something; and I can't help it if I'm the instrument. Makes me feel like the hand of God. But what an opportunity!" she said. "My God, what an opportunity! The sort of thing you dream about—a big story breaking when nobody else is there!" She smiled, and put out her cigarette, and came over and sat on his knees. "Anyway," she said, "I'm glad I didn't go dancing with Ray Barr. I'd much rather be here. . . . Love me?"

"You know it!" he told her. And that was that.

But later, lying awake, he knew that she'd never give up her job—and he couldn't blame her. It wasn't every job that enabled you to feel, now and then, like the hand of God.

"The kindest thing you can do to the girl," said Graham, "is slap her face and tell her you hope you'll never see her again."

Well, then, there was only one other way out, if they were to save their marriage; and it was worth saving, George decided, at any cost.

The next evening he dined at the Harvard Club; and after dinner, in the lounge he sought out Delbert Hall.

Considering the difference in their ages, George knew Delbert Hall fairly well. He was vice-president of a railroad; but that wasn't why George had hunted him up tonight. He had hunted him up because Hall had worked for Dana on the old *Sun*.

"Hello!" said Hall. "How's everything at Harpington's?"

"Pretty dull," George confessed. "They're nice people, but my job bores me." As it did—sometimes.

"You ought to thank God for a job that bores you—a job you're through with for the evening when you leave the office. Take a newspaper-man," said Hall. "He's never off duty. Why, I remember one night when I worked for Dana on the old *Sun* I was taking a girl home from the theater, on my night off, and we ran into a three-alarm fire—people jumping from windows, and so on. I gave her cab-hire and sent her home alone. She never forgave me, of course; and I was quite hipped on her."

"Still, it's a job that keeps you interested," George observed. "My wife's a reporter—Janet Carrier of the *Express;* she loves it."

"How long has she been at it? Three years? Yes, the glamour lasts about that long."

"It sounds good, when she and her friends talk about it."

"You'll wish they'd talk about something else, after a while. I know bankers and lawyers and business-men who can talk intelligently about painting and music and science and politics and philosophy. But newspaper-men never talk anything but shop."

"Well, anyway—" said George desperately. "I suppose a lot of the men who worked with you are newspaper executives now. I wish you'd give me letters to some of them. I want a job on a newspaper."

"Wha-a-at?" said Delbert Hall. "You—you want—"

"I could get one through Janet or her friends," George pursued, "but I'd rather not do it that way. If you'd give me some letters—"

"What's the idea? I saw old Willard Harpington the other day, and he said you were coming along fine. If you stay with him, you'll be a millionaire in ten years."

"I don't want to be a millionaire," George protested. He didn't, if it meant losing Janet. "I want to be a newspaper-man."

"What for?" Hall asked scornfully. George flushed.

"Well, I—I think I'd like the life."

"Oh, you do, do you? Graham, do you know why I quit the newspaper business? Partly because I needed money, but mostly because I got tired of sitting around. It sounds good when you hear about the high spots; but most of a reporter's life is just sitting around, waiting for some fellow to come back from lunch, or out of conference, and tell you he's got nothing to say. So I took a job where I can make the other fellow sit around. I can see how you feel," Hall conceded. "Your wife and her friends talk as if it's something good that they're in on and you're out of. Don't worry, my boy. Fifteen years from now those fellows will be coming around to you and asking you for a job."

He paused to light a cigar; George had not the heart to speak up.

"Anyway," Hall resumed, "the newspaper business isn't what it used to be. What Dana would say if he could see the sheets they get out nowadays! All the good reporters must be dead."

"Not all," said George loyally. "My wife's a good reporter. Not that she put me up to this. She doesn't even know about it, yet."

"Then you can still drop it. . . . Look here, Graham, have you thought how she'll feel about it? Reporting is skilled work; not everybody can do it. One of two things will happen—you'll be a flop, and she'll be ashamed of you; or you might turn out to be better than she is, and then she'll hate you. Have you thought about that?" *(Please turn to page 123)*

The Veiled Woman

by Achmed Abdullah

Illustrated by Herbert M. Stoops

A novel of a love that *dared* to *defy* creed *and* custom

The Story Thus Far:

ATTACKED by highwaymen while prowling about Constantinople, John Perrington was rescued by Captain Shukri Yar, a young attaché of the Turkish legation in Washington who was home on leave. The young Turk took the young American tourist home with him; and there he met Fathma, the Captain's eighteen-year-old sister. . . .

Their father—old Mustaffa Ali—disliked Europeans, because he knew their brutally efficient civilization was slowly grinding his own Moslem Asiatic civilization into the dust. . . . His was a small family. Deeply in love with his wife, who had died fifteen years earlier, he had not remarried; and his son, Captain Shukri Yar, who was more of a modernist than his father, had become an ardent adherent of Kemal Pasha.

His daughter Fathma had been brought up in the staid, conservative Moslem manner. Of course, since hers were gentlefolk, she had acquired a smattering of European culture, but the basis of her education was Oriental.

Yet Fathma fell in love with John Perrington, and he with her. Nor did Shukri Yar, with his enthusiasm for things Western, oppose it.

But when Perrington went to Mustaffa Ali and declared his desire to marry her, the old Moslem was drunk with rage, and snatching up a dagger, leaped forward.

Perrington jerked a little to one side. The blade, instead of finding his heart, cut through his sleeve. He felt a sharp pain, saw, the next second, Fathma rush in. She reached her father as he was about to strike again, twisted the dagger from his aged hand.

Father and daughter stared at each other. Then Mustaffa Ali spoke: "You are no longer my daughter!"

Her reply was as passionless: "And you are no longer my father!"

She held out a hand to John Perrington. They passed out into the street. . . .

Captain Shukri Yar took his sister to the house of a Turkish friend who had married a Frenchwoman, and from there, shortly afterward, Fathma and John Perrington were married. A few days in Paris, then a great liner that bore them to America. On shipboard came Fathma's first clash with the alien world she was entering; for a number of Perrington's friends were aboard. "To be urged to drink, to be kissed by strangers, to see you dance—with women!" she protested to Perrington one evening when they had returned to their staterooms. And their first quarrel followed.

That quarrel was made up. Afterward Fathma strove to do as the Romans did, and was well liked by most of Perrington's friends—liked too well, indeed, by Gordon Davies. John's mother who met them at the dock, was quickly won by Fathma's charm and honesty; but that same sincerity later made an unfortunate enemy when Fathma defended Turkey and Turkish culture against an attack by Mrs. Standing, wife of Perrington's employer. . . . And then one day John came home to find his wife kneeling in prayer—beseeching Allah to grant that her coming child be a son.

Fathma's old-fashioned traditions and training made her rebel when John tried to make her put herself under a physician's care. But secretly she went down into the Syrian quarter and consulted an old Oriental "wise-woman," who knew much about children surely, for she had borne eight children—though two had died. The wise-woman gave her a horoscope. *(The story continues in detail:)*

SEVERAL days later, Mrs. Josiah C. Perrington returned, with her maid, her great trunks, her rich, embracing voice, and her tempestuous energy that passed from top to bottom of the triplex penthouse like a high wind.

Quite casually, shortly after she had come back, she said to Fathma during lunch:

"Doctor Snyder will be here this afternoon."

"You mean—to see me?"

"Whom else?"

Fathma shook her head.

"I am not going to—"

"You are too," her mother-in-law interrupted.

"But I have a doctor."

"Is that so?"

"A woman doctor."

"A woman doctor who lives down on West Street—among the garlic and the figs and the Syrian shawls—eh?"

Fathma was surprised and a little frightened.

"But how—why," she stammered, "how do you know?"

"Because you never once mentioned your doctor's name, and I—well, I know my own sex. We always compare doctors—and diseases and diets. And so when you kept mum on the subject, I became suspicious. Yesterday morning I followed you—"

"A child," he told her, "is a link. It connects—and separates."

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Her fear was unreasonable, she and John loved each other. This horoscope? Heathenish nonsense! She tore it up.

"A woman doctor who lives down on West Street—among the garlic, the figs and the Syrian shawls."

Fathma was honestly shocked. "You—you spied on me?"

The older woman nodded.

"Right—like the villain in the play—to find out what mischief you were up to."

After a pause she continued:

"You see Doctor Snyder this afternoon—and I sha'n't whisper a word to John about West Street."

"And—suppose I refuse?"

"Child, deep down in every mother, there's a mother-in-law—with poisoned claws So—is it a bargain?'

Fathma hesitated. Then suddenly, understanding that the older woman's hard determination topped her own, she laughed and replied:

"All right. It is a bargain. And—"

"Yes?"

"I am terribly fond of you."

"So am I terribly fond of you, darling . . . . if John knew how fond, he'd be jealous." Mrs. Perrington kissed her daughter-in-law. "Incidentally," she added, "I think you'll like Doctor Snyder. He's the kind who goes in more for common sense and less for—oh, the soothing, fashionable, bedside manner."

She was right. For Fathma took to Silas P. Snyder from the first.

He was a tall, broad-shouldered lumbering, gawky, red-faced man who looked like a cross between a Pennsylvania farmer and an Idaho Senator—a learned man, a gentle and kindly man, a man of extraordinary tolerance. It took only two visits for Fathma to forget her embarrassment; three to confide to him about Zobeid and her mysterious occult ministrations; and, amazingly, one day, the physician said to her:

"Your wise-woman may be quite wise. Why, for all I know, buttermilk may be bad for you—and personally, I happen to be interested in horoscopes."

Fathma stared at him.

"Are you making fun of me?" she demanded.

"Heavens, no!" he protested earnestly. "I'm too old, and I hope too open-minded a man, to let my scientific training weave a pattern that—well, can dazzle me into dense dogmatic blindness. Nor have I the faintest desire to believe in any shibboleth—even a perfectly logical shibboleth consecrated by Darwin and Koch and Pasteur and Virchow and both the Mayos. My mission in life is to alleviate suffering, to heal. So why should I despise somebody like Zobeid, who has the same mission?"

He smiled, went on:

"By the way, sometime I'd like to take a look at the horoscope."

"Do you want to see it right now?"

"You bet!"

She produced it. It was a sheet of paper, closely covered on both sides with an Arabic scrawl.

"Look!" she said. "There is first a sort of ritual, a religious incantation."

She translated:

"'Praise be to Allah, opener of the locks of hearts with the strength of His name, and withdrawer of the veils of hidden things with His beneficence, and raiser of the flags of increase to those who persevere in thanking Him! I Praise Him, the Lord God the One, the Creator, the Lord of the Seven Worlds and King of the Day of Judgment! And I thank Him, being desirous of His benefits! And I beg of Him to grant me purity of intention by the power and intervention of the Lord Mohammed, upon whom revelation descended and inspiration! And I bless and salute the Lord Mohammed, the best of His servants and the flower of His creation and the seal of His Prophets! And I bless and salute the Lord Abraham and the Lord Jacob and the Lord Moses! And I bless and salute the Lord Jesus and the Lady Mary the Virgin! But afterward thus saith His needy and humble slave, Fathma, who confesseth her sins and her weaknesses and her faults, and hopeth for the pardon of her Lord, the Almighty: 'Help me, O Lord God, O King! Open to me the door of knowledge! Show to me the road of the stepping of my child's feet—'"

She turned the page.

"And now," she explained, "the prophecy itself."

The Doctor smiled.

"Will it be a boy or girl?" he asked.

"It does not say."

"What does it say?"

"Many things."

"Nice things?"

"Very nice. Health and wealth for my child—and beauty—and a long life—and mastery over humans."

"Sounds good to me."

"Of course, it is all expressed sort of—oh—"

"Oriental? Florid?"

"Yes."

"For instance?" he encouraged her, intensely interested at this glimpse of another world, another civilization.

She hesitated; then, a little self-consciously, read from the paper:

"A deer in running your child will be! A cat in climbing! A snake in twisting! A hawk in pouncing! A dog in scenting! Fleet as a hare! Stealthy as a fox! Tenacious as a wolf! Brave as a lion! Strong as a—"

"Seems to me," he interrupted, "your first-born will be either a bootlegger or a prohibition agent."

He laughed; and she joined in his laughter. But the next moment she was serious.

"There is one passage," she said, "that I do not like."

"Oh?"

She pointed at certain words scrawled in red. Again she translated:

"The child will come between the parents."

She looked up.

"It worries me," she went on. "I have been wondering—what does it mean?"

"It means an eternal truth," he told her after a short silence. "You see, a child is a link—"

"But a link connects. It does not separate, does not come between people."

"It does both. It connects—and separates. It separates—by connecting."

"I do not understand, Doctor."

"Don't you? Look here!" He spoke slowly. "A link spans distance—isn't that so?"

"Yes."

"And by the very fact of spanning distance, it accentuates distance—makes you realize distance—just as an abyss seems deeper after a bridge has been thrown across it."

"You are right," she whispered. "And the thought—it frightens me."

He took her hands in his. "We are good friends, aren't we?" he asked.

"Very good friends."

"All right. So—may I be frank with you?" She inclined her head, and he continued: "Never let the link itself be more important than the one to whom this link ties you—you know what I mean?"

"I do."

"And—one more bit of advice. A doctor, you see, is almost like a priest. I know you—better than you think I do. You are what we Americans call a square-shooter. Well, there are occasions when a man, or a woman, can shoot too square—can aim too straight, can hit the target too true."

"In other words, can be too honest?"

"Yes—too honest, and too hard. It is dangerous at times—is likely to defeat its own ends."

"I do not agree with you," she declared stanchly. "One can never be too honest—never!"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I was afraid you'd say that. Your nature—and I'm sorry for you—does not know how to shirk a contest."

"My race," came her stiff reply, "is famed for its courage."

"Some races have been too courageous—that's why they exist no longer."

Doctor Snyder rose; he left without another word—and Fathma stared after him. A strange sense of tears rose in her heart, a strange sense of tragedy—something like a foreboding, a premonition.

Nothing supernatural about it. Nothing even prophetic in the accepted meaning. For a foreboding is, after all, not a seeing into the future, but a seeing back into the past—the past where, intentionally or unintentionally, one did or left undone a certain deed, spoke or left unspoken a certain word. Yet in some secret place of its own this deed done or left undone, this word spoken or left unspoken, carries on its existence and its reactions, doubly powerful because scotched. It leaves traces on the subconscious mind though the conscious may have dismissed it, until, little by little or suddenly, the subconscious bores its way through the conscious and pops to the surface.

"You spied on me?" "Right—like the villain in the play—to see what mischief you were up to."

Foreboding, a joint development of facts of the past and of gropings into the future—and in Fathma's case, the conflict with her father was the fact of the past.

There were times when, from the center of her being, pulses of life seemed to reach out into the past, toward her father—and then out into the future toward her husband. And at such moments, would come, faintly, threateningly, the sensation of foreboding, of premonition—would come the question of what she would do if ever she had justifiable cause for vital conflict with John.

Yes. What would she do? Would she act as she had that after-

noon months ago in Stamboul, when she had faced and defied her father?

She interrupted her thoughts with an effort. Why, she told herself, the West was getting under her skin. She too was beginning to psychologize, to dissect and probe emotions, motivations, quite problematical results of quite problematical events. And it was all wrong. It was silly and useless—like trying to catch the wind with bare hands, or painting pictures on running water.

Whatever was supposed to happen, would happen. Neither more nor less. It was Fate,—Islam was right,—and Fate was supreme. None could evade or challenge what the Angel of the Scrolls had written upon the forehead.

Besides, she considered, her fear was unreasonable, since she and John loved each other. Dearer he was to her than the dwellings of kings, dearer than her salvation; and nothing, nothing, nothing could ever come between him and her.

And this horoscope? Heathenish nonsense! She tore it up.

"I love him," she whispered; and she smiled with sudden happiness as through the closed door drifted the sound of her husband's voice.

He was talking to Doctor Snyder, who had met him on his way out.

The physician looked at him rather sharply.

"Working hard, Perrington?" he asked

"Terribly hard—and enjoying it. Getting a swell kick out of it."

"Don't overdo it."

"Guess I've got to—for a while."

"Why?"

"I've my own business now—am my own boss."

For shortly after the evening when Gordon Lee Davies had behaved like an evangelist, Lothrop Standing had sent word to his nephew that he wished to speak to him. The memory of the meeting remained with John for many a day; he smiled often at the recollection—how he went to the bank president's private office, was received in the outer room by the latter's confidential secretary Morton King, who had been his classmate at Harvard.

He had winked an eye at John, thereby giving delicate warning, and had said:

"Your uncle is waiting for you. He,"—with a little cough,—"he seems just a bit upset."

"What's on the old warhorse's mind, Morton?"

The other had lowered his voice.

"I went to his house last night with some papers—and I happened to hear his wife say—"

"His wife! Aha! The plot thickens! And, I guess, she mentioned Turkey?"

"In most uncomplimentary terms."

"And you have instructions that Uncle Lothrop isn't going to be in if Captain Shukri Yar should call or phone? And he has notified his friends among the mighty that he, personally, doesn't approve of a speculation in Turkey."

"Again—correct!"

"Needn't bother to tell me more. I see which way the wind blows. First my brother-in-law, and now I—a holocaust to smell sweetly in Miranda's nostrils! All right. Here's where I rob Uncle of some of his pleasure. Fire me? Oh, no, he won't!"

He had entered the inner room, and had shaken his kinsman's limp hand.

"This," he had announced, "is going to break your heart. But it has got to be done. You see,—addressing you in your official capacity as president of this institution,—I have decided to resign, to give up my job." A pause; then with a mocking smile: "And now—may I ask why you sent for me, Uncle?"

Lothrop Standing had swallowed hard.

He was a small man at heart, in spite of his financial genius and in spite of his occasional joviality, and he had looked forward to this interview. Thoroughly in sympathy with, and under the thumb of, his wife he had been happy at the prospect of exerting his power, of telling John a few plain home truths, and of winding up, with slow, grave, kindly dismissal.

"Well," Lothrop Standing coughed,—"perhaps a bit of advice." Suddenly he had brightened. He would be able, after all, to use part of his carefully prepared speech. "For instance—"

But once more he had been doomed to disappointment. For John had exclaimed:

"Save your breath! I know it by heart. And let *me* give you a bit of advice instead. For you need it." John had leaned across the great mahogany desk, thoroughly enjoying himself. "You are one hell of a good banker. I'm not denying it. Here, in Wall Street, you're emperor, dictator, and what-have-you. But in your own home you aren't even a third assistant secretary of the navy! In your own home you're nothing but a poor sap! And d'you know why? Let me tell you! Because you have less nerve than

Eastern she seemed, Asiatic, barbaric, threatening. She stepped up

a make's got hips when it comes to the female of the species! Because your wife wears the plus-fours!"

And he had turned on his heel and had found a rather boyish satisfaction in slamming the door.

A week or two later, he had opened his own office, where he specialized in oil properties and prospects, chiefly in the one in eastern Turkey, which he had mentioned to Shukri Yar. By this time the latter, who had failed in his American mission, had gone to London to consult British bankers about the loan.

It looked very promising. Several rich gushers had been struck. More options had been acquired. A pipe-line was being surveyed to the coast and the markets beyond the coast. All this demanded a great deal of additional working capital; and John, who had invested most of his own fortune, had approached a number of friends who had bought a minority stock interest.

He had also spoken to his mother. But she had said:

"No. I do not believe in gambling. It is against my principles —against the principles of our family."

"Why, Mother," John had laughed, "what about that famous ancestor of yours who bought most of Lower Manhattan for a handful of Dutch guilders? What about my father's father, who came down from Maine and cornered the Bronx?"

"They weren't gambling."

"Oh!"

"They were expressing their trust in America's future."

"As I'm expressing my trust in Turkey's future."

"Hardly a parallel. I am against foreign investments. Personally," that stanch Knickerbocker lady had declared, "I wouldn't buy a half-interest in the Bank of England. America is good enough for me. Don't come to me if you get into trouble."

"There's going to be no trouble—except watching the dough roll in."

So he worked very hard, not because he needed the money, since sooner or later the great Perrington fortune would be his; but because he was as thoroughly American as his mother. He loved, not precisely money—loved, rather, the struggle and energy and matching of wits it took to acquire it, and the power it gave.

Business, to him, held beauty, romance, rhythm, fascination.

No music elated him so much as the humming, zumming, roaring, shrieking, clanking New York symphony. No canvas painted by Rembrandt or Michelangelo appealed to him as did the tapestry of a downtown office. No grand scene of mountain or ocean could compare, in his mind, with the man-clouted scene of Manhattan—the hurrying motor-cars, the skyscrapers flinging their arrogant turrets against the sky, the towering rectangular blocks tilting like a bed of gigantic reeds out of a gigantic pond. No play seen on any stage could vie with the daily drama of New York life—the shifting, intricate drama of steel, copper, nickel, wrought iron, wheat, stocks, bonds, real-estate.

Swoop!—was the chorus—swoop and seethe and soar and throb!

Pile up the power! Pile up the might! Pile up round, clinking dollars! Dollars on the telephone! Dollars on the telegraph! Dollars on the radio! Dollars everywhere! *Our* dollars!

What's that? There is cholera in India, plague in Egypt, famine in China?

All right! Send them a billion or two! We can afford it, boys!

Europe is bankrupt?

All right! We'll grub-stake it! Our nickels will buy the Old World's yesterdays; our dimes will buy the Old World's tomorrows.

And John Perrington in the swim of it, telling himself:

"I am grown up. I am no longer the victim of youthful inconsistent gropings and imaginings. I am a man—a citizen with responsibilities and cares of my own, a business of my own, success of my own, ideals and hopes and duties of my own. I am—complete!"

He was happy in this completeness. It included, most greatly, his wife; and soon there would be their child to make this completeness yet more complete, to fill it to the very brim. And so he watched Fathma, proudly and anxiously.

For her time was almost at hand as spring came to New York, gilding the roofs and spires, dropping liquid silver over the toil of the mazed, thronged streets, adding music to the strident calls of pavement and gutter.

Her mother-in-law advised a hospital. But Fathma wanted her own home, and Doctor Snyder agreed with her.

They moved Fathma to a sheltered quiet room on the ground floor of the penthouse that opened on the roof-garden. They filled the roof-garden with potted flowers and plants, filled the room with cut flowers, sent by Gordon Davies, and Arthur Hunt, and the Frisby girls. *(Please turn to page 140)*

to him, stared at him. Her words were low, clear: "You beast!"

Texas Love

Illustrated by Austin Jewell

"MARIE! Marie!" Ann Pardy tapped lightly upon the door of her maid's room. There was no response.

With a gesture of impatience she crossed the corridor, and fitting a key into the lock of her own apartment, stepped inside.

"Marie! Marie!" She walked quickly to the long French windows which opened on the balcony, or rather balconies, for Ann Pardy, as usual, had the finest suite in the hotel. It sprawled luxuriously on the corner and was redundant with balconies. Two overlooked the Square and Casino. One, on the other side, overlooked the usually calm but at the moment turbulent Mediterranean. From the Alpes Maritimes a treacherous breeze was blowing.

Ann Pardy shivered slightly and glanced at the clock on the face of the Casino.

"Five-thirty!" she murmured. "I told her six. That's that!" She half smiled as if admitting her own mistake to herself. Stepping inside, she banged the windows unceremoniously behind her.

"The idiot!" she continued to herself. "I warned her about closing the windows after lunch."

Ann Pardy knew the trick Monte Carlo climate well. She had, on several visits, spent almost as much here for cold- and cough-medicines as for food and drink.

Entering her bedroom, Ann sat down at her dressing-table and powdered her beautiful but stubborn chin in preparation for her daily and forbidden visit to the gambling-rooms. She rouged her attractive mouth, she added just a dash of mascara to the exquisite curtain of eyelashes veiling the gray-green eyes which were at the moment looking rather hard. She sprayed perfume here and there idly.

She rose casually, sauntered to a table at the foot of the large canopied bed, selected a cigarette from a box lying there, lit it and walked very slowly to the window which opened onto still another balcony. She gazed thoughtfully at the tiny decorative square.

Obviously she was making a decision: suddenly she turned; then with unbelievable speed, and silently, she shot across the room to a large wardrobe. Her slender fingers grasped the key protruding from the lock and turned it.

"*Voilà*, monsieur!" she cried, and stood back triumphant.

"Is that nice?" the voice from inside the wardrobe was muffled but undoubtedly American.

Ann Pardy sat down weakly on the edge of the bed and tried to decide whether to laugh or cry.

The hand that held the key trembled. She lighted another cigarette and inhaled deeply; then she walked back and stood in front of the wardrobe, truculent in her obvious safety.

"Are you still there?" The voice from within was soft and rather drawling.

"Colored?" she meditated; one little shiver chased another down her spine. But no. Had she not seen his head in the mirror as he cautiously peeped out? His hair was brown!

"I say!" he repeated. "Are you there?"

"What do you think?" Her tone was hard, sarcastic.

"I hope you are."

"Well, I am, and I've got a gun!" she lied.

"Sweet lady, can you see the moon trying to hide behind that cloud? She can't stand the comparison."

The story of a *famous beauty* and the burglar most women pray for

by Elsie Janis

"Then will you please send for the police—'cause I won't trust my woman with a gun."

The wardrobe appeared to shake slightly.

"What are you doing?" Ann Pardy moved forward and grasped a corner of the wardrobe.

"I'm just shifting about trying to get my head so the vaseline on it won't spoil your pretty frocks."

Frocks! Ann had not heard dresses called that since she left home at sixteen. She was twenty-six now. Ten years of hardening, but apparently her heart had escaped in the process, for it was throbbing like a child's. "Put on your blue frock, darling! Mother likes you in it." How long ago it seemed. . . . Tears fought the mascara for supremacy.

"Listen, my good man!" She put her head close to the door, "I don't trust you. I have no gun, and I'm taking no chances, do you hear?"

"Yes, ma'am!"

"I'm going to have you moved out of here and give the key to the men that move your cage. You can reason with them."

There was no reply from the wardrobe.

"Hello! Hello!" she called at the telephone. "I want two men to move something for me," she said in French. "Thanks! As soon as possible."

She replaced the receiver.

Silence, complete and nerve-racking, ensued. "Are you suffocating?" she said brusquely.

"No, dear lady." (He pronounced it *desk.*) "I'm just worrying about you."

"Oh, thanks awfully. You should have done that before you broke into my room."

"I did, lady; that's why I came."

"Rot!" Ann Pardy was close to the wardrobe now. "How do you mean—worried?"

"Well, you see, these foreigners have such dirty minds, that if you let a couple of them open this thing and find me, they will think you are just getting rid of one of your sweeties."

"What of it?"

"Well, now, I ask you! Ann Pardy, heiress and famous beauty, hides body in wardrobe! Of course you got to be careful, being a spins—that is, unmarried."

"How do you know I'm unmarried?"

"Same as I know about the other six wonders of the world. Gee! It smells nice in here!" he added.

Ann caught herself smiling at herself in the mirror.

"I don't know anything about you, except that you are probably a sneak-thief and you're undoubtedly ruining my lovely dresses."

"No, I'm not, honest! I've got a little flash-light."

"Like all good burglars," Ann interrupted.

"Say!" He was laughing now. "How are you going to get your dresses back if you tell those frogs they can have the wardrobe and all that's in it?"

Ann did not answer.

"Aw! Go on, be a sport! Give me a break—you won't be sorry." Ann could imagine his lips pleading against the crack of the doors.

She tapped a slim foot undecidedly.

"Honestly, Miss Pardy, it's hotter than Texas in here, and I don't want to be mean; but if you turn me over, I'll carve my initials on everything hanging in here, while they're carrying me out." He paused impressively. "I weigh one hundred and ninety, and it's going to take those guys some time to move my dog-house!"

A sharp knock at the door made Ann refrain from answering. Swiftly she crossed to the dressing-table and picked up her pocketbook; she then tiptoed to the door, opened it and stepped quietly into the corridor.

A minute's silence. The wardrobe began to sway back and forth precariously. The door of the apartment banged, and Ann rushed to the wardrobe as it tilted forward. It seemed that it must crash.

Ann screamed: "Stop that! You idiot!" And she began looking about feverishly for the key. It was nowhere in sight. The wardrobe tilted backwards.

"Don't do that! I tell you I've sent them away, but now I've lost the key."

"Oh, sweet lady, don't lie to me. Turn me over to them, but don't kill my faith in women." The wardrobe jumped and trembled this time as if shaken by uncontrolled sobs.

"Oh, my God!" Ann was nearly crying, "Will you stop? Wait, please, just a minute!"

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," a deep and sweet baritone crooned, *"if the women don't get you, the gendarmes must! Oh, tell me, how long does I have to wait?"*

Ann—upon her hands and knees for the first time in her pampered life—was laughing.

"I've got it," she cried, and sprang to her feet. . . .

"But this!" Marie unpinned a piece of paper fastened to a white dress.

"How dare you," repeated Ann, and added, "—be in Monte Carlo two days and not let me know?"

As the six feet one of masculine pulchritude unfolded and stood stretching long muscles, Ann found herself trembling violently. Her emotion she could not tabulate, but certainly she realized that there was the burglar most women prayed for.

Despite his ruffled hair and perspiring face, his collar which could no longer claim that name, and a few black smudges from badly dyed chiffon, he was, without doubt, the handsomest young man Ann had ever seen; and needless to say, an unmarried heiress of twenty-six has many opportunities, sought for and otherwise.

"Miss Pardy, can you forgive me?"

One long hand brushed the hair out of the blue eyes, and the other was extended, almost shyly.

Ann drew herself up abruptly.

"It's not so simple as that, young man; I want an explanation, and a good one. How dare you! How dare you!"

"Pardon, mademoiselle!" Marie, her maid, stood in the doorway.

"How dare you," repeated Ann, and added: "—be in Monte Carlo two days and not let me know?

"Oh, Marie!" She turned, as if just realizing that her maid was there. "Get your dinner. I shall dress later. I"—she smiled again at the young man—"I have found an old friend."

"Merci, mademoiselle!" Marie withdrew silently.

The stranger's eyes were like turquoise marbles.

Ann waited for the door to close.

"I couldn't let my maid know what a perfect fool I am," she snapped. "Come into the *salon.*" She walked into the adjoining room, head high. "Now,"—she motioned to a chair, well across the room from herself,—"go on. I'm listening."

The young man was silent. Ann gazed at him levelly.

"Please! If you don't explain at once, I shall walk to the balcony and call that comic policeman with all the red and blue cockades."

Her face was smileless.

"You do think of the most embarrassing things for yourself to do." The young man's tone was sympathetic.

"Never mind my embarrassment. Think of your own," Ann said.

"I was raised to consider women."

"Consider them! And compromise them by hiding in their rooms!"

"No! Honest, Miss Pardy, I can explain. May I sit down?"

"Yes."

The young man sank into a chair and gazed at her admiringly.

"To think," he smiled, "to think I've been chasing you for a year!"

"I'm seldom found in a wardrobe," Ann said.

"Neither am I, and it's not my idea of comfort."

The young man rose and crossed the room.

"Here!" He handed Ann an envelope. "Don't open it yet, but that's why I'm here. I came to deliver it."

Ann's lovely lip curled.

"Making sure beforehand that I was not here to receive it."

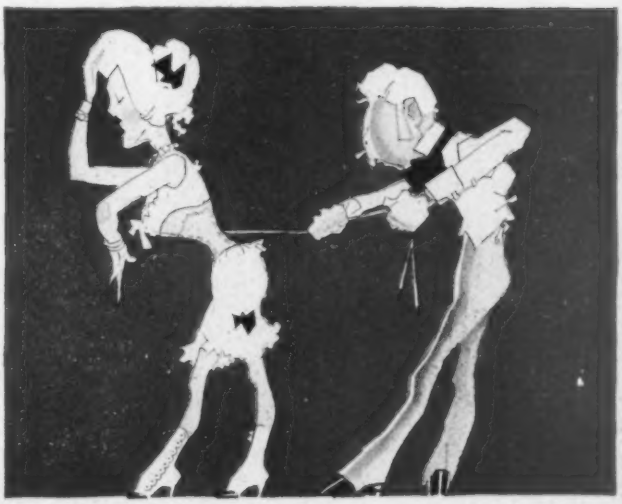
"Aw! Now, easy with the whip, sweet lady." He stood looking down at her seriously. "You don't know me, but I'm from Texas, and so are you. I know all about you; my dad used to tell me about your dad and mother, and how they were taken from you so tragically when you were a kid, and you've never been back to Texas."

(Please turn to page 110)

Post-Graduate

By Ethel Jacobson

Illustrated by John Held Jr.



Oh, the witless may go sighing
For the dear, romantic days
When our sex was clothed in glamour
(And some hand-forged iron stays),
And the medieval maiden
Cut a specious sort of swath—
When there warn't no orthodontists,
And they never took a bath.

It's no wonder that a beauty,
When she happened to appear,
Caused uproarious confusion
In a more responsive year;
Yet our history can show us
Scarce a dozen names in all—
Cleopatra, Ninon, Helen,
Being all that I recall.

But now every modern maid possesses
Eyelashes and hips
That in less accustomed ages
Might have launched their thousand ships;
Still, it's neither strange nor startling
That we're better than we've been—
Since it's what, from Eve to Garbo,
We have always majored in!

A Sparkling Story
by Mary McCall, Jr.

Subway

"New York is such fun!"

KAY and Bobby had an apartment on West Eleventh Street, a few doors beyond the Sixth Avenue elevated. Dozens of other girls lived in the same building, hundreds in the same block, perhaps a thousand in the neighborhood. The entrances to the buildings differed. The apartments were all very much alike—one or two rooms, kitchenette and bath. The building where Kay and Bobby lived was an old-fashioned apartment-house with a brownstone portico, and fire-escapes up the front. It was five stories high, and it had no elevator. Next door was a remodeled private house, where you rang a bell and the door clicked open to let you in; a block away was a modern apartment house with a doorman and an elevator; but in all of these buildings girls lived—girls in their teens and twenties who worked in offices. At twenty-five minutes to nine in the morning, and at twenty-five minutes past five in the evening, the block was thronged with them. Some of them were dark like Kay, some of them blonde and tiny like Bobby. Some of them came from the suburbs, Flushing and Montclair and White Plains. Kay's family lived in Montclair. Some, like Bobby, were from the Middle West, and there were groups of Southern girls who all knew each other.

They were alike in being young and on their own in New York. They all marketed sketchily at the chain-stores when they remembered in time, and at the delicatessen when the ginger ale gave out in the evening. They all washed out their own lingerie and silk stockings, never took the trouble to cook vegetables unless they had company to dinner, and ate their meals from gate-legged tables in the living-room. They worked as file-clerks, stenographers, assistants to interior decorators, in advertising agencies, publishing houses, department stores. Kay, for instance, "styled" linens and silver in a department store. She made thirty-five dollars a week. Bobby was a comparison shopper, at twenty-five dollars a week. Bobby's aunt in St. Paul, and Kay's father, helped them with the rent. A great many girls like Kay and Bobby had some help from home. They were alike in this as in many other things.

They didn't feel alike, of course. Each one had her own men friends, her own problems, her own acute sense of individuality. Most of them hoped to be married. . . .

The sun woke Kay up. She yawned and stretched gloriously. Eleven. Well, it was Sunday. Didn't matter. Nice Sunday—nothing you had to do. No office.

She looked at the bed beside her. Bobby was burrowed down into the pillow, her yellow hair all tangled. It must have been late when she got in, because she hadn't taken her make-up off. Bobby was thin; she scarcely raised the bedclothes. Yes, it had been late, because her clothes were in a heap on the floor by the little rocker, just as she'd stepped out of them. Now she'd have to press the tulle dress all over again.

Kay got up quietly, so as not to wake Bobby, and went out into the living-room. The couch was rumpled, the pillows scattered on the floor.

Diamonds

Illustrated by Ruth Eastman

Oh, well. Ash-trays, full of cigarette-butts, spilled over on the table. Ash-trays were dreadful in the morning. She took them into the kitchenette and emptied them, straightened the couch-cover, plumped up the orange pillows. The tray with the cocktail-shaker was on the radiator. That was her fault. She'd given Donny a drink before he took her to dinner.

She started the percolator and then looked through the box on the window-sill of the kitchenette. What could she get herself for breakfast? One orange, three strips of bacon, a tube of anchovy paste, some ripe olives, and an open jar of green maraschino cherries. They'd better be thrown out; they'd been open like that for weeks. Bobby always lost the tops of things, like the toothpaste and the olives.

She went into the bathroom. The stockings hanging over the shower-rod were dry, thank heaven, so she'd have some sheer ones to wear this afternoon when Tom came for her. The bathing-cap she and Bobby both used in the shower had sprung a leak. She mended it with adhesive tape. By the time she'd finished her bath, the coffee ought to be ready. Should she call Bobby or let her sleep? Maybe she'd rather be called than make her own coffee. No, better not. The kid looked so tired. She could heat up the remains when she woke up.

Kay put on her wrapper and slipped her feet into the ostrich-feathered mules Midge brought her from Paris. She cut the orange in half and shook the crumbs out of the toaster, sliced the end of a loaf of bread into four pieces, two for her, two for Bobby, and carried the tray into the living-room.

Funny to have Sunday breakfast like this, any old time, anything that happened to be in the house. At home it was always at the same time, and almost always the same thing—grapefruit in the winter, melon in the summer, or strawberries from the patch Mother had behind the garage. Sometimes popovers, sometimes pancakes. Mattie made nice popovers. Kind of fun to come downstairs and find the table all set, neat and shiny and breakfasty. Well, she wasn't home; she was here. She wouldn't be at home for anything, really. It was better to be working in New York. Not so comfortable, so safe and settled—but better. She was grown now, twenty-three, and when you were grown, you didn't belong at home. After all, it was Mother's house; it wasn't hers. Mother worried when she stayed out late. Mother worried about what she ate and wore, and who her friends were. Better here, though it was sort of sketchy, this way of living.

Tom was coming this afternoon to take her walking, and then for dinner afterwards. Tom was a dear, not very exciting, but dear. You could count on him. You couldn't count on Donny—crazy, slipping away from your understanding like quicksilver. Tom was settled, more like home, solid. Donny belonged here in New York. He belonged in the theater, too.

"Hello, Kay." Bobby leaned against the door-jamb.

"Hello, darling. Good party last night?" She looked tired; Bobby looked tired so much of the time.

"Swell. And do I feel terrible this morning! No, but really it was grand. We went swimming."

"Swimming?"

"Yes, in the Hotel Pelton pool, about eleven. Dutch was plastered, and he insisted on going swimming." (Dutch was always plastered. Dutch in a bathing-suit, soft and white and drunk, shouting silly things that echoed from the tiled walls. A swell party!) "Any more coffee in that pot?"

"Not for me. I want to water the lawn."

"Yes," said Kay. "I made some for you."

"You're a lamb."

"Who was with you?"

"Oh, heaven knows. Only Charley and Bob and Bee and me to start with. We went to Zani's for dinner, and then to a movie, and then swimming. By the time we got to the swimming part, there were about ten more. We met them places. All tight as fools. What did you do?"

"Oh, nothing much." (Nothing much! As if dinner with Donny weren't much! It was right there by the door that he kissed me last.) "I had dinner with Donny at the tea-room and went over to the theater with him."

"How's the show?"

"Fine—they're selling out. Froebl, you know, the man who produced this, has a new play. He's going to let Donny direct it, maybe. They'll open it out of town this summer, and then bring it in in the fall."

"Isn't Donny pretty set up about that?"

"Oh, of course he is. He's pleased to death. Stage manager's no job for him." (Donny in shirt-sleeves, cursing when things didn't go right—his eyes shining when he was excited.)

"No. Gosh, I'm sleepy!"

"Why did you get up?"

"Don't know. Going somewhere today?"

"Yes. Tom's coming for me. We're going out in the country somewhere, and walk." (Going walking on Sunday. Like home.)

"The Outdoor Girls in the Bronx!"

"Oh, shut up. What are you doing?"

"I hoped you'd ask me. I'm going out with little Hoozis. You know, Jean's little Freddy with the black hair."

"My Lord, when did that happen?"

"Last night. My dear, it was a scream. They were at the next table to Zani's. We said hello, but I didn't pay much attention to them. The next thing I knew, they came on with us to the movie, and after, on the way to the Pelton, he simply ditched Jean and engineered himself into a solitary taxi with me. He got very emotional, got to the 'O-God-Bobby!' stage practically at once. Oh, well, we made a heavy date for this afternoon."

"Isn't he dumb? He always seemed dumb to me."

"Terrible! But such a good-looking kid, and good technique."

"Now I suppose he'll be underfoot for the next year or so," said Kay. "And I'll have to step on him whenever I'm looking for the ironing-board."

"We'll make him do the ironing. Those strong male arms ought to be elegant for wielding an iron. . . . Well, I've got to wash my hair. Got any gardenia perfume left?"

"About three drops."

"Three drops ought to be enough for little Hoozis. He doesn't need much encouragement."

"Look, how's for doing the dishes this morning?" said Kay. "I made the coffee and things."

"All right. I am a bum about leaving things on you."

"No, that's all right. You call me when I forget, and I'll do the same. Then neither of us will be burned up with secret resentment."

"O.K." Bobby piled up the dishes and went into the kitchenette.

Kay opened the closet door. What should she wear? The blue knitted dress and the blue three-dollar turban. Tom liked blue on her. He would. Just as Donny liked the yellow-green dress that had no back to it. "The yellow of sunshine and the green of new leaves, both gone a little sour." That's what he had said about it. Donny was fun, exciting. Not to be counted on. To be loved, but not to be counted on.

The phone was ringing.

"Hello," said Kay.

"Hello, darling. —Donny. What are you doing?"

A feeling like an elevator going down when she heard his voice. He wanted to see her. Last night over by the door, he'd kissed her. "Going out for an afternoon in the country with a nice young man. You see, some one else takes me out."

"Hell! I'm lonely."

"Sorry!" Kay said. (Lonely for me!)

"When are you coming back?"

"Don't know. After dinner." That was good, to be vague.

"I want to see you."

"Nice of you." (Darling, you want to see me!)

"No, please, Kay. When are you getting back?"

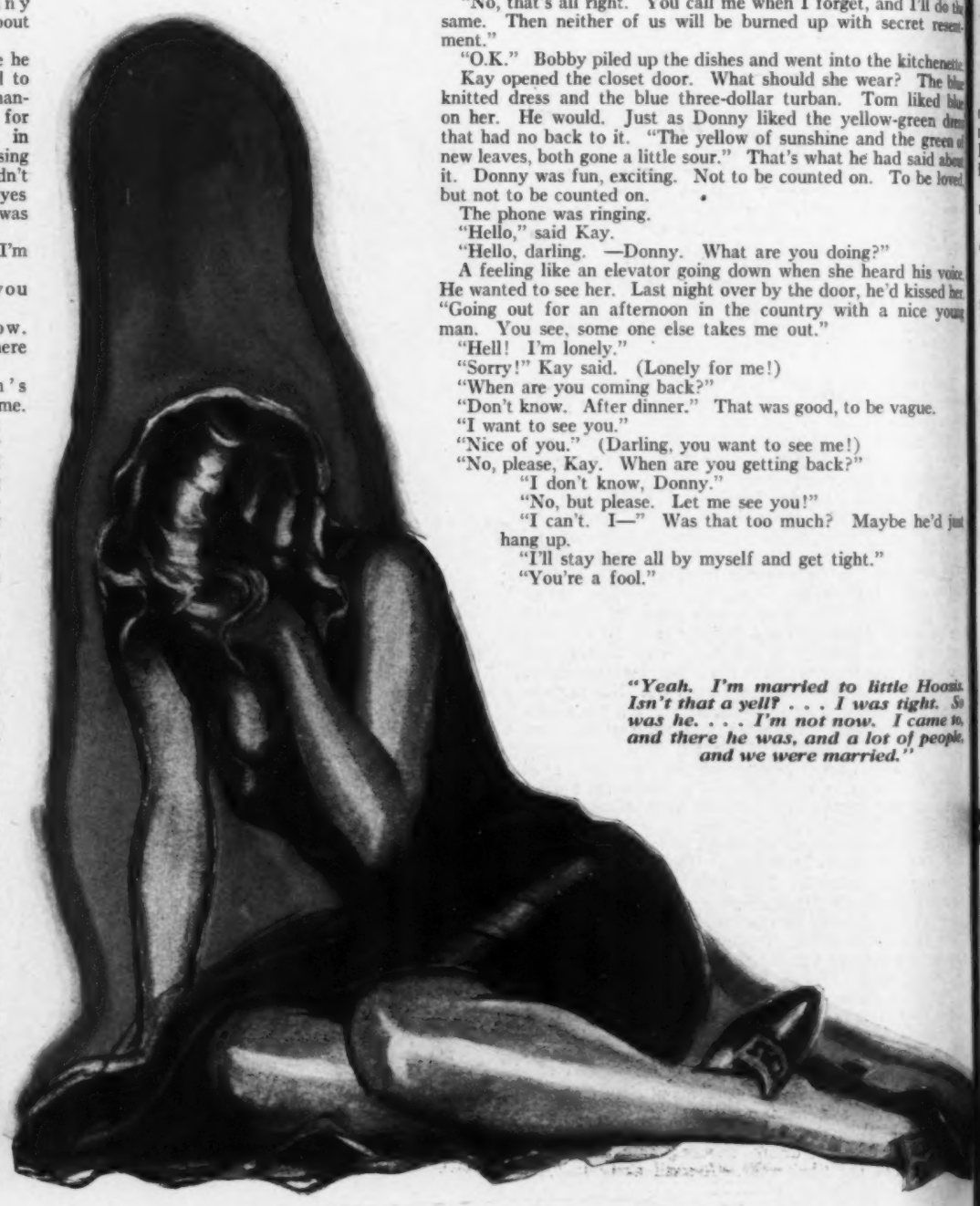
"I don't know, Donny."

"No, but please. Let me see you!"

"I can't. I—" Was that too much? Maybe he'd just hang up.

"I'll stay here all by myself and get tight."

"You're a fool."



"Yeah. I'm married to little Hoozis. Isn't that a yell? . . . I was tight. So was he. . . . I'm not now. I came to, and there he was, and a lot of people, and we were married."

"Of course I am. I'm coming around at nine-thirty."

"Donny, you mustn't." (Oh, bless you for being so insistent!)

"You'll be bored speechless with your nice young man by nine-thirty. You'll be glad to see me. Good-by, dear. . . ."

She had just finished dressing, and Bobby was still drying her hair when the bell rang.

"Oh, my Lord, it's little Hoozis! Kay, hold the fort until I get dressed, will you?"

"All right. I don't know what I can say to the lad."

"Oh, it doesn't matter. Talk is lost on him, anyway. He does kiss well, though."

"Well, I'm not going to kiss him."

He was at the apartment door now.

"Hello, Freddy."

"Oh, hello, Kay. Bobby in?"

"Yes. She'll be out in a minute. Cigarette?"

"Thanks. Did Bobby tell you we went swimming last night?"

"Yes, she told me."

"What a party!"

"It must have been."

"Yeah. Some party!"

Kay looked at him, sitting on the couch. Crinkly black hair, eyes like a child's, long lashes that made a shadow on his cheek, nice mouth. He probably did kiss well. But stupid, dull, leaden. If only he wouldn't talk! A well-made male animal. He had bad hands, stupid hands. She must say something to him.

"Bobby's been razzing me because I'm going walking this afternoon. She called me 'the Outdoor Girl in the Bronx.'"

"Bobby's always cracking wise. We're going for a long walk ourselves."

"Where? I can't imagine Bobby's walking a step."

"Oh my, yes. From here to a taxi, from the taxi down three steps, ring three times, and then a little of the hair of the dog that bit us."

"That's an athletic program!"

"I'll say. Speak-easy athletes!"

Suppose one of those eyes of his were just a little crossed. . . . What a dull boy!

Bobby came out of the bedroom. Her hair was all soft and curly.

"Hello, baby," he said.

"Hello, beautiful," said Bobby. "How do you like my little Hoozis, Kay?"

"Isn't she a sketch? She keeps calling me little Hoozis. Come on, darling, we're going places."

"Good-by, dears," said Kay.

How could Bobby stand him?

Kay went back into the bedroom and began picking up Bobby's clothes from the floor. The closet wasn't really big enough for the clothes of both. The floor was a dark morass of shoes and shoe-trees. She must have the heels of her black slippers straightened, but there never seemed to be time, when she got back from the office.

Either she was rushing to go out, or there was dinner to get or breakfast dishes to wash. Bobby was so untidy, but she was an agreeable person to live with. Some one neat might not be nearly so easy to get along with.

The bell rang when she'd only half finished straightening up. The beds weren't made yet, and the dressing-table was a cloud of powder.

"Hello, Kay."

"Hello, Tom dear."

"You're really game to walk?" he asked hesitantly.

"Of course I am. It'll be fun. Sit down a sec, and I'll put on a hat."

She ran a comb through her hair and powdered quickly. Tom wouldn't notice whether her nose shone or not, as a matter of fact. He was a dear, solid. Kind of like getting off stilts and walking on solid ground, to be with Tom.

"All right. I'm all set."

He looked at her and smiled. He was good-looking when he smiled. "You look pretty. I like you in blue."

"Thanks."

They took the subway up to the end of the island.

"Now it isn't far till we get into the woods," he said.

"That's grand. I'd like to see a tree."

"So would I. I'm going to walk out on New York pretty soon and go to live somewhere where there are trees."

"Really, Tom?"

"Absolutely. I can't see any percentage in town at all."

"Oh, but Tom—the suburbs are deadly, and New York is such fun."

"Not for me, it isn't. I want to go home and get into slippers and go out and water the lawn."

"And read seed catalogues?"

(Please turn to page 130)

by Colonel Laurence L. Driggs

The Decoration

LIEUTENANT STARR had been away all day in the Colonel's car. He breezed in about dusk, carrying in his arms an enormous cigar which he had seen hanging in the window of the tobacco-shop in the Amiens plaza. It was a full yard long, and almost six inches thick through the middle.

"Ran into your old British outfit this afternoon, Major," said he, placing the cigar tenderly on the mantel; "they're on the Somme, just below Perrone."

I nodded.

"Who is in the squadron now?"

"Stuart still is C. O. Taffy Walsh is his leading man; Babe Ballou is in charge of a flying school at York; Wee Willie Douglas is teaching fighting tactics at Gosport; Feet has his place as second in command; Fox-Maxwell and Falbrook are still going strong. The others are mostly new pilots."

"You certainly know the bunch," said I, a wave of homesickness taking me for a moment. "Did Taffy Walsh give you that bale of hay?"

"No," said Lanky; "I gave Dolores fifty francs for this on the way home. Isn't it a beauty? I'm going to hang it over the back of a chair and smoke one inch of it every night; it ought to last a month. Taffy Walsh did give me a bale of hooey, Major; he showed me a photograph of a German outfit which he swore he took himself; he said he and Babe Ballou flew over to Mons in German uniforms and made 'em a visit, and flew home again; I bet him a hundred francs he was a liar."

"You lose, Lanky," I said. "Taffy and Babe made that very visit; they drew a D. S. O. for the stunt."

Lieutenant Starr eyed me incredulously.

"I heard some rumors of that yarn," observed the Doctor, who had stopped in at our mess for supper, "but I never gave it credit. How'd they prove it? And why decorate them for it? They should have drawn a court-martial."

"Well," I suggested, after reflecting a moment, "you'll get the story, and you can believe it or not. I was a Captain then, and I'd been in Stuart's squadron about four months. We were up in the Round Woods at the time, just outside of Bethune. Stuart had moved in and established our quarters on an airdrome that the Germans had just left. The field lay outside the woods, and our hangars and sleeping huts were under the trees with their roofs camouflaged. This didn't do much good. The Fritzies knew exactly where they were. They built them."

Lanky nodded. "I've been there," he said.

"We used to get bombed every night when the moon was up; there was a deep concrete cellar underneath our cabins, and a stairway down to it from every one of our bedrooms. We slept alone, one pilot in each room, and there were four rooms to each hut. We could get four fellows in a room for a bridge game if two of them sat on the bed against the wall.

"Taffy Walsh and Babe Ballou and Warren Foote were in my hut with me; all four of us were in the same flight. Foote had lost a leg in the infantry in '16; and when he got back into aviation with a new patented leg they'd made for him in London, we called him Feet. Taffy Walsh is a thick-set little Welshman with ruddy hair and marvelous eyes; Babe Ballou is the son of a very prominent family; he'd been educated in Eton and Oxford and spoke German like a native—while Taffy could scarcely speak the King's English; nevertheless these two were great pals, and the two of them had run up a big score of victories. They hunted in pairs.

"One night Babe brought in a German pilot for mess. He had been taking photographs on our side of the lines when Babe and Taffy spotted him; they killed the observer and put a bullet into this bird's hand. He dropped down onto a field on our side of the lines; Babe and Taffy were right alongside him all the way down, and they were out of their machines and on top of him before he'd had time to set fire to his Hanover.

"Taffy put a couple of artillery Tommies in charge of their two S. E. 5's, and left them where they were, flying home himself in the captured Hanover. He wanted to get it home before the

Who stands up in the propeller's race,
Who gets oil-spray in his face,
Who never gets taken for an Ace?
The Bomber.

Who has to stand on his two cold feet,
Who is the Fokker's easy meat,
Who catches hell from the strafing fleet?
The Bomber.

Who, when the flight's dead on the run,
Sees the Huns dive on him, specks in the sun,
Who staves them off with his Lewis gun?
The Bomber.

Who is the man that stops their lead,
Who is the man who comes home dead,
Who is the one never dies in bed?
The Bomber.

[The Song of the Flaming Coffins]

Babe in a German uniform, his arms about two German pilots.

souvenir-hounds cut it to pieces.

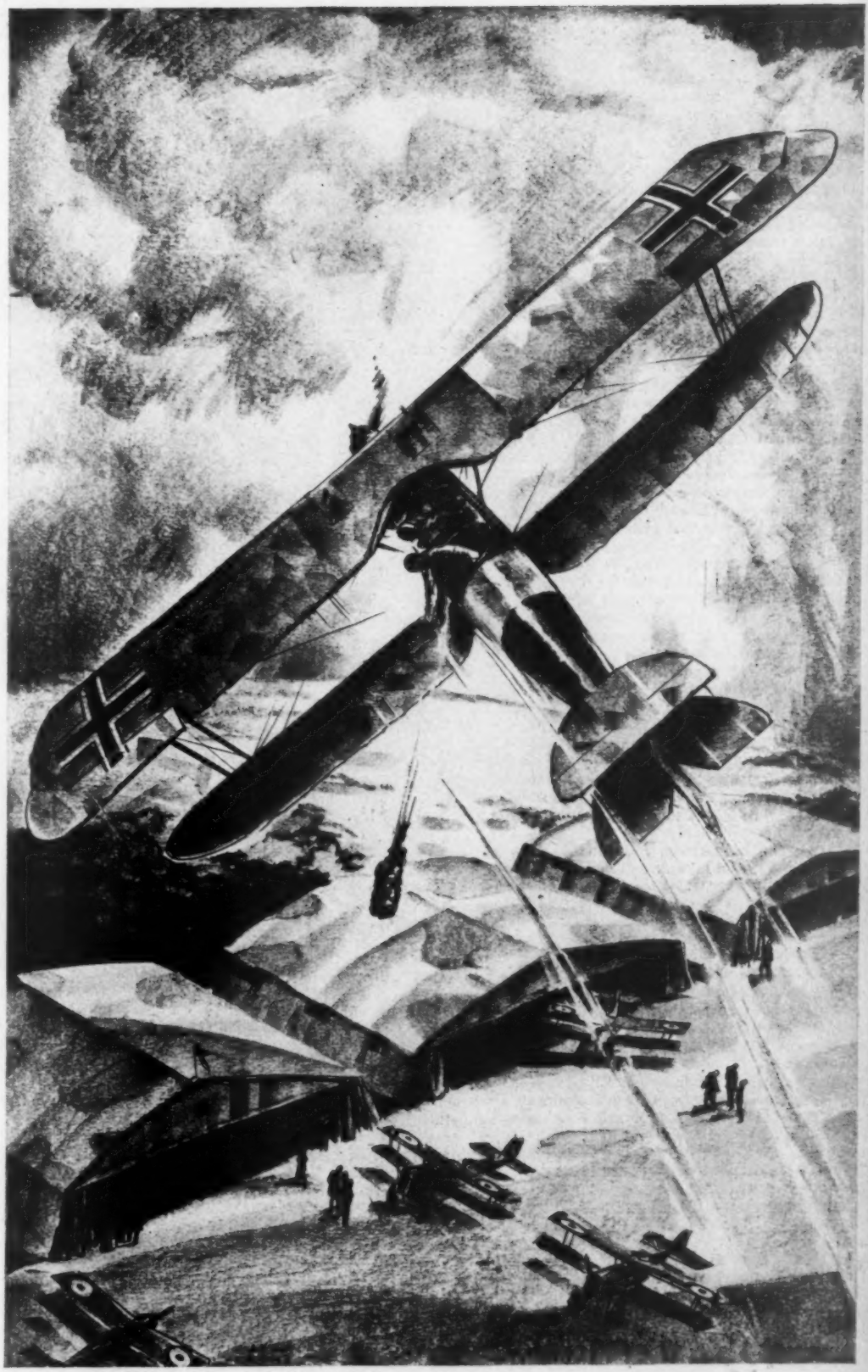
"It was a foolish thing to do, without giving notice, for of course the whole Allied army opened up on him when they saw the black Maltese crosses sailing by over their heads. Taffy got a reprimand when he landed, but he'd come through without a scratch. That's how they got their German machine."

"Oh—they made their call in a German machine, did they?" inquired the M. O.

"Sure thing, they did. They'd never have gotten away with it otherwise! This captured German pilot's name was Captain Denike. He belonged to the photographic outfit of the Germans stationed on the Lille airdrome. Babe Ballou talked German with him and promised to fly over the next day and drop a note on his field to tell them the sad news. Denike told Babe that his outfit had been down on the Italian Front and this territory was all new to them; he didn't know us nor any of the other squadrons about this sector.

"We gave the German observer a military funeral that evening, and after it was over, we sent Denike off to prison camp; both their uniforms had been stripped off of them to be sent to Intelligence for examination. Denike wasn't very entertaining, or we'd have kept him a while.

"About midnight the four of us were playing bridge—Taffy, Babe, Feet and myself; outside it was bright moonlight, so we knew we were in for another raid; they'd waked us up the night before, and we weren't going to bed this time until the show was over.



While they were circling over our field they dropped their flying-suits in front of their hangar.

Illustrated by Clayton Knight

"Taffy and I were sitting on my bed shelf, leaning back against the panel in the wall which slid back to let a man roll out of bed and hit the concrete stairs running. Feet was sitting on a stool at my left—Taffy's partner; I had drawn Babe, who sat on another bench opposite me. We were sitting there studying our hands and humming:

"Bombed last night, bombed the night before,
Goin' to be bombed tonight if we never get bombed any more,"

when there was a *crump-p-p-bang* went off in the woods outside which rocked the cabin; Taffy slid back the door and dived through the hole onto the steps; Babe and Feet threw the table over and followed him; while they were getting out of the way, I peeked through my black curtains and saw the Bethune woods filled with bright moonlight, but nothing else; overhead I could hear the purr of Mercedes motors, high in the air.

"Two minutes later the four of us were sitting around another table in the cellar, sorting out the cards; several more bombs had dropped; another card-game was being organized next us; each cabin had stairs down to this room, and our whole outfit was down there, damning the Huns for spoiling our sleep.

"Babe said: 'Bet you a guinea it's the Mons bunch.'

' "How are you going to prove it?' Feet drawled. 'Every damned night we get it; why Mons, old thing?'

' "I b-b-bid four spades!' announced Taffy, who had dealt.

' "Bet two guineas to one, it's the Mons bunch,' said Babe. 'I double your four spades, old bean.'

' "You're on,' retorted Feet. 'I'll take the bet. Now you prove it, or you lose two guineas.'

"Taffy Walsh, who has eyes like Eddie Martin, here, ran them rapidly around our circle, looking at us one after the other, registering an idea; he stuttered when he spoke, so he didn't try to speak unless he was excited, and then for some reason he never stuttered at all. Taffy looked at Babe and winked significantly, but didn't open his lips; that wink, we found later, registered the birth, in the Welshman's brain, of the extraordinary stunt those two idiots pulled the next afternoon.

"Next morning Babe took up the captured Hanover to try out the ship and see how she handled; Taffy rode with him in the observer's seat; he found the photographic apparatus was not injured, and he snapped pictures of our airdrome while Babe stunted the ship, stalled it and tried out its paces.

"There was no rule with the British forbidding our flying enemy ships; in fact, this was a good thing to do, for our pilots got an idea of new German improvements, and at the same time we found out how best to attack such machines when we met them over the lines.

"Several of us went up and tried to get on Babe's tail; Taffy stood up in the rear cockpit and shot pictures of us with his camera while Babe tried to shake us off with every maneuver the Hanover had.

"They landed and refueled the Hanover and put the mechanics on the Mercedes motor to tune it up for our better grade of gas. I had my patrols to make, so I didn't see them again until that night at mess. While we were at dinner Taffy passed along the table a photograph showing Babe Ballou dressed in a German uniform with his arms about the shoulders of two German pilots; about twenty persons were in the picture, and all of them were dressed the same way. But there was no mistaking Babe Ballou's features or his figure.

"Feet put up a terrible fight when Babe demanded his guinea; and like Lanky here, he wouldn't pay over good money without more proof than a photograph and Babe's sworn statement. Little by little we got their story out of them.

"Babe and Taffy had gone to the hospital and stolen the two German uniforms which had been taken from Denike and his dead observer; they put them on and slipped their flying-suits on over them; then they walked down to the hangars and ordered out the Hanover.

"While they were circling over our field, they dropped their flying suits down in front of their hangar. Then they climbed for altitude and struck east over the lines. Our Archy began plastering them before they reached the Bethune canal, but after they crossed the lines the Fritz Archy recognized the machine and didn't fire at them at all. If they'd happened to run across any of our S. E. 5's, they'd have been out of luck, for they had no way of disclosing their identity, and of course they couldn't have tried to defend themselves; they kept away from everything they saw in the air, and flew at low altitude straight for Mons.

"They landed on the German Gotha's airdrome at Mons about half-past two in the afternoon. Taffy couldn't speak a word of German, so they'd rigged a first-aid bandage around his jaw which left just enough space for him to grin through. Babe jumped out of his seat and walked to the hangars with the two mechanics who had run out to steady the Hanover as she taxied up; Taffy stayed behind in his cockpit until Babe reappeared with a bunch of the German pilots.

"Babe had introduced himself as Captain Denike of Photographic Squadron 107, just ordered to Lille from Italy; he introduced each one of the German pilots to Taffy, who stood up and bowed and grinned but didn't speak because he had injured his jaw-bone and couldn't move it. Their hosts insisted upon helping Taffy out of his cockpit and taking both guests over to meet their commanding officer, Captain Shillering.

"Babe entertained them over several bottles of wine with stories of his exploits down in Italy; he inquired about their own work

"Four more Gothas fell that night, one of

them in flames; but we didn't get off scot free either—poor old Barnard!"

here, and when he found they flew Gotha bombers, he urged them hotly to fly low and bomb hell out of the English fighting squadron stationed beyond the Bethune canal. They assured him that they had bombed this outfit the past three nights, and were preparing to go over again tonight as soon as the moon was well up.

"After finishing the wine, the entire outfit insisted upon showing the two visitors their huge Gothas; they walked over to the hangars where mechanics were fastening bombs under the machines, getting them ready for tonight's raid. Babe and Taffy climbed into the cockpits and examined the controls and the armament of Parabellum guns; they lay on their bellies on the floor and saw how the bottom guns worked through the slit, giving the gunner swing enough to cover the whole circle beneath the plane.

"Babe asked Captain Shillering how he managed to find Bethune Woods at night, and the German C. O. took him to a wall map and pointed out the line of woods which showed black against the lighter landscape on a moonlight night; straight ahead on this line was the silver streak of the Bethune canal which led them directly to our field. It was a cinch! Our own woods formed a round black mass, and they knew their old hangars were under the trees on the north side of the field.

"Babe smiled at them admiringly and shook hands all around. Herr Shillering and all his crew walked out to see their visitors off.

"Here Taffy perpetrated their crowning piece of effrontery. He spread them out in a half-circle, placed Babe next to Herr Shillering in the center, and walked back to his cockpit and snapped several pictures of the group; the foreground of the photograph showed the right wing of the Hanover with its identifying number upon it; there was no question among any of us who recognized that captured Hanover's number. We made Feet fork over his guinea."

"Look here, Major Adair," interrupted the Doctor with some sternness, as I was looking meaningly at Lanky Starr, "do you mean to say those British commanding officers let their pilots get away with a stunt like that? I'd have put those lads in the guardhouse for ten days."

"Well," I went on soothingly, "there was some hint of that in Major Stuart's face while Babe was telling his story; Taffy stammered out that he'd done considerable damage to the town of Armentières on their way home from Mons; they saw on one narrow street a long line of Heinies filing past the mess-kitchen with their plates in their hands. Babe circled back and came down the line again, and Taffy pointed his pair of machine-guns over the side and swept the street until every man got to cover. They saw a regiment drawn up in the plaza at parade rest, and they flew over there and emptied the last of their ammunition among them. Both Taffy and Babe are high among the British aces, and the C. O. had good judgment enough to let his pilots have their heads on all possible occasions. Their job was bringing down enemy planes, and as long as they turned in new victories, Stuart didn't care what they did with their spare time.

"What Major Stuart was afraid of was that old Bull would kick up a row when he heard of this Mons stunt. Stuart suggested that it would be a good thing if Babe and Taffy did something for their king and country right away before old Bull questioned him about this performance. Babe wanted to go over again next day and repeat his stunt on some other enemy field, but Stuart put his foot down and ordered the captured Hanover locked in the hangar.

"Suddenly Babe jumped to his feet and whacked Stuart on the shoulder; he'd been doing some thinking about king and country.

"'I've got it, Stuart!' Babe shouted. 'The very thing. It's a priceless idea. The General will give ...

(Please turn to page 138)

They Thought *they*

Illustrated by R. F. Schabelitz

The Story So Far:

THREE families living in a New Jersey suburb—treading three paths, searching for happiness in a modern Pilgrim's Progress—

Seth Smith was a simple-minded man, happy if Lydia's latest fad allowed him a peaceful evening with a wild West novel. Sharp-faced Lydia was eager to elevate Seth's tastes—she was eager, indeed, to improve the whole world. But one by one Lydia's fads bored her. Finally she and Seth adopted a child for their own; and that was something more than a fad.

Life did not puzzle Joe Browning. One was graduated from high school, went to work in an office, was faithful and diligent, fell in love with the right girl and married, settled down and had children, raised the children to be faithful and diligent—died and went to heaven. But life was hard for Joe just the same, and for Amelia, with her five little children and her house to look after. And when Joe lost his job it became still harder.

And yet—how about Joyce and Clifford Millard, who were healthy and handsome and "well to do," and had two attractive children. And yet—

One afternoon Joyce went in to New York and phoned Clifford to meet her at a hotel for dinner and the theater. And when he kept the appointment, an hour late, he said to her:

"Do you know why I've seemed tired? It isn't work. I'm tired—of you."

And yet—Clifford and Joyce continued to live on in the same house; and their world apparently knew nothing of their status.

Moreover, Joyce Millard recovered from her shock, with a certain amazed joy. She had been first a daughter, then a wife; now she was herself, a person. She kept wondering what life was, when one became a Person.

For one thing, she discovered, it meant to be sought again by many men. One of them, Derek, attracted her with his certain superficial charm. And then she met Raleigh Frost and they fell in love with one another. Yet they had never kissed till that night they took an antiquated hansom for a drive through the Park. (*The story continues in detail*:)

AFTER they had kissed, they discovered how hungry they were for kisses. Hunger devoured them. They sat close together, as if they could never have enough of each other, while the little cab undulated over the pavement, and the driver agitated the reins. They sat cheek to cheek and let the city's blaze and pallor blow by them on either side. They moaned little words. They had forgotten the Park trees under the lamps, waving their soft metallic leaves, their leaves of silver foil. They laughed with their own blind delight. Their little running laughter tasted delicious in their mouths. It tasted cool, like fruit . . . . And then they strained close again, overcome by their solemn hunger.

They could not kiss enough. Each kiss asked for more. ("Let us not count our kisses, Lesbia, lest the gods be jealous.") They closed their eyes, half faint, half wild. They did not know when the cab rolled out of the Park, back to the stand. They heard some one say: "Look at them two, neckin' there. Can ya beat it?" They were being observed by cynical boys along the curb. The driver opened his little trap-door.

They climbed down silently from the hansom, feeling dazed and weak. They gave each

"Can't you understand? I just went out of my head. We all make mistakes. Haven't I said I was sorry?"

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could Buy IT

By Dorothy Walworth Carman

other a long shaken look when they said good-by at the ferry. . . . On the night train back to Brookstone, Joyce remembered the jeering boys and wondered if Raleigh and she had looked funny in the hansom. Did true love look no different from petting? She began to wonder if even petting were as funny as she had thought. Perhaps it was a compromise that anxious people made with life, because they could not wait for love. They were not always fortunate enough to find love in others or themselves. But they wanted so much to be experiencing and not missing. So they compromised. They took what they could find. It might be stupid and impatient, but it was not funny.

In the days that followed, the bright spring of pity welled up in Joyce's heart. She pitied all the others, knowing how blessed she was in a feeling that was clear and simple, not brushed over with doubt. She was sorry for Clifford, because he was ditching his women and not knowing. She even felt mercy toward the cowards who ran away from love, who would not pick a flower for fear the Policeman would see them. She could understand now why they were afraid. Not everyone had the nerves to bear secret love. It took poise and vigilance and restraint. It shook and tortured a life so. No wonder the namby-pambies ran away.

Wearing the gold crown, Joyce forgave everyone. ("'You are all pardoned,' the King said in a low voice.") In June she saw Henry again, and he tried to put his hand on her knee. A month ago she would have been angry. But now she was not angry, any more than she would be angry with a sick person for breaking out in spots. This knee-craving was only a distressing symptom of Henry's affliction.

Joyce did not want to be presumptuous, but she could not help thinking there was something peculiar about civilization. It did not seem to take the facts into account. It said that when people married, adventure in love was over. They must have "other interests." But people with the best of intentions could not get away from this love business. Plays, books, pictures, radio, all talked about love. Everywhere a person turned. . . . The world said to eat no more jelly, and then always had jelly on the table.

The wonder was, not that anyone revolted, but that so

"I don't mind any more, Clifford."

many were obedient all their lives. Well-meaning people were always being teased by their bodies, which were so much older than their minds.

There was fright in Joyce's heart and in Raleigh's. They knew the utter surrender they must make. Perhaps they had waited so long before kissing, because they had known it would mean the end of resistance. They were both proud by nature. They had little haughty stones in their breasts they wanted to keep from melting. They were not willing to be humble. They both tried to save their pride undissolved, and stand apart. . . . . But they had failed, and they were frightened.

"I can't divorce my wife," he said. "A man can't divorce an invalid."

"Of course not. I think of her so often, Raleigh."

"I've never been—unfaithful to Marion. You would be the only one."

"I've explained to you about Clifford and me."

"I'm afraid. I don't know why. I'm not afraid for any usual reason. It all seems so large and *beyond* me. It's a rather dreadful thing to give up completely to love."

There did not seem anything cowardly in that sort of proud fear.

They were boating and had come to a lock, and looked up at the towering wet walls. But the crafty old lock-keeper had opened the gates, and now the water was rushing in, and their boat was being carried higher and higher to that new level. Now they could see the tops of strange trees, now the new green meadows thick with different clover. . . . They felt so innocent—and yet they must do what seemed so cheap and ugly.

Joyce wondered if she had ever really loved Clifford, or if he had been only a romantic image. She decided she had loved him. There was no use trying to enhance a new love by denying the old. She thought of her wedding day, that seemed now like a frosted cake. She remembered her little white satin shoes with gold-pieces in the toes to make future happiness certain. The thought of the shoes came over her with a sort of longing. It was hard to be forced by life into strange ways; to love only one person forever was so beautiful.

Chapter Fourteen

THE real-estate sections of the New York papers were advertising Brookstone as "The Suburb Beautiful Where Air Is Pure and Kiddies Grow Strong. Over Sixty Trains Daily." They described the joy of living "away from the dirty noisy city among the trees, Nature's tabernacles." The subdividers had discovered Brookstone. There was a building boom, the sound of hammers and saws on the hills, the sight of derby-hatted men stalking about with blue-prints. Brookstone had always been a moderately settled suburb. Now it was destined to double its population. Buttercup meadows were suddenly squared off into lots. On stretches of froggy marsh, poles were set up marked "Poplar Avenue" or "Clover Lane." Signs said: "Moderate Homes. Latest Improvements. Reasonable Terms."

Everywhere teams of horses were dragging out cellars, turning the buttercups under. Houses shot up like magic. One Sunday, citizens of Brookstone walked past raw rows of cellars. Next Sunday there stood the wooden house frames with the building permit tacked by the door and all the plumbing in the front yard, waiting to be installed. And the next Sunday (or so it seemed), the houses were finished and painted and magically shrubbed along the front, and some naïve young couple was being led around inside by an agent. These new streets were not difficult to build, since every house was alike, the type known as "Colonial." They were made of shoddy material; the floors were too thin to bear jumping on; they were cheaply painted; they were hideous. And they were selling for eighteen thousand dollars.

The old inhabitants of Brookstone, who had lived there fifteen or twenty years, deplored the boom. Their favorite Sunday-afternoon sport was to go inside the new houses, at the risk of life and limb on the ladders, and point out the flashy construction and say there was no more honesty—but there was an electric refrigerator in every house. Some even planned to sell and move

"I can't divorce my wife," he said. "Of course not, Raleigh. . . . . I think of her so often."

farther out into the country. It was getting too crowded here. Brookstone had always been proud of its quiet detached houses, built one by one, leisurely and naturally, not forced up in a "development." It gave people a turn to see whole streets ready to be sold at once. They groaned over the new curbs and sewers, running up into the hills where they used to picnic. ("We took our lunches there last June. We let our sarsaparilla bottles down into the spring and kept 'em cold. Now look at the darn' thing!") Brookstone was going to be in a worse financial condition than ever, because these eighteen-thousand-dollar houses could be purchased for only two thousand down and the rest in "moderate monthly payments." There would be unpaid-for furniture in these houses, too.

The old inhabitants were even more agitated over the inevitable arrival of the apartment-houses. For years they had fought them off. There had been zoning laws. There had been groups of irate property-owners going to "hearings." Brookstone, they said, should not be overrun like the Oranges. It was heart-breaking to drive in the Oranges and see those fine old houses with apartments pressing them on either side. Brookstone must remain exclusive.

But life is not exclusive. The apartments were coming. It was rumored that one of the downtown cash-store owners, who did not give a damn for Brookstone anyway, was planning to put up several apartment houses with the money he had earned here in the town. That seemed malicious of him, when he knew how people felt.

The boom had actually been a long time gathering. But the public seemed to realize it all at once. The only consolation was that property went up in value. Land was worth three times, four times, what it was, depending on the location. Some property-owners, their heads turned at the prospect of selling their old ten-thousand-dollar house for thirty thousand, sold immediately, forgetting they would have to pay the inflated price for another home somewhere. Those who owned land near the center of town were most fortunate, since a whole new business section would have to be built to serve the growing population.

Joe Browning's father had bought property in that section long ago, when the railroad sold the land to the first homesteaders. His family always reproached him, because the suburban habit had not developed in the eighteen nineties, and Brookstone was far out in the wilds, where nobody wanted to live. But the sagacious old man had never sold the land; and Joe, after his father's death, had never sold, though he was tempted many times. Joe used to say afterward that some instinct had told him to hold on to the land. Amelia always said it was "meant" he should hold on to it. They told the story so many times to gaping friends—Joe, leaning back, smoking a good cigar—Amelia, clasping and unclasping hands that had these unfamiliar glittering nails, and looking at the friends with a sort of puzzled triumph.

Joe lost his job with the Simmons Roller Towel Company in September. In February, almost at the end of his building-and-loan savings, he found another job with Tripoli Cigars. It seemed as if Amelia and he could never be happier than the night he told her he had landed with Tripoli. The whole family of them went down to Gunway's for banana splits. Even Bella went, and sat in Amelia's lap, good as gold, sucking a teaspoon. Amelia and he sat up till all hours, talking about the future with Tripoli. The job paid the same salary, but anyone could see that Tripoli was a far better company for Joe. He might become head accountant, and after that—imagination staggered. . . . "I always knew you'd be a success, Joe. Wait till I tell the girls you're in the cigar business now. I guess that will make them sit up and take notice. Cigars sound much more swell than towels."

They were glad to be back with the old chance to grind, the old chance to cover expenses. Joe had never asked more. Amelia had asked only that and a bridge-club. But in May, Joe's success with Tripoli paled like a candle in the

(Please turn to page 118)

You Never *Married* ?

A story of the stage

By Virginia Dale

THE theater was crowded with people fluttering their programs expectantly and waiting to be entertained. Back-stage property-men struggled with scenery until the last minute, as property-men always do; electricians deftly side-stepped strewn cables; the steel curtain was already up; and the call-boy had wailed his warning past the rows of dressing-rooms: "Five minutes!"

In the star dressing-room Lawrence Fitzgerald was putting the finishing touches to his make-up.

"And you've never married?" inquired the girl perched casually on the trunk.

It was a question inspired neither by romantic interest nor curiosity. She was the press-agent,—girls do everything these days,—and asked questions of actors only that she could make up her own answers for the newspaper stories she sent out almost daily.

"You've never married?" she repeated, taking up the thread of her story interrupted when the handsome tenor had been required to give all his attention to his face. He leaned closer to his mirror, framed in its blazing electric bulbs, daubed his rabbit's-foot carefully over his powder, and admired the final effect over his grease paint as much as anyone could. She remembered she had never caught an actor passing a mirror without looking at himself.

Finally Fitzgerald answered:

"No. No, I've never married." He tried comedy, heavily: "Why make one woman happy and all the rest miserable?" he added jocosely. Beneath his words the girl Georgia would have sworn he considered the question more true than comic.

But she was one of those modern young women who carry a sense of humor as well as a lipstick—and keep it better concealed. So without even a flicker of amusement showing in her face, she said:

"Well, let's see—I guess that covers everything. I'll hop back to the hotel and write this stuff tonight so that I can take it around to the papers tomorrow. Tuesday's press-agent day, you know. Thanks so much," she added politely, and wedged her notes into a very businesslike brief-case.

The performance staged by Fitzgerald was a master-

"Wait a minute." She watched him scrutinize himself again in the mirror with passionate concentration.

"Chicago's my town," he told her grandly. Had he been in Detroit or Denver or Pittsburgh, he would have conferred the same favor of ownership. "Ever since I was out here with 'The Banjo Bride' they've been strong for me here. The Sheldons certainly knew what they were doing when they sent me out with this opera! Of course I hate to leave Broadway; but after all, the provinces are entitled to a few high-class actors. And this is a part I can get my teeth into! There isn't another man in operetta could *get* it as I do. You know, besides having a voice, I can act, and that's a combination hard to find," he imparted as impersonally as if he ticked off the virtues of some one else.

"There's Dennis King," suggested Georgia innocently.

"Not the type for the big, romantic rôles," Fitzgerald dismissed King. "Voice, looks, acting ability, personality—seldom come in one man. —Give me my sword," he commanded his dresser. "All right. You can go get my mineral water now."

The dresser exited.

"A girl that can handle a man can handle her career"

Illustrated by Everett Shinn

piece of anger. At its end he demanded another motor.

"Curtain!" came the voice of the call-boy, and Fitzgerald adjusted the garters on his silken legs.

"Thank you again, and good-by," said Georgia, her hand on the door-knob.

But he was beside her before she could turn it.

"I'm not on for another eight minutes," he said urgently. "Do stay. I have something I want to talk to you about. And anyway—"

He tried to make what was coming seem more important than his real reason. "I get fearfully lonesome," he brought out at last. "Really I do, in spite of everything." He gazed at her with the wistful adoration he would use later in the castle scene.

"Rehearsing even on the press-agent," thought Georgia disgustedly. "If you want this story to get to the dramatic desks tomorrow, I'll have to fly," she announced capably.

"Oh, there's plenty of time."

("And little he cares how late I'll have to stay up to write it! He knows darn' well I'll have to get it ready!") "Did you really have something else you wanted to talk over?"

"What do you do with yourself every night?" he asked.

"Work, mostly."

"Don't you think that's rather hard lines for a pretty little thing like you?" He had his back sociably against the dressing-room door, barring her departure.

There flashed through her mind: "If I make a point of getting out, there'll be a scene." It was the sort of situation the girls in crinolines could never have handled so composedly. But three seasons on the road with all species of actors had taught Georgia how to take care of herself and yet be perfectly agreeable about it. So:

"Don't spoof me," she warned lightly, and taking a cigarette, touched a match to it and tossed the match afterward on the débris of his make-up table. Apparently she would have to stay until he went on, unless she wanted to up-stage him and probably have him write to the Sheldons that their agent was incompetent.

"I don't usually play around with anyone in the company or in the business end," he informed her grandly. "We don't make a town, even split weeks, that the society people aren't on my neck. You know how it is with a good romantic actor. But—well, I think we ought to be friends."

Georgia was silent. A girl in business must learn when to be that, as well as when to laugh. She waited for him to go on. The music from the overture swooned into quiet.

"I've liked our talks," he said presently.

She thought: "You should. They've all been about you."

"What," he asked suddenly, "what else have you written about me?"

"Well, I've planted your biography with two evening papers, and all of them have the story about your talkie contract, and the one about your summer home, and the one about your offer from London. Then there'll be this one tonight, of course."

Still he hesitated.

"I see. Er—what have you sent out on Faye?"

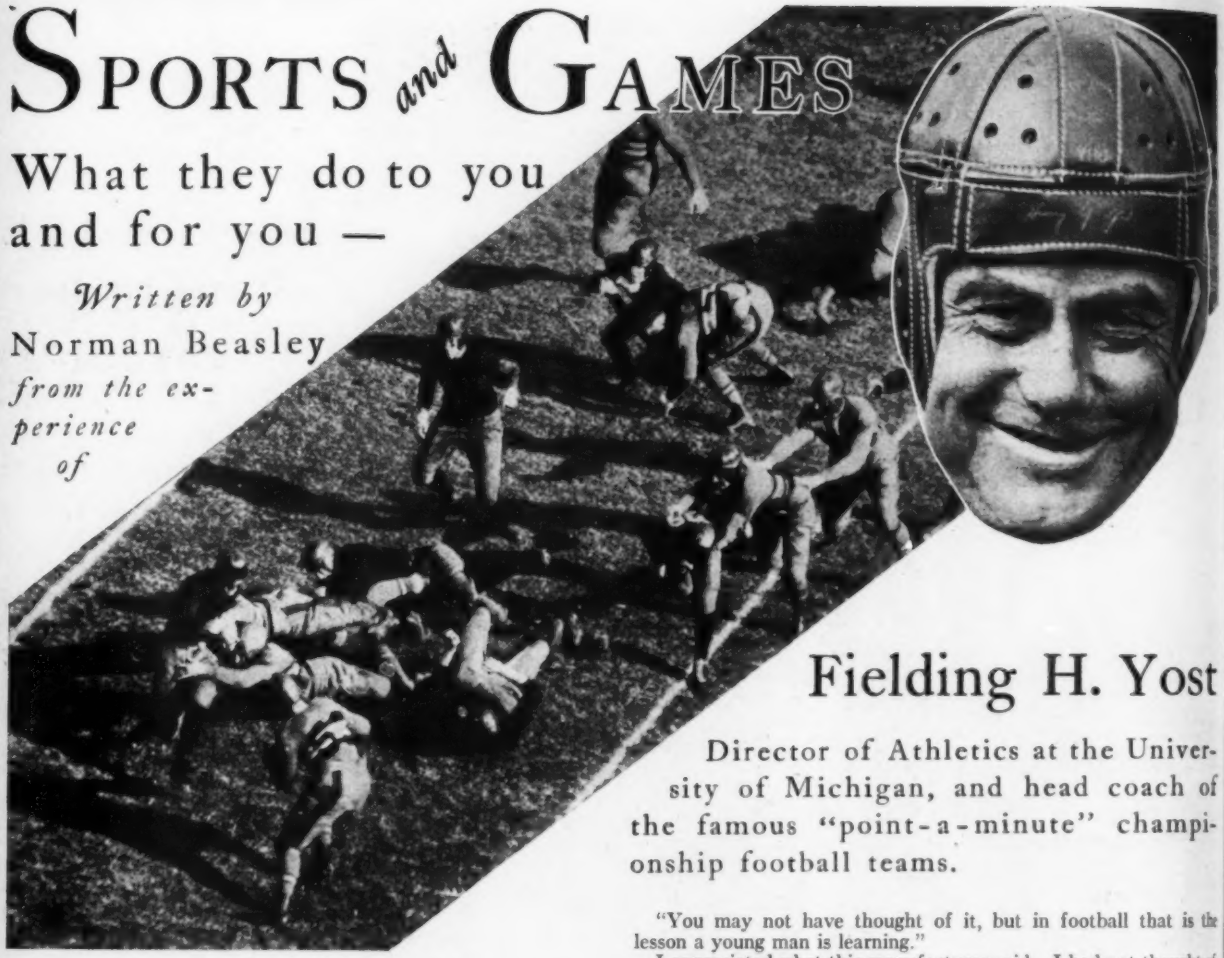
"Only a couple of little fillers. One of the editors wanted an interview with her," she appended wickedly.

"You didn't let him get away with *(Please turn to page 127)*

SPORTS *and* GAMES

What they do to you and for you —

Written by
Norman Beasley
from the experience of



Fielding H. Yost

Director of Athletics at the University of Michigan, and head coach of the famous "point-a-minute" championship football teams.

WE were standing together,—the president of one of our large manufacturing organizations, and myself,—watching more than a hundred young men running through football formations. Candidates for the Michigan team were practicing.

Suddenly the manufacturer spoke:

"Yost, I wonder if you realize what you are doing—really doing—in teaching football to young men."

"What do you mean?"

"Let me explain myself by relating an experience: Three years ago two young men came to see me. One had been a football player; the other had been the star runner of a college track team. Each wanted to go to work, and each, for different reasons, had the right of a chance from me.

"The football player is now one of our valuable men; the track athlete was with us three months. We had to fire him. He has been with five organizations since he left our employ."

I was curious. "What are you driving at?" I inquired.

"I am trying to tell you that college men who indulge in sports such as football, rowing, baseball, and basketball are likely to get along faster, and better, in business than track athletes, members of college golfing teams, tennis teams, or the other sports where individual effort is of first importance."

He explained:

"Young men who play football, or the other group sports, learn the lesson of teamwork. They learn that individual effort counts for little without mass effort behind them. It often takes a track star a long time to learn that valuable lesson of business. Sometimes he never learns it. Disappointments among young men who have been individualistic athletes have been so frequent in our organization that I could make it a rule—almost—never to hire one. One of the most valuable lessons a man in business can learn—and the younger he learns it, the better—is the lesson of working together with other people.

"You may not have thought of it, but in football that is the lesson a young man is learning."

I appreciated what this manufacturer said. I had not thought of that angle of the game.

There is another advantage in group sports which is not readily apparent. They bring out, in the participants, many of the real qualities of good citizenship. In the classrooms young men and young women learn about citizenship when they study political science, parlimentary law, history and other subjects. In the group games they learn the thing itself.

They really experience the essence of citizenship by losing themselves in the larger whole. They undergo the "belonging instinct" at a time in their lives when those experiences are very real. The objection has been raised that because of the great prominence given football games, the contestants are under mental stress too heavy for their years. This is not true. I can assure you of that. The stress itself is part of the man-building process we are seeking.

I believe it will surprise you to know that usually these young men think very clearly when under the strain of intense competition.

A few years ago Michigan was engaged in an important Western Conference game with Ohio State. The game was being played in Columbus, and like all Ohio-Michigan games of recent years, it attracted a tremendous crowd. Nearly eighty thousand spectators were banked about the field, and in the first quarter Ohio scored ten points. Michigan, in the next quarter, scored a touchdown. Benny Friedman kicked a goal for the necessary point, making the score 10 to 7, favoring Ohio State as the half was nearing its close.

With less than a minute to play Michigan was in possession of the ball on Ohio's forty-three-yard line and near the side of the field. Friedman, the quarterback, had a choice of several plays:

He could elect to rush the ball.

He could throw a forward pass.

He could place-kick.

Now, quickly, let us reconstruct the situation:

On four sides of the field, a great multitude of people, hysterical people—hysteria such as only a football game between traditional rivals brings forth. Twenty-two young men in football uniforms,

It paints your cheeks from the inside!

When Nature touches the bloom to glowing cheeks, their beauty has no rival. Eat right to look right. Every famous beauty in history has known this simple secret. And tomatoes take front rank as a healthful food. Enjoy them in their most delicious form—Campbell's Tomato Soup. The sunshine is in every spoonful of it. It's irresistible! 12 cents a can.

Your choice

Asparagus
Bean
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
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Vegetable-Beef
Vermicelli-Tomato

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

... around the end it's

SPEED!

Chesterf

SUCH POPULARITY M

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... in a cigarette it's

TASTE!

THE GET-AWAY of a brainy, speedy back depends upon a well-balanced line — the taste of a satisfying smoke upon a well-balanced blend!

Chesterfield's blend is like no other—mildness matched against richness, sweetness against wholesome "body." Such uniform blending and cross-blending of pure, mellowed tobaccos means a more pleasing aroma, a more refreshing flavor—a closer approach to what smokers want most, a cigarette that is

Milder, and of Better Taste!

field

MUST BE DESERVED

MILD, yes . . . and yet THEY SATISFY

A good old friend
DONS A GAY NEW DRESS

"THERE'S A REASON"

PROBABLY the millions of people who enjoy Grape-Nuts would like to know why the package has been changed . . .

Well, the chief reason is that we wanted to make the package brighter, gayer, more suggestive of the fresh deliciousness of Grape-Nuts.

So now Grape-Nuts has a colorful, sunny *new* package, a package which is as appealing to the eye as Grape-Nuts is to the appetite.

A package that helps suggest the crunchy crispness of Grape-Nuts—the nut-like goodness of the plump, meaty, golden-brown kernels—the teasing deliciousness of an ever-so-delicate tinge of purest malt sugar.

Maybe your grocer hasn't received the new packages as yet. It takes time to distribute over the whole country, you know. But whether you buy Grape-Nuts to-day in the old package or the new package—the food itself is the same delicious food, the same wholesome, energy-giving food that has been a national favorite for many years. And the new package has the same generous quantity as the old. Grape-Nuts is a product of General Foods Corporation, and is sold by grocers everywhere.

TO OPEN, CUT ALONG THIS LINE AND SQUEEZE PACKAGE
Grape-Nuts
REG U.S. PAT. OFF.
MADE OF WHEAT AND BARLEY
The Favorite Breakfast Food of Millions
Post Food Products

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Buy it to-day for breakfast to-morrow

eleven to a side—one side defending, another side attacking. I don't know, of course, but I do not believe there was one among those twenty-two who heard the yelling of the mob. Each was intent on his job—stopping a play, or executing one.

The Ohio players considered a field goal poor strategy because of the distance to be covered—with the goal posts where they were, and the ball where it was, it was a kick of fifty-three yards—not forty-three—and it had to be perfect. A forward pass seemed logical, because Michigan's passing attack was famous. A rushing play was poor strategy too, because of the time element.

You may wonder what a coach thinks of in such a moment. I can tell you how I was thinking. From the sidelines I saw Friedman step back out of the huddle of players, and I was confident he intended to pass. The Ohio players, believing likewise, spread in forward-pass defence.

Friedman kicked!

The ball fled from his foot, rising and turning over in its flight. For a second, or two, every shout was stilled while every eye watched. . . . A shattering cheer went up as the ball sailed over the bar between the goal-posts.

The score was Ohio 10; Michigan 10.

The gun barked almost immediately afterward, ending the half. Under stress of play, Friedman had kicked a field goal from a spot farther from the goal-posts than he had ever kicked such a goal.

Early in the fourth period, and still stunned by Friedman's marvelous kick, Ohio weakened and Michigan carried the ball to the three-yard line before the State forward line stiffened and threw off three attacks. The ball was directly in front of Ohio's goal-posts, and the defending players were lined up for their last struggle against Friedman's strategy.

Would he call for another rushing play?

Would he throw a forward pass?

Would he kick?

In effect, it was a duplicate situation of the second period. Of the three possibilities, the forward pass seemed less likely to succeed than rushing; and rushing, in turn, was less sure to score than an attempt at a field goal. Once more, with the walls of human emotions breaking over him from the stands, Friedman chose the surprise play.

Dropping back in place-kick formation, he called for the ball, dodged aside and forward-passed to Hoffman, his receiver, for a touchdown. Calmly he kicked a goal for another point, and Michigan was in the lead, 17 to 10. Through the remainder of the period the teams fought until each player was in a state of exhaustion, with Ohio scoring another touchdown, but missing the goal.

The game ended: Michigan 17; Ohio 16.

As the players were leaving the field, I caught up with Friedman, and after complimenting him on his fine work, asked:

"Benny, why did you elect to shoot a forward pass when a kick seemed the logical play?"

"Because I was sure we'd need seven points—that three would not be enough."

"You actually thought of that while calling signals?"

"Yes, sir. I felt they'd get going again, and I wanted to score every possible point."

"But in the second period you kicked when you might have passed?"

"I know. They were looking for a pass. I was kicking to score three points and get even with them. It's easier to win when you come from behind and get even. I was out to get even and let the second half take care of itself."

Of course, Friedman was an exceptionally cool player, but the others on the Michigan team were thinking right with him, else he would not have had the protection for his plays.

I do believe players can be placed under too much strain, and this only comes when they have too many "important" games in a season. By "important," I mean games in which tradition, or some other cause, enters. I believe four "big" games enough for any college football team. In addition to these four games, others may be played with beneficial results. These games serve for practice and mental stimulus.

I am not in favor of post-season games, because they continue the stress of competition over too long a period, and also they are usually played between schools in widely separated communities. Too much time is taken from the classrooms. If played at all, games between distant schools should be scheduled during the regular season, so as not to prolong the training period.

There are too many good football teams today for any one team to be designated as "the greatest." And, if so labeled, what difference does it make?

The purpose of athletics is to promulgate the spirit of respect. A good sportsman respects his opponent. He respects the authorities under whom he is playing. He respects the game. He respects himself.

Group sports have a carry-over advantage into individual games. They develop rhythm; and rhythm is one definite essential in playing golf, tennis or any other individual sport. In urging young people to participate in group sports, it is not my thought for them to forsake individual games. I think it very desirable that they begin early in the sport they like best, so they may have a background of practice when group sports no longer appeal to them. There is satisfaction in playing well, no matter what the game; and there are no short-cuts for proficiency in athletics.

It is not possible for one person to tell another what sport is suitable for him to play. Every person can decide that question for himself by selecting the game he likes best. All forms of athletics are beneficial, and the greatest individual benefit comes from playing the game of the greatest individual appeal.

Golf, tennis, swimming, skating, horseback-riding, walking—all are fine exercises. The time will come when it will be compulsory for all college undergraduates to be able to swim and to skate before graduating. I prefer golf as a lifetime game to tennis. Golf, however has been subjected to parasitical growths, such as playing for heavy stakes, and drinking highballs in the clubhouse before and after being on the course.

Golf is a form of exercise and should be respected as such. Drinking doesn't square with the purpose of the game, which is to furnish fresh air and activity for the mind and body. Liquor nullifies the good that comes from playing and substitutes something bad. This isn't preachment; it is just plain horse sense.

Playing for high stakes is another cause for undue pressure on the nerves, usually resulting in an undesirable reaction. Golf, by itself, is not so mild a game as you may think. Playing eighteen holes on the average course is equivalent to walking four miles, and playing thirty-six holes doubles that distance. You should know, before you start, if you are capable of walking that far and swinging a club, in addition. If you know you are not physically fit, why try it? Take it easy. The ability to cover the distance will come later.

William Tilden II, premier of tennis, where "individual effort is of first importance."

No one ever plays any game: the game plays the player.

No matter what the proposition, work or play, the job is always testing the person's ability to beat it. There is always an invisible opponent on every golf-course, and he is called Old Man Par. The same is true of other sports—rules and regulations have been thrown about them, and they all work together to defeat every player.

If every one would get the right perspective on his sport, there would be a quickening in efficiency. You've got to keep after them, and keep after them intelligently, to get the best results.

Walking is a good exercise if done regularly and vigorously. Better results can be obtained

if the walker will carry a stick, or a cane, swinging it as he goes, so as to exercise the muscles of the arms and shoulders. Tennis is pretty strenuous for the average person past fifty years of age. Tennis-courts are usually not shaded, and while sunlight is a fine stimulant, it should not be taken in too generous quantities. Then too, the fast action of tennis is not for persons who feel the effects of advancing years.

There are a number of games that can be cultivated while young so as to be carried over into the later years. Golf, of course, is one, and then swimming, walking, skating, horseback-riding and others. Polo, however, like tennis, should not be indiscriminately recommended for older persons.

One of the finest things that can be learned from athletics is not to "curl up and quit." No one can win all the time, but everyone can fight a square fight and say to his opponent after losing:

"We will play again."

It is in the building of men and women that competitive sports display their real significance. No matter what the age, it is not too late to take up some form of exercise and to receive beneficial results. Any of the individual games is better after a man or woman has passed the thirty-year mark; also, any sport is better, through life, than the formal exercise.

But the group sports should come in the first years, because they accustom young people to leadership in a group, and co-operation with a group. I would remind you that history teaches us that nations have succeeded in almost exact proportion to their participation in—and emphasis on—competitive games and athletics.

I HAVE been intimately associated with young people all my life. I have watched them, and have studied them, through critical eyes; and I can assure you they are superior, mentally and physically, to their parents, or grandparents. And this is quite as harsh on me as it is on you.

Here at the University of Michigan we have more than twelve thousand students, and we have no real problems of behavior. Obviously there are, among twelve thousand students, some who do not obey the rules, but they are so few as to be almost negligible. What is true of this university is true of others.

All of us, in an important way, are engaged in teaching morality. That is one of the primary reasons for college sports, and I have little patience with protests that these sports—and college football in particular—are products of commercialism. I can drive about Ann Arbor, and I can see recreational places. I can see swimming-pools, tennis-courts, baseball-diamonds, track-fields, a golf-course. I can see buildings that house all sorts of sports—buildings and playing fields all built by football money.

If it is "commercialism" to build, that young men and young women may have stronger bodies and cleaner minds, then I plead guilty to the charge of furthering it.

Fitness, mental and physical, is a subject that is very close to me. It is something that has to be learned early in life if the greatest dividends are to be paid by it. More and more are people, young and old, turning to sports and exercises as a way for keeping, or restoring, health. I am not preaching when I say there is nothing more important than health. I mean that for all it means.

EXERCISING, such as walking, riding horseback or going through setting-up exercises, has certain great advantages and some disadvantages. The advantages are in improved health and better posture—if one keeps at them. Unfortunately, few persons do, for the dreariness of going through the same movements day after day soon influences the doer—unless he has a strong will and the infinite patience to find interest in what he is doing—to abandon the process.

I believe any form of exercise which dulls the mind is an exercise that needs to be improved. The advantageous difference between sport and exercise lies in the fact that a sport is a contest which stimulates the brain, thereby giving a mental reward. Golf, for illustration, is a sport which engages the attention of two or more contestants. I do not believe it possible for anyone with reasonable judgment to overindulge in sports.

I have heard of men who died on golf courses; I have heard of persons dropping dead on city streets. I believe a person can become "over-golfed." I also believe a person can take too much exercise. But when doing it, that person fails to heed his own reasonable judgment. So, you see, here is a point from which to start: A reasonable person knows when he is beginning to tire, and broadly speaking, here are some things to remember regarding fatigue:

Under forty years of age, a person's recuperative powers are strong, and he can become "dog-tired" with no harmful results.

From forty to fifty, a person can become tired but should be careful not to become "dog-tired."

Over fifty years of age it is best never to exercise to the point of being tired.

As said, those are broad principles. They cannot apply to specific cases. One man at twenty-five years of age may be less robust than another at fifty-five or even sixty-five. But every person of maturity knows his powers of endurance—at least his minimum powers; and if he doesn't know, there are physicians who can tell him.

I am not an advocate of formal gymnastics or calisthenics in the normal development of people—and particularly in the development of the normal growing child. There are cases, of course, where they are valuable, but spontaneous games are much better. These games give all the needed exercise and are free from monotony. When people play, the absence of any rigid program is desirable.

WHAT we are trying to do at Michigan—and educators, everywhere, are trying to do the same thing—is to start young people in the right direction. I have told you that young people of today are superior, mentally and physically, to their forefathers. That is true, because everyone has learned a lot about physical fitness in the last twenty-five years.

As our knowledge increases, there will be a steady improvement in the human race because of exercise and sports. It is exceedingly important that we build properly through the first twenty-one years of life, in order that in the later years the task of maintenance and use may be observed.

As I view the problem of fitness it consists of two things: Endurance, and attitude of mind.

Form in athletics is nothing more than habit. Bobby Jones is a great golfer because it is habit for him to swing a club in a certain way. It isn't necessary for him to think of balance—he assumes it naturally. Several years ago, at Michigan, we had a football player named Harry Kipke. Now he is coach of the Michigan team. He was the greatest kicker I have ever seen. He could boot the ball with an almost unfailing accuracy to the spot intended. He was proficient because he practiced kicking until it became a habit with him to drop the ball from his fingers to the rhythm of his swinging foot.

Kipke excelled because he practiced at every available moment. Bobby Jones excels because of the enormous amount of practice back of each shot. No person, not even Jones, can always sink a three-foot putt; no person, not even Kipke, can always get off a forty-yard punt. . . . But Jones can sink those three-foot putts, and Kipke could get off those forty-yard punts, oftener than anyone else. Individual practice made it so. That's what I mean by form.

HABIT comes from practice, and efficiency is but another word for habit. It is not a gift. The gift lies in liking to do a certain thing, whether in athletics, business or the arts. Liking is the impelling motive which drives genius into taking infinite pains. Certain games appeal to certain people, and any person can become proficient at what he likes to do if he does it often enough. If not interested in a game, the thing to do is to quit it.

But any group game is better for young people than an individual game, and any individual game is better for all people than a formal game. Group and individual games develop quick thinking. Clear thinking, too! I think you will agree that quick and clear thinking are advantageous, always. They are developments which come out of our group games in college; so while you are attending a football game this fall, do not be too morbid about the profit the colleges are taking in at the gate while the young men down on the playing-field are fighting for—well, let us say, for glory.

They are getting more than mere glory. They are learning something more useful than what money could buy. They are learning to think—to become part of our citizenship; they are developing qualities that are necessary for them to have if, later on, they are to make successes of their own lives.

Next month read:

THE SOCIAL LIFE OF GANGSTERS

by Arthur Dean Sullivan, who *knows* what he is writing about, and is the author of "Rattling the Cup on Chicago Crime."

Mrs. Howard Spreckels

A CALIFORNIA BEAUTY

HER FORMAL SALON IS A FITTING SETTING FOR HER PATRICIAN BEAUTY

THOUSANDS of miles from Paris, yet a *salon* as French as if its windows opened on the Champs Elysées ... its rose and blue are a perfect setting for the patrician beauty of Mrs. Howard Spreckels of the distinguished California family, widely traveled and a brilliant hostess in her home at Burlingame.

Chiseled, *soignée*, her aristocratic beauty has the enchanting coloring of a Quentin de La Tour pastel—eyes of gray, hair like a copper beech in sunshine, skin delicate and clear.

Pond's is proud to number Mrs. Spreckels among the beautiful society women who use the four preparations to keep their skin always exquisite.

"That wonderful Cold Cream!" she says, "it cleanses so perfectly, and the Tissues are the one satisfactory way to remove the cream ... I like the Freshener because it counteracts oiliness without unduly drying the skin ... and the Vanishing Cream keeps one fresh and trim through the longest day!"

Four simple steps of Pond's Method:

During the day—first, for thorough cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream over your face and neck, several times and always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the pores, and float the dirt to the surface.

Second—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, super-absorbent. (Tissues may be had in peach-color now, as well as white.)

Third—pat briskly with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm.

Last—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and protection.

At bedtime—never fail to cleanse immaculately with the Cold Cream and wipe away with Cleansing Tissues.

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The Whole when Poisons Collect

Dr. Georges Rosenthal

RIGHT

The celebrated president of the Société Thérapeutique of Paris explains how poisons form in the intestines when food wastes accumulate there. These poisons circulate through the entire body. Health is seriously impaired.

"Keep intestines clean with fresh yeast," Dr. Rosenthal says, "and your health will improve."

Dr. Maurice Delort

LEFT

Europe's great intestinal specialist, Dr. Delort, is the author of "Consultations on Diseases of the Intestine."

"It is through the digestive tract," he says, "that many infections find their way into the system.

"Yeast," he explains, "stimulates the stomach and intestines and acts as a body cleanser."

Read what they say about a simple food that keeps intestines clean!

Are you worried about your health? About the way you feel?

Do you tire easily, sleep poorly? Are you subject to headaches, indigestion?

Then nine chances out of ten, doctors say, you are suffering from one of the commonest troubles of modern life . . . "intestinal fatigue."

This condition is dangerous. For your body draws its nourishment from the intestinal tract. When intestines become sluggish, poisons collect. Your blood is polluted. Health fades. You are half-well—*half-sick!*

Wouldn't you like to be rid of this condition . . . free to enjoy life at its richest and best?

Then read what two of Europe's greatest physicians advise . . . two men who have spent a large part of their lives in the study of this very trouble.

One of them is Dr. Rosenthal, of the Pasteur Institute, in Paris, a Laureate of the Academy of Medicine of France and Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

Tells how Yeast Purifies the Body

"Poisons that form in the intestines," Dr. Rosenthal says, "penetrate into the blood and affect the whole body . . . . Fresh yeast cleanses the intestinal tract . . . corrects constipation and indigestion, tones up the whole system.

"Coated tongue, bad breath . . . headaches, pimples, etc., are common troubles that clear up when yeast is used."

Now listen to another great French authority . . . Dr. Delort, of the St. Michel Hospital, in Paris. He says:

"Yeast stimulates gastric secretion and encourages the movements of both stomach and intestines. It is effective, harmless."

Fleischmann's Yeast, you know, is just a fresh, pure product of Nature—a *food*, which softens accumulated body wastes and actually tones up "tired" intestinal muscles.

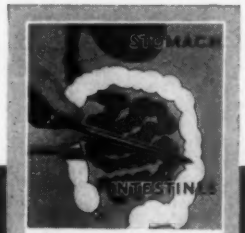
Naturally, when contaminating poisons are cleared away, normal digestion sets in. Appetite picks up. Skin eruptions vanish. You face life with new energy, confidence . . . and a smile!

Don't you owe it to yourself to give

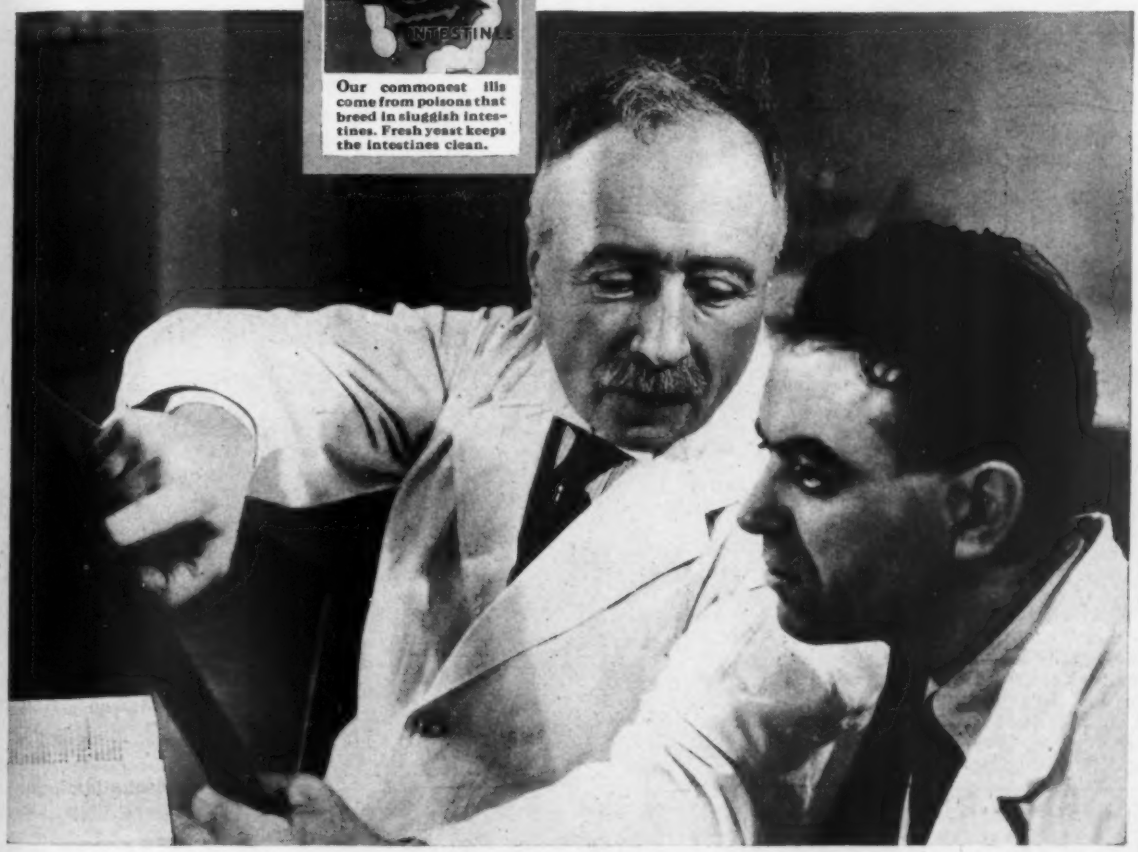
Not a "Cure-all" . . . Fleischmann's Yeast is a Health Food that thousands

SYSTEM SUFFERS

Here— *explain these Paris Specialists*



Our commonest ills come from poisons that breed in sluggish intestines. Fresh yeast keeps the intestines clean.



Fleischmann's Yeast a trial? Just eat 3 cakes every day, before or between meals and at bedtime—plain or in water (hot or cold) or any way you like. Every cake is rich in the indispensable vitamins B, G and D. Get a supply at the nearest grocery, restaurant or soda fountain and start eating it today!

For free booklet on Yeast for Health write Standard Brands Incorporated, 595 Madison Ave., New York City.

What other Great Doctors say:—

PROF. DR. MARTIN MENDELSOHN, of Berlin, declares: "Constipation undermines the whole system. Fresh yeast corrects constipation by stimulating the action of the intestines."

DR. PAUL GERBER, of Vienna's great Rainer Hospital, explains: "Fresh yeast keeps the whole intestinal tract active and clean . . . checks the formation and spread of poisons."

eat three times every day

Their Experiences Illustrate What Doctors Say

(Below) **"I had been working day and night," *writes* Mr. Albert Rogell *of Los Angeles.* "My health gave way and I developed indigestion. I used to go home armed with bottles and pills. One day my mother suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. It relieved the indigestion and helped me sleep. Today I'm in perfect condition."**

(Below) **"A few years ago," *writes* Mrs. H. C. Van Pelt *of Flushing, N. Y.*, "my system became sluggish and I was so tired that it was a great effort to do my work well . . . It wasn't long after I started eating Fleischmann's Yeast, however, until my tired, sluggish feeling left. Yeast brought back all my old pep."**

© 1930, Standard Brands Incorporated

They Shall Not *Pass*

(*us* in population)

A Story *of the* Census *by* Arthur K. Akers

Illustrated by Everett Lowry

NEXT time the white folks got up a war, Gladstone Smith wasn't going to be in it! Which accounted now for a moving cloud of dust on a Gulf-bound highway—with the dusky Gladstone at its forefront, seeking a place where there was no draft. For, calling it a census this time didn't allay suspicion: once let a boy's name get down in those books, and the result would be the same—he'd wake up any morning to find himself right back in old army again, the same as in 1917!

Gladstone still remembered all that freight he had unloaded in the last war. Hence he was taking no chances this time, even if he had to leave Arcola. And since his latest divorce, Gladstone hadn't been able to look at the widow Arcola James without seeing a well-fed and care-free personal old age ahead for himself, if he worked it right. The widow had a mule and a real flair for frying-pans and pork chops. Yet the course of true love still did not run smooth. For, with even an ordinary honeymoon costing all of ten dollars, by Baptist Hill standards, this one would cost thirty-five —on account of the children. Arcola's offspring numbered five so far, safely unenumerated.

Now, at the end of the third day of his flight from the census, Gladstone found himself limping into Stateport with but seven dollars and thirty cents left him of the nine dollars and forty cents honeymoon-savings with which he had hastily left Demopolis.

Stateport was a big town. And looked like the white folks had Christmas in the springtime down here, too, with all those pretty red and green and yellow lights on posts at places where the roads crossed! Not, until his fifth attempt, however, did he manage to cross the arterial street in the evening rush-hour, to take wall-eyed refuge beside a great fountain in a shaded Square, and check up on his business.

Which was where Cephas Jones first saw him. Cephas was plump and prominent; somewhere between a coal mine and a two-bit cigar in color, and between a bishop and a bookmaker in dress.

"Evenin'!" Cephas introduced him to Stateport's newest drive for funds. "Stranger in de city, aint you? How 'bout us takin' li'l walk, den?"

Gladstone's feet all but yelped audibly. "Done *been* walkin' fo' three days," he demurred.

"Well, well, well!" purred Cephas at this, beaming upon the vacuous expanse which Gladstone used regularly for a face. "Jes' whut us craves, den—out-of-town pop'lation!"

"Craves which?"

"Pop'lation—people. An' Jones my name, Cephas Jones. I'm on de cullud welcomin' committee. Through me, Statepo't welcomes you to ouah city. Specially right now when hit's nip an' tuck 'tween Statepo't an' Centerboro 'bout which one is de biggest. Us needs all de fraish pop'lation us c'n git."

"I seen you. Now you splits wid me, or I squeals."

Gladstone opened his mouth wider. Being population sure was noble!

"Name's Gladstone Smith," he divulged in turn. "From D'mopolis. Aint know my way round heah none. Craves find place whar at I can sleep in."

"You's all busted out wid luck, den!" Mr. Jones merely voiced further joy. "Knows de very place. Only,"—uncertainty seemed to arise,—"I got to be keerful who' I rec'mmends: is you got no money?"

Gladstone imperiled two overalls buttons in his haste to prove worthy of recommendation. Mr. Jones

A man's best friend
AFTER SHAVING
LISTERINE

ends rawness, soothes and cools, attacks infection

IF you're one of those fellows with a hide like a rhino that defies any razor damages, this is not for you.

But if you have a sensitive skin, and most of us have, there are several grains of comfort in this statement:

Listerine is great after shaving—your best friend in fact.

Here are a few of the reasons why it is welcomed by literally tens of thousands of men for whom it has made shaving pleasant:

1. *Listerine is a natural healing agent.* Physicians know it, and hospital records prove it. Applied full strength, it readily heals and soothes tissue inflamed by lather or razor, or both. Almost instantly Listerine gets rid of that unpleasant burning sensation, that irritating rawness which so often follows a shave.

2. *Listerine is cooling.* The skin feels wonderfully cool and relaxed after you apply Listerine. This remarkable cooling sensation is due to certain essential oils contained in this safe antiseptic.

3. *Listerine protects.* When you douse on Listerine full strength, you know that you are aiding nature and combating infection. Applied to an open cut, wound, or abrasion, Listerine kills germs almost immediately. Even such stubborn disease-producers as the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 are killed by it in 15 seconds. (Fastest killing time accurately recorded by science.)

It perks you up!

So welcome and so noticeable is the invigorating and cooling effect of Listerine on the face, that many men employ it as a facial pick-me-up. Immediately before a business or social engagement, it gives you the appearance of being alert, fresh and keen.

Look what's happened here!
50¢ quality
Listerine Shaving Cream
now **25¢**

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

Kills 200,000,000 Germs in 15 Seconds

cooled slightly at the ensuing exhibit of seven dollars and thirty cents. But, "Come on," he urged with a touch of brusqueness, "before somebody else done rent dat good baid right out from under you."

But the shot went over Gladstone's head. He was too busy seeing something else.

"Whut all dem folks swarmin' 'bout over dar?" He pointed toward a sudden gathering of people before a window across the Square.

"Newspaper office. Dey puts up de bull'-tins dar, 'bout how many folks de countin' done stir up so fur in Statepo't. Ev'ybody skeered Centerboro gwine tu'n out de biggest."

Gladstone couldn't do but one thing at a time, and he couldn't hear now, for looking—looking at something on the sidewalk right at his feet! A plump, imitation-leather wallet that set up an itching in both his palms.

Behind a near-by live-oak tree there was a faint rustling as Mr. Jones touched the pocketbook tentatively with the toe of a well-polished tan shoe.

"Us *both* finds hit—dat's fact," he seemed to be thinking aloud. "S'pose *you* pick hit up, Mist' Smith."

Gladstone stooped shakily to do so. What if—

"Open hit," urged Cephas impatiently. "Cain't never tell whut you finds twel you looks. An' let's get back heah out de light a li'l mo', too."

Gladstone's eyes here went out of focus from looking at money—big money: a thick bundle of it, with a twenty-dollar bill on the outside, and another one right under it—more than enough for his honeymoon, right in plain sight!

Cephas reached for it with a husky, "Let's see hit, boy! Dawg-gone! 'Finders is keepers,'—but is somebody see us lookin' at hit, dey might say hit's theirn when 'taint."

Gladstone made gurgling noises in his throat. How long had this sort of thing been going on in Stateport while he starved in Demopolis?

"Come on, let's git over on River Street now," Mr. Jones broke in on his bedazzlement, "back of de Shiloh House yander, whar us can split hit fifty-fifty."

Grinning like a suddenly opened grand piano, Gladstone practically sat in Cephas' lap while that gentleman cautiously rounded two corners, into a street of docks and warehouses—where the blow fell!

"I seen you two!" a gruff voice from behind brought Gladstone's knees together. He whirled weakly, to confront a lanky darky, with a short piece of pipe in one hand that Gladstone didn't like the looks of, either.

"S-s-seen whut?" he was stammering inadequately.

"You two pickin' up dat purse in de Squar', dot's whut! I seen you. Now you splits wid me, or I squeals."

"Well, well! My old friend Mist' Smith!" Gladstone warily ate a banana.

"Dis! You fo'-flushin' double-crosser! Look!" Language gave out on Mr. Jones and left him vocally stranded.

Gladstone was deafened by the clamor of his own feet, begging to go places.

"Come on! Make up yo' mind!" The gruff-voiced darky was reaching inside his shirt, menacingly.

Which got action from Cephas. "Hold on, dar!" he began begging at the sight. "Let's us arbitrate dis heah. Us aint mind splittin' wid you is you be reas'nable 'bout hit, is us, Mist' Smith?"

Gladstone minded a lot. But, " 'Pends on how de splittin' splits," he compromised mournfully but cannily.

"Spits three ways, dat's whut," stated the third party incisively. "An' splits quick, or I stahts somep'n you cain't stop."

"How much money us find, nohow?" Cephas brought up an important detail.

"Find dat out right now—in dis heah alley heah."

Gladstone's lower lip began to stick out like a wharf as he was herded into a dark and narrow opening between two warehouses. He had been up an alley with two bigger boys before!

"—Hundred—hundred an' fifty—hundred an' sevumty—hundred an' ninety—and three: dat makes hundred an' ninety-three bucks, in all," droned Mr. Jones in Gladstone's astonished ears.

"Whut dat come to, split three ways, you country boy?" queried the lanky outsider menacingly.

Arithmetically, Gladstone was way over his depth. "Cain't 'vide up nothin' in my haid—" he essayed foggily.

But the hi-jacker shouldered him aside with a fresh difficulty.

"Wait a minute," he interrupted. "Dem bills aint gwine be de right size to d'vide up yit nohow: got to bust one dem twenties into ones first."

"I got to git 'way from heah—" began Gladstone nervously.

"Shet up!" The hi-jacker turned on him. "An' listen! Us cain't d'vide nothin' right twel gits some mo' ones, can us? All right, den: y'all wait heah twel I takes de purse 'long wid me an' gits one dese twenties changed—"

"Hold on dar, big boy!" an apparently revived Cephas beat Gladstone to a horrified protest. "How us know you comin' back wid de change—or nothin' else?"

Evidently there was *some* honor among thieves, speculated the flabbergasted Gladstone, otherwise the tall outsider wouldn't seem so stumped at this. Which undue cerebration on his part seemed to bring the newcomer's attention to bear on him. And something he saw in Gladstone's countenance started him off on a new tangent.

"Couldn't nobody look dat dumb widout bein' honest." He was gazing at Gladstone as he said it. "So I gwine risk hit. Dis big boy heah,"—indicating Cephas,—"I aint never see befo', but I can tell by lookin' at him dat anybody wid gold teeth better sleep wid dey mouth shet round *him*. So heah whut I gwine do: I leaves de big money right heah wid him—wid you to watch him, an' I go git some mo' change, instead. How much money you got, country boy?"

The Type of Person who Prefers LAVORIS

She Wouldn't Hesitate to Ask You

You know the type. Frank. Good-humored. And intelligent. She wouldn't be at all embarrassed to discuss oral hygiene with you, or her best friends. She knows "bad breath" is a symptom of some condition that demands professional advice. And being a normal, healthy person herself, she chooses Lavoris . . . which is more than a deodorant . . . for her daily mouthwash. She remembers that familiar "pink bottle" from childhood days. She remembers her mother's sweet, clean breath.

No matter what mouthwash you may be using now, switch to Lavoris for a week. You'll like that clean, fresh feeling and the absence of any "medicine" after-effect. Observe how, when expelled into clear water, Lavoris has detached food particles, dentifrice residue, or other oral debris. It leaves you with a cool, glowing, sure-you-are-clean feeling. See your dentist regularly . . . as often as he suggests . . . and use Lavoris daily. At drug counters everywhere.

LAVORIS

Note to Members of the Medical and Dental Professions:

Lavoris prints its formula upon every bottle and has never implied in any manner that it is a substitute for professional attention and service. On the contrary, in all advertising, we urge the reader to "Do As Your Dentist Tells You." A worthy slogan, we believe.

"Tell the Public the Truth about a Mouthwash," said the Dentists

Dentists in all parts of the world wrote us during the past year to commend Lavoris advertising that emphasized the advantages of modern, ethical dental service. Many of our professional friends urged us to say "more about Lavoris" . . . to "tell the public the truth about mouthwashes" . . . to "urge people to try Lavoris for just a week or two" . . . "tell them that bad breath is a symptom, and not a disease."

LAVORIS CHEMICAL CO.
Minneapolis, Minn. Toronto, Canada

D O A S Y O U R D E N T I S T T E L L S Y O U

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says:

"Colgate's is most efficient cleanser"*

RESPONSIBLE for the health of six million Americans, Dr. Shirley W. Wynne, Health Commissioner of New York City, examined reports of laboratory tests comparing Colgate's with other prominent dentifrices—and of all those examined, he singles out Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream as "the most effective cleanser." His approval is undeniably impressive. Interested as he is in all branches of public health, Dr. Wynne recently made a careful study of the difference in dentifrices. He examined tests made by some of America's greatest analytical chemists.

Dr. Wynne's conclusion is based on the recent research of such eminent authorities as Dr. Hardee Chambliss, Dean of the School of Sciences, Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.; Dr. Philip B. Hawk, M. S., Yale, Ph. D., Columbia; Jerome Alexander, B. S., M. S., internationally famous among consulting chemists and chemical engineers; Dr. H. H. Bunzell, Ph.D., University of Chicago, and others, retained to make analytical tests and report their findings.

All agree that Colgate's is supreme because of its penetrating foam. This active agent flushes out the decaying food particles which lodge between the teeth. Colgate's thus cleanses *completely*—in a way impossible with sluggish tooth pastes which merely polish the outer surfaces of the teeth.

Dr. Wynne says:

"The sole function of a dentifrice is to thoroughly cleanse the teeth and gums. To be an effective cleanser a dentifrice must have low surface tension in solution. Low surface tension is, therefore, the true scientific indication of cleansing power on the part of a dentifrice in actual use.

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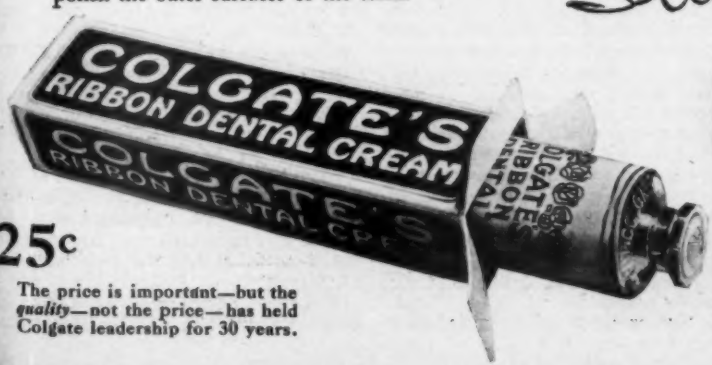

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The price is important—but the *quality*—not the price—has held Colgate leadership for 30 years.

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RESPONSIBLE for the health of six million Americans, Dr. Shirley W. Wynne, Health Commissioner of New York City, examined reports of laboratory tests comparing Colgate's with other prominent dentifrices—and of all those examined, he singles out Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream as "the most effective cleanser." His approval is undeniably impressive. Interested as he is in all branches of public health, Dr. Wynne recently made a careful study of the difference in dentifrices. He examined tests made by some of America's greatest analytical chemists.

Dr. Wynne's conclusion is based on the recent research of such eminent authorities as Dr. Hardee Chambliss, Dean of the School of Sciences, Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.; Dr. Philip B. Hawk, M. S., Yale, Ph. D., Columbia; Jerome Alexander, B. S., M. S., internationally famous among consulting chemists and chemical engineers; Dr. H. H. Bunzell, Ph.D., University of Chicago, and others, retained to make analytical tests and report their findings.

All agree that Colgate's is supreme because of its penetrating foam. This active agent flushes out the decaying food particles which lodge between the teeth. Colgate's thus cleanses *completely*—in a way impossible with sluggish tooth pastes which merely polish the outer surfaces of the teeth.

Dr. Wynne says:

"The sole function of a dentifrice is to thoroughly cleanse the teeth and gums. To be an effective cleanser a dentifrice must have low surface tension in solution. Low surface tension is, therefore, the true scientific indication of cleansing power on the part of a dentifrice in actual use.

"I have examined the reports of laboratory tests made by eminent chemists who have compared Colgate's with other prominent dentifrices and I find that Colgate's rates the lowest surface tension. This means that Colgate's is the most efficient cleanser of those examined because it gets into the crevices between the teeth, thus removing and flooding away decaying foods."

25c

The price is important—but the *quality*—not the price—has held Colgate leadership for 30 years.

SHIRLEY W. WYNNE, M. D., Dr. P. H.

Commissioner of Health, New York City; M. D., Columbia University; Member American Medical Association; Prof. Preventive Medicine, N. Y. Polyclinic Medical School and Hospital; Prof. Public Health, Fordham School of Sociology and Social Service; Recognized internationally as an authority on matters of Public Health.

had been exactly that. Regretfully he gazed at half of a roll that he had grown to regard as wholly his. The thing to do was to change the subject before Cephas got any more of his money.

"Aint but one thing left now dat pester me," he gloomed.

"Whut dat?" Cephas' eyes never moved, it seemed, from that bulge above Gladstone's overalls pocket which indicated approximately one hundred and two dollars cash balance on hand unexpended there.

"Dis heah new draft fo' de waw de white folks gittin' up."

"Draft? Waw?"

"Uh-huh. Gittin' 'way from hit wuz huccome I leaves D'mop'lis. Now hit done follered me heah, an'—"

CEPHAS gasped interruptingly. Here was a situation simply made to order for him! Ways and means were being thrust upon him!

"Is you mean tell me," he demanded in swiftly simulated amazement, "dat you's tryin' dodge de *draft?"*

"Uh-huh. Aint git *me* in no mo' dem waws—all time rainin' an' unloadin'!"

"But aint you know," persisted Cephas with seeming concern, "dat de streets gwine git full dem M.P.'s in no time now, lookin' fo' you boys whut aint reg'stered?"

Gladstone felt suddenly feeble. He had forgotten those M.P.'s!

"Dodgin' de Gov'ment cain't be did—aint make no diff'ence whar at you runs to," continued Cephas Jones practically. "Sho' is good thing you tells me 'bout dis, boy—liable save you lot of nights in de guard-house. Draft-*dodgin'* aint git you nothin'—whut you needs is draft *exemptin'."*

Mr. Smith collapsed farther inside his overalls, and wondered whether it was the war or the last dozen bananas that was suddenly making him so ill. "Whut dat, 'xemptin'?" he queried feebly.

"Means gits you off from de waw hon'able. Wid a paper whut keep de M. P.'s from pesterin' you. Boy, hit sho' is good thing you meets up wid *me* ag'in: I knows de gin'ral."

"Aint hahdly git over meetin' you de first time yit," mumbled Gladstone uneasily, feeling of his money pocket. "But you say you can git me off de draft?"

"If I cain't, aint nobody else can. But hit sho' cawsts money."

Gladstone had grown to expect that. "How much money?" he countered.

Cephas grew impressively confidential. "You sees," he outlined, "I has to split wid de gin'ral. An' gin'rals comes high. Dey aint no small-money boys. Offer a gin'ral less than fifty dollars, an' you jes' gits K. P. 'stead of 'xemption fo' yo' client. Last time I gits a boy off, hit cawsts him hundred dollars."

Gladstone swallowed everything but his Adam's apple! He extracted a hundred dollars from his roll and hesitated. He looked sadly at the remaining two-dollar bill. Wasn't any luck to those she-notes! Life was a seesaw, anyhow: every time he got up enough money to think about marrying Arcola, something came along and took it right smack away from him. Usually Cephas.

"You aint pay me nothin' twel de 'xemption paper's in yo' hands," hastily high-pressured that worthy. "Wid ribbons on hit. All you has do twel den is come 'long wid me to alley whar at ol' gin'ral got he office—an' keep yo' mouth shet."

Gladstone saw no choice now.

"Sho is lucky dat you *got* a hundred," Cephas consoled him for his coming loss. "Old army plumb full of boys whut aint —dat huccome dey dar."

Miserably Gladstone followed him, to an alley corner decorated with a long, low, white-walled building that seemed staggering under a sign that took in a heap of territory. INTERNAT'L HEADQT'RS BROTHERS OF AMERICA, ASIA AND AFRICA BURYING SOCIETY AND BENEFIT ASS'N, it read.

"Old gin'ral got he office back heah whar at ev'ybody cain't be all time botherin' him," explained Cephas. "Park yo'-se'f heah an' watch out fo' de M.P.'s twel I gits back wid yo' draft 'xemption now."

Gladstone flattened himself against the wall and followed instructions. His luck wasn't reliable any more, and he was taking no chances. His nerves tightened until, at the end of ten minutes, the bang of a door in the alley behind him sent him a foot into the air in panic. But it proved to be only Cephas, returning bearing a document with more decorations on it than a peace treaty between two Latin-American powers. Four seals shone in the sun; two blue ribbons fluttered from it.

"Sho' is gittin' somep'n fo' dat hundred!" Gladstone was forced to admire.

"Sho' wuz hard to git, too!" puffed Mr. Jones. "Old gin'ral say he ricollect you good—he had he mind sot on sending you up 'gainst de machine-gun nests in dis new waw, twel I talk him out of hit."

Gladstone made haste to pay over his hundred—lest the general change his mind!

FOR his part, Cephas eyed his client's remaining two dollars calculatingly, as he took the larger sum and patted it as though it were a returning prodigal.

"Jes' one li'l thing to watch 'bout yo' 'xemption, Mist' Smith," he voiced what Gladstone was to recall later in bitterness as having seemed only an afterthought then. "Old gin'ral wa'n't feelin' so good, so I aint make him wait while I comes back to ax you: I jes' tell him my owns'f 'bout you on dat li'l p'int."

Gladstone wanted to get away from that general's vicinity first, and talk later.

So, "Aint got time now," he demurred. "Got to hustle 'bout an' find 'nother pocketbook. Dawggone near busted."

With the newly-bought State paper protruding from his back pocket, Gladstone drifted toward the great Square where his luck had started. For one thing, it was farther from that place where he had run over all those white gentlemen; and for another, he needed another load of luck right away.

He found the Square strangely full of people, clustering about the bandstand. In it a large red-faced gentleman was making a speech. Gladstone pressed forward to hear—always liable to hear a new big word if you listened to the white folks preaching! And this gentleman was spitting them out by the mouthful! Talking about population again. Whole town crazy about population.

Then the orator turned, and Gladstone had that cherry-tree sensation all over again! For he was looking right into the eyes of the big man in the white suit that he had run over!

Gladstone shrank and wriggled, but it didn't get him anywhere. Everybody was too busy listening to the big white man. "Unthinkable, I say!" he was bellowing to them. "Never shall we permit Centerboro to lead us in this census!"

Gladstone shivered and joined heavily in the handclapping. This was his town now. Also, it was advisable to applaud everything this white gentleman said: wasn't anybody in bigger need of making a favorable impression on him now than Gladstone.

"Never," ranted the orator, "shall we allow our historic position as second city in size in this great commonwealth to be jeopardized by an incomplete enumeration!"

Gladstone swayed between two impulses. He hadn't heard so many big words all shot off together since last camp-meeting. On the other hand, his life wouldn't be worth over a nickel if this oratorical white gentleman once recognized him.

"Listen to these returns," the speaker held him with a fresh outburst. "Preliminary census releases,"—he was reading from a paper in one upheld hand,—"for Centerboro, 65,817. For Stateport—our fair city—65,813! Only *four difference*, my fellow-citizens—but four the wrong way for us!"

Gladstone's mouth hung open to hide his face and help his ears. Old figures were getting down to his size now—four people, five dollars.

"I will impoverish myself, if need be, to hold second place for our city," the speaker was approaching his final fireworks. "I will pay five dollars a head for every bona-fide unenumerated name brought into my office! *Centerboro shall not pass!"*

Gladstone sifted hurriedly out as the crowd began to break up. He had a fresh piece of business to attend to now—keeping out of sight of the big white gentleman who had made the speech. Otherwise, he hadn't *seen* any trouble yet!

And, as though he didn't have enough of that commodity already, a familiar voice again smote his ears and consciousness with:

"Dawggone! If heah aint de big draft an' banana man some mo'! How you makin' out by now, Mist' Smith?"

GLADSTONE backed off hastily from the unavoidable Mr. Cephas Jones. Talking to him invariably cost money.

"Settin' pretty but busted," he responded guardedly. "Aint nobody pester me no mo' though 'bout dat draft since you gimme dat 'xemption—"

"Don't talk so loud 'bout dat," Cephas hastily interrupted him. "You remembers I wuz gwine tell you 'bout one li'l p'int to watch about hit? But befo' I tells you, how 'bout lendin' me two bucks twel tomorrer?"

Gladstone stiffened. Mr. Jones seemed to sense the coming refusal. "Gratitude, whar is you?" he forestalled it. "An' heah I *wuz* gwine tell you 'bout what to watch out fo' in usin' dat draft 'xemption of yourn!"

His client caught the past tense, and panic clutched him. If there were any

Man's debt to Woman

One of the finest traditions of the human race is the sacrifice women make to bear children. Since time began, they have gladly risked health, beauty, life itself, if necessary—and seldom counted the cost. Medical science will never hold a surer claim to immortality than the record of its painstaking efforts to lighten the shadows of child-birth.

Today, motherhood is easier and far safer. And this is due not only to the modern hospital and the great strides made in obstetrics, but also to the spread of beneficial knowledge into the home, to a wider understanding of such things as diet, exercise and simple every-day care.

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SQUIBB VITAVOSE—a wheat-germ-sugar for milk modification, exceptionally rich in Vitamin B and assimilable iron salts. Promotes growth and stimulates the appetite.

SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM—made with 50% Squibb Milk of Magnesia—neutralizes acids, protects as it cleans. Guards The Danger Line. Combats "gingival third decay," a form of tooth decay particularly associated with pregnancy.

SQUIBB NURSERY POWDER—an unusually fine, impalpable powder, prepared from the best Italian talc. Pure and non-irritating. Fragrant and soothing.

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unsuspected defects in this vital document of his, he—above all people—needed to know it! At any price. Even that of his last two dollars.

"Knowed all time you had dem two bucks to spar'," acknowledged the insatiable Cephas, pocketing them. "An' me an' you done *fin'lly* got ouah bus'ness straight now. At last! Now, 'bout dat 'xemption stiffcate I gits you: de only way I could git you off—'count de gin'ral rememberin' you so good—wuz by puttin' you down in hit as a married man. Dat right—you ma'ied, aint you?"

Gladstone's answer was a grunt, like that of a pole-axed ox, issuing respectively from the collapsing brain and lungs of one who had evidently been stabbed in his most vulnerable spot!

"*Naw*, I aint ma'ied! Cain't *git* ma'ied!" all but wept Gladstone amid the newest wreckage of himself. "Dat whut de trouble all 'bout! Ev'y time I gits up de money to *git* ma'ied,—hit cawsts thutty-five dollars wid all dem chillun,—dey stahts draftin' me fo' de waw! An' ev'y time I finishes gittin' off de draft, I aint *got* thutty-five dollars! Done picked clean!"

"Yeah?" And Mr. Jones suddenly grew cold, as though—as Gladstone's final sentence indicated—he were through.

"Well, I got to go. But two pieces of good 'vice I leaves wid you, small-town boy. An' both of 'em is: Don't monkey wid de Gov'ment. Becaze all you gits den is de guard-house fo' draft-dodgin' now, is you aint ma'ied when dey checks up on you. Ma'ied dat stiffcate of yourn say—an' ma'ied you better be when dey looks at hit, dat's all!"

And, with his books again in balance, Cephas was gone.

GLADSTONE clung to a lamp-post and watched the buildings opposite dip and sway. Only one course lay open to him now—surrender to the draft, and seek new docks to conquer!

Back in Demopolis, it was the mayor to whom a boy surrendered in such circumstances. And bitterly now, he shuffled forth on the final leg of what had proved so fruitless a flight from the draft: to find the mayor of Stateport and offer himself again unwilling upon the altar of his country, before the M. P.'s got him.

Carefully hidden within his overalls was the sealed and ribboned document that had cost him so dearly. It would only identify him as a draft-dodger now, if he attempted to use it in his present state of involuntary singleness. Married, the exemption declared him—single, for lack of thirty-five dollars, he was.

In time, after blundering innumerably into wrong streets, blocks and doors, Gladstone stood, his eyes rolling in fright, within the high-ceilinged office of Stateport's mayor. To give himself up for the army!

But it was not until his roving gaze settled astoundedly upon the white gentleman at a huge flat-topped desk there that Gladstone really started making history! This was the white folks he had run over! And more—*much* more! Nothing but fast work could keep a boy's business out of the jam of the country now! But it *could* be fixed—all of it—*if*—

"Hold on, please suh, Cap'n!" Gladstone forthwith split and shattered the peace of the mayor's sanctum with his mouth, the serenity of the mayor's private corridor with his flat and flying feet. "W-w-wait, please suh," drifted back above their mad echoes, "—twel I gits back! Jes' please, suh, *wait!*"

THE mayor of Stateport sat at his desk a week later, with a deep frown upon his face—a well-founded frown. Census figures of latest release lay before him and caused it. A record of a century's standing for being second city in the State was about to fall. Centerboro was still four inhabitants in the lead by this latest showing. Four people were no longer four people—they were the difference between second and third place for Stateport, for ten humiliating years to come!

The mayor arose to pace the floor in civic anguish, and paused at a sight that strangely darkened his doorway. His Honor started. The newcomer looked oddly familiar. In which case—

"Cap'n, can us come in?" came a soft drawl from in front of a dark background.

"What d'you want?" rasped His Honor.

"Name's Gladstone, suh. *(Stand back, y'all, an' lemme through quick if I has to!)* Done move heah from D'mop'lis, suh—an' craves show you somep'n, Cap'n, an' git off from de draft."

"Get off the *draft?*" queried the Mayor. "Yassuh, boss. Wid dis—"

AND the caller was laying before His Honor a sealed and ribboned document stating that "Bearer" was, for the sum of one dollar, made "Life Member During Payment of Dues in the Brothers of America, Asia and Africa Burying Society and Benefit Association."

"Dat dar's my draft 'xemption stiffcate whut a friend gits me from de gin'ral," Gladstone indicated it proudly as it lay upon the mayor's desk. "An' dis heah"—he laid another seeming state paper carefully beside it—"is ouah marriage stiffcate, suh,—whut make de 'xemption good. Shows I's married."

The mayor was passing from scarlet to purple. That in this crisis in his city's affairs, when her standing in the eyes of the world was being wrecked, his time should thus be taken! Besides, he began distinctly to remember those feet—and the feel of a wet gutter through a linen suit!

But before he could speak; "And dese heah, suh," Gladstone gestured toward the broadly grinning background, "—is whole passel of new names fo' Statepo't. You says in yo' speech in de Squar' you gives five dollars 'piece fo' new names, aint you, Cap'n?" Gladstone was suddenly anxious.

"I—I did!" sputtered his Honor. "But—"

"Yassuh!" exploded Gladstone delightedly at the confirmation. "Dat's huccome I sees all of a sudden when I rec'nizes you in heah last week, suh, how I could fix up my draft 'xemption an' yo' pop'lation an' runnin' over you in de street dat day—an' git me thutty-five dollars weddin'-money—*all wid one lick!* I done hoofed hit all way back to D'mop'lis. An' jest now git back, drivin' de mule to de waggin, to put Statepo't on top in de dra—de *census*, after all, Cap'n—wid my wife Arcola, heah, an' ouah five chillun!"

"Three children less, and I'd have killed you, boy!" roared the Mayor of Stateport when the more acute danger of death from high blood-pressure had safely passed him, and thirty-five dollars had changed hands. "Now get your wife and children out of here, while I turn loose and *really* cuss you!"

RACING LUCK

(Continued from page 35)

hope springs eternal in the breast of a race-horse man who knows he has an unbeatable horse, provided he gets the breaks. When the horse was again ready, Dad entered him in another four-and-a-half furlong race for maidens, and bet five hundred on him at twenty to one. His instructions to the rider were to take the horse easy to the turn and let him get set in his stride, then cluck to him and talk to him and make him run. Coming into the turn, Top Sergeant was fifth, but the two horses in front of him blocked him, and in order to get past them the boy had to carry him out. Simultaneously the two horses in front carried wide, and again he was blocked, while the favorite, finding the opening, came through and finished on the outside, to win by a head. Top Sergeant was fourth.

Once more Dad Carrigan was stabbed to the heart. But—it was racing luck, and so he said nothing. Top Sergeant appeared none the worse for the race, and Dad blamed himself for having placed an apprentice rider on him for the sake of the five pounds apprentice allowance, which with the five pounds allowed the horse as a maiden, had given him the advantage of ten pounds over the regulation impost of a hundred and twelve pounds. "I should have known the horse could carry weight," he mourned. "Next time out he'll carry the weight—and an experienced rider."

A week later he ran in another maiden race, with an old and experienced rider up, and carried a hundred and twelve pounds. Dad, standing in the infield close to the starting gate, saw his horse rise on his hind legs as the webbing flew up, saw him stand that way two seconds, then come down and break. But—he had given away two seconds, and no horse can do that in a race and win against good horses. Top Sergeant came in sixth, and Dad lost another five-hundred-dollar bet.

He had no excuses. It was just one of those things that can happen and frequently does. He had one melancholy satisfaction, however; his horse, having started in three maiden races and got nowhere, would be a very long price when next he started; when he did win, he would win decisively. But even this faint comfort was clouded by the knowledge that Top Sergeant had never run in the mud. He might be a grand horse in the mud, and he might not be worth a hoot.

HIS fourth race was in a sea of mud at five furlongs, and Dad did not bet on Top Sergeant, though he had a feel-

ing, amounting to a certainty, that the big colt would not be daunted. Some men declare that a horse with fine large feet is a mudder, but Dad knew that while that might be so, it is largely a matter of temperament, of course, whether a horse will run boldly in the mud or slow up. Top Sergeant slowed up, and finished last.

DAD was so angry he could have shot the horse. After the race he came to the colt's box and glared at him. "You vision of bad luck!" he growled angrily. "You'll ruin me yet." Then, looking at the magnificent animal, his glance softened; the colt came up and nuzzled him; all Dad's pride in the horse came to the surface, and he muttered: "Well, better luck next time, Sergeant! Only next time we'll have to have a fast track."

He waited ten days for a track as hard as a dining-room table, then started the horse again. He drew Number Twelve in a field of twelve horses, which meant that in order to get out in front, Top Sergeant would have to travel twenty lengths more than his opponents. So Dad only bet twenty dollars on him—at thirty to one; but—he bet it on Top Sergeant's nose. The colt rewarded him by running third.

"I do believe I'll have to put you in a jumping race to get you out of the maiden class," Dad almost sobbed. "You got off first; you were given a perfect ride; you weren't whipped; you led the field to the middle of the stretch, and dropped back in the last sixteenth. What the devil *is* wrong with you?"

Top Sergeant, of course, couldn't tell him, but—he could make signs, and Dad was a good man at reading horse-signs. The following morning, when he ran his hands down the horse's front legs they were feverish, and showed a slight filling. The horse was unable to race again at Arlington before the meet closed, so he moved over to Hawthorne, to discover that, following two weeks of idleness (Dad had not dared to give him more than walking exercise), Top Sergeant had developed into a cut-up. He fought against going into the gap to the track; he fought against entering the paddock; once in, he fought against coming out. The exercise-boy, who weighed ninety pounds, was not strong enough to handle him, and when at length Dad entered him in another maiden race, he had to put a very strong boy on him, which resulted in Top Sergeant carrying a hundred and fifteen. The horse was away third; at the three-eighths pole he was ninth; then he started to run and practically ran over the field in the next eighth; for a sixteenth he challenged the favorite, then dropped back and was fourth. He had cost Dad another five hundred dollars.

AFTER the race his legs were feverish again, and one Mike Casey, who trained for a neighboring stable, dropped in to talk it over with Dad. "What's the matter with Top Sergeant, Dad?" he inquired. "I saw you breeze him at Tia Juana one morning and made up my mind you had a world-beater. I've played him every time he's started here, but to date he has me in the red ink. And I've never laid eyes on a finer-looking colt. What's his breeding?"

Dad told him. "Ah," said Mr. Casey, "I'm on now. His dam was by Starshoot."

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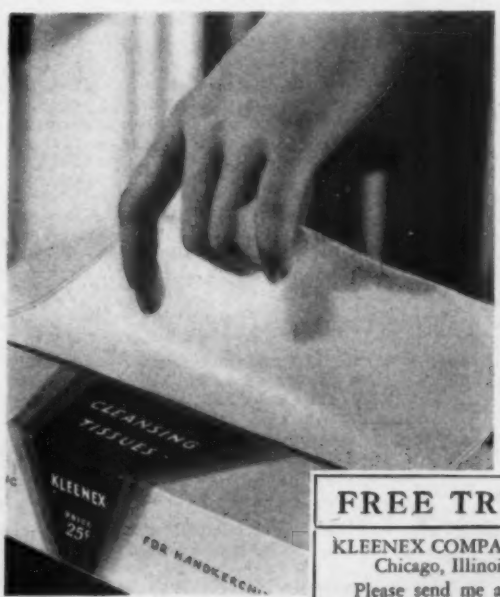

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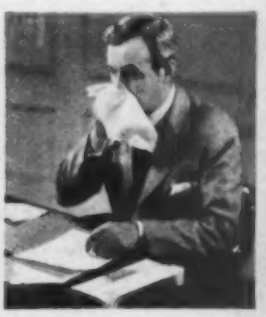

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He picked up Top Sergeant's feet and examined them. "He has the traditional Starshoot weakness, Dad. They have a thin shell of hoof, and running on a hard track hurts them. Keep 'em at it, and you'll buck their shins. They seldom run in the mud; they can't carry weight; and a weak boy can't handle them. I watched this fellow in two races. He labored and ran with his head down, which is why a weak boy can't hold him up and steady him. Dad, you can never win with this horse except on a track so soft it will form a sort of cushion for his tender feet. A slow soft track for him. He'll always lose in the mud, and a hard fast track will put him on sick report."

Dad sat down on an upturned feed-tub. "Another bright day-dream shattered," he said sadly. "Mike, you're right! With my daughter Geraldine up and carrying a hundred pounds, on a soft track, this colt can catch pigeons. But he certainly has quit on me the last two times out. He had no excuses, unless it be that he's shelly and can't stand a muddy track or hard track. And the track sure was hard today."

"Wait a few days and run him on a slow track. If we don't have any more rain for two days, the going should suit him. Run him in blinders and put a good apprentice rider on him; claim every pound of allowance you can get. Then see what happens. But don't bet on him."

So Dad took Mike Casey's advice, and Top Sergeant won by five open lengths, with his ears pricked. He paid sixty-two dollars and eighty cents for two-dollar tickets in the mutuels! The track, drying out fast and freshly harrowed, had formed a cushion for his feet, and he had kept the promise he had made Dad at Tanforan.

Dad was ill. He hadn't bet a cent on the colt! But as winner of the race he did claim the horse that ran second—a big chestnut colt, entered to be claimed at a thousand dollars. "I've got to have a runnin' horse, not a freak," he told Mike Casey. "I've got to have a regular horse that's dependable, and this chestnut is a bear in the mud and hard horse to beat on a fast track."

However, in order that he might not do Top Sergeant an injustice, he ran him once more on a fast track, with the same boy up, but this time in a five-furlong event. Top Sergeant galloped in seventh in a field of eight, bounced the boy off at the finish and ran home to the barn, where he was bucked and feverish for two weeks.

MEANWHILE Gerry's summer vacation had come on, and the yearning Dad brought her back to Chicago. He told her the Top Sergeant was a traitor and that he would never run him again, except in a selling race, in the hope that some optimist would buy him at the entered price, which would be sufficiently low to attract a fool.

"Well," said Gerry, "of course we can't keep a horse that won't run in the mud, whose feet hurt him on a fast track, who can't carry weight and yet must have a strong boy to ride him. We might find a track to his liking once in a blue moon—and when we did, we might not be able to enter him. And if we get him entered we might be too hard up to bet on him! You shod him with leather pads for that race, and it didn't seem to help. So Top Sergeant is out. We can't run a horse for sentiment, darling."

"I'll give him away if I can't get some sucker to give me a few dollars for him, Gerry. Our bank-roll's down to twelve hundred."

"I hate to think we're stung on a horse as fast as this one is when the conditions suit him," Gerry said dreamily. "Let's hang on to him a few weeks longer. Give me time to think."

"I'll give him to you, and you do what you please with him, Gerry. The sight of him makes me ill. He's been the cruelest disappointment of my life. And yet I should have known that the Starshoot family are inclined to weak, shelly feet."

Gerry kissed him and gave him a hug. "One can't know everything, and if one does, one cannot always remember it, old pal. What sort of plater is the chestnut horse?"

"A good one, trained by a fool. We'll win with him in a few weeks."

They did—a fifteen-hundred-dollar purse, in a claiming race at a mile; the horse paid four to one; Dad bet a thousand dollars on him, and the horse was claimed on him for a thousand. So the Carrigan family fortunes were rehabilitated, and Dad, horseless again, took over a job training for the Starlight stables at three hundred a month and five per cent of the winnings. He handed Gerry half the family bank-roll and told her to go back to school. She departed, taking Top Sergeant with her; she told her father she had an idea she would make a show jumper out of him and unload him at a profit. Surely the tanbark of a show ring would not hurt his feet.

THE next Dad heard from his daughter she was in Hamilton, Ontario, Canada. Her telegram read:

UP HERE WITH THE SHELLY-FOOTED ONE TO RACE ON TRACK I THINK WILL SUIT HIM STOP HORSE FIT STOP RUNNING HIM MILE TOMORROW STOP BETTER HAVE A BET ON HIM STOP LOVE

GERRY

To this Dad wired back:

WOULD NOT BET ON HIM WITH CIGAR COUPONS STOP THE MONEY I GAVE YOU IS FOR YOUR EDUCATION AND PERSONAL EXPENSES NOT FOR THE HORSE RACING BUSINESS STOP WHO EVER HEARD OF A TWO-YEAR-OLD WINNER OF ONE RACE ENTERED FOR A MILE STOP YOU SHOULD KNOW BETTER STOP SCRATCH HIM AND GO HOME

DAD

Back came the pert query:

DARLING ARE YOU AN INDIAN GIVER STOP I THOUGHT THE HORSE WAS MINE STOP IF YOU WANT HIM BACK WILL SCRATCH HIM OTHERWISE HE RUNS THIS AFTERNOON STOP LOTS OF TWO-YEAR-OLDS RUN A MILE IN THE FALL AND THIS IS AN ALL-AGE STAKE

GERRY

Dad had no adequate reply to that telegram. So he merely wired back weakly:

WELL, DO NOT BET YOUR SHIRT ON HIM

Then he waited two days in a fever of anxiety to hear from Gerry. Not hearing from her, he knew Top Sergeant had again played her false, for which reason she was broken-hearted and without the courage to telegraph him. He did not consult the daily racing sheets which chronicled the results of races run in Canada, for since he had suspected defeat to follow Gerry's advent as a race-horse owner, he deemed it a waste of time to investigate. In due course Gerry would write him all about it—and probably be profuse in excuses for the traitor.

ABOUT six o'clock P. M. of the second day he had dropped around to the stable for which he was now training, for a last look at his charges. He was leaning in over the half-door of a box, rubbing a filly's nose, when two cool hands came over his eyes from the rear.

"It's my little sweetheart, of course," he announced, and the hands came down, and Gerry had him in her strong young arms, squeezing him violently. "I had a sneaking notion you might drop in on me again, on your way back to California," Dad told her. "Of course you had to run that infernal Top Sergeant to know what a double-crosser he really is." He gazed fondly at the girl. "So you came back to your old dad for comfort, eh?"

"I didn't come here for comfort from you, smarty. I came to comfort you."

"Why, I'm pretty comfortable right now, Gerry. What kind of performance did your horse put up?"

"He won by ten open lengths and smashed the track record for a mile by four-fifths of a second. I won a two-thousand-dollar purse; he paid six to one, and I bet ten thousand dollars on him, and sold him for a big price to Lord Marbury, who is taking him to England."

"Lord Marbury, whoever he is, is a fool!" Dad yelled. He grabbed Gerry and shook her vigorously. "And you're not a nice girl to tell your old man such a crazy story. You just didn't have the courage to bet every dollar you had on him; and besides, you only had four thousand dollars."

"Simmer down, old pepper-pot, simmer down, and listen to my tale," Gerry demanded, and led him to the tack-room, where she sat him down on the tack-box. "The first day I went to the track at Hamilton, I ran into a Dutch book. Why, darling, if it had teeth, it would have bitten the bookmaker. It was a five-horse race at a mile and a quarter. Here, give me a pencil and a piece of paper. Now, this was the book:

Croppy Boy	*100 to 1*
Portola	*8 to 5*
The Tinker	*4 to 1*
Tom Halliday	*6 to 1*
Pip-Squeak	*6 to 1*

I bet $400.00 on Portola to win $640.00, which meant a return of $1040.00.
I bet $210.00 on Tinker to win $840.00, which meant a return of $1050.00.
I bet $150.00 on Halliday to win $900.00, which meant a return of $1050.00.
I bet $150.00 on Squeak to win $900.00, which meant a return of $1050.00.

"And I always wondered why they bothered to teach girls mathematics," Dad said in vast wonder and admiration. "Go on, you miracle-worker, go on. I'll try not to die of shock!"

"YOU will see, therefore, darling, that I bet a total of nine hundred and ten dollars on four horses in a five-horse race, and of course, I eliminated the one hun-

dred to one shot. He was bound to lose. All such long shots win in stories but never on the track. Anybody could see he was entered to give his owner an idea what the skate could do at that distance. He'd never run more than a mile before—and I looked him over in the paddock and saw that he'd been fired, so he must have had a bowed tendon once—and on a hard track at a mile and a quarter he figured to be out of it before he started. So the book was perfectly Dutch, and I could bet on each of the four probable winners and still make money.

"The least I could make if the favorite won was one hundred and thirty dollars. So I placed my bets—and then I got thinking about Croppy Boy and looked him up in the form-book. He'd been very fast at a mile until the day he pulled up lame. And it was a year since he had been entered in a race. I got to thinking: 'His old pin may be stronger than it looks. His owner may have tried him over the mile and a quarter and found he stood up and ran it fast. And the horse certainly looks fit. He's a big horse, and the other horses in the race are small. No good little horse ever beat a good big horse.'

"WELL, Dad, I got panicky and decided to play every horse in the race. I bet one hundred and thirty dollars, the minimum I'd win if either of the other four horses finished first—and spread it on Croppy Boy at one hundred to one. He won by a head and was on three feet the last sixteenth. The book paid me thirteen thousand, one hundred thirty dollars and after deducting my nine hundred ten dollars' loss on my other four bets, I had twelve thousand, two hundred ten dollars.

"But wait, you haven't heard the half of it. From Chicago to Hamilton, Ontario, is only a two-day run; Top Sergeant was fit when we started, and he stood the trip well. I hired a trainer because I didn't have a trainer's license, but I trained just the same. I rested the colt five days, merely giving him walking exercise; then breezed him in a quarter to open up his pipes and entered him in a mile race—a two-thousand-dollar all-age stake event. As winner of but one previous race, the stewards allowed him three pounds; I put a good apprentice up on him and got five pounds more—the weight limit was one hundred twelve, so the horse only had to carry one hundred four.

"The boy was not a strong rider, but I had prepared for that. I had put a strong exercise-boy on Top Sergeant five mornings in succession, and when he started to do his monkeyshines, I put a twitch on his ear, handed the boy the handle of the twitch, and told him to give the ear a good hard twist if the horse commenced rearing and swerving. I cured him in three lessons with the twitch; he settled down finely, and when he gave signs of unsettling, all the boy had to do was lean forward, grab his left ear and pinch it. So he was very sober at the post, and as you know, he always was a fast breaker. To help keep him quiet, I ran him in blinders, and of course, on a turf track—"

"A *what?*" Dad yelled.

"A turf track, darling. They have a mile turf track inside the mile and a quarter dirt track at Hamilton. You've never raced at Hamilton, but Mike Casey has, and he told me about that turf track. The

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English are a funny people, Dad. They never race on a dirt track, and they never play tennis on a concrete court. No, they must have a nice lawn for racing and tennis. The Canadians aren't English, of course, but there are so many English customs in Canada that they put in a turf track and ran one race a day there. And I knew that thick grassy turf track would be just what the doctor ordered for Top Sergeant's shelly hoofs; I figured he could do a mile, that he was now tame enough to permit a light boy to ride him, and that on turf he wouldn't labor and run with his head down.

"Well, he won with his ears pricked against a field of good stake-horses, and as I say, he smashed the track record. I got one thousand five hundred dollars as my share of the purse. I scattered ten thousand dollars all over Canada on him and played him a thousand at the track just before post-time. His closing price was six to one—and the horse had scarcely been cooled out and put in his box before Lord What-you-may-call him was over with a veterinary to examine him.

"The vet said he was as sound as the Bank of England; I showed them his pedigree; and immediately tangled with His Lordship in a horse-trade. I asked a hundred thousand for him, and told His Lordship I was going to ship Top Sergeant to England for the Derby, the St. Leger and all the big English classics. His Lordship must have felt pretty certain Top Sergeant could win the Derby, and I suppose winning the Derby was a wish mighty close to His Lordship's heart. And of course, if he won some classic races with the horse and then retired him to the stud, he'd get his money back in sire fees. So finally he paid me fifty thousand dollars, and I kissed Top Sergeant good-by. Run him on turf, and you've got a wonder horse. Run him on a hard dirt track, and you've got a goat. However, that is something His Lordship will never discover, because Top Sergeant started for England yesterday."

"And you're worth—how much, Gerry?"

"Where do you get that *you* stuff, silly? *We're* worth about a hundred and thirty thousand dollars."

Dad Carrigan raised his old arms toward the roof of the tack-room. "Come take me, Lord," he quavered. "I'm ready whenever You're ready! I been forty years runnin' horses, and until now I never knew the main rule o' the game, an' that is—no horse should ever be a hero to his owner, and the best horse in the world must have a trainer who uses his head for thinkin'."

"Of course," said Gerry, wiping away her father's tears. "The poor dear of a horse can't tell you where the pain is, can he? That's why we have to try everything once!"

TEXAS LOVE

(Continued from page 72)

"What has all this got to do with the affair?" Ann interrupted.

"Not much. Only I've read about you, dreamed about you since I was a kid, wanted to serve you." He hesitated.

Ann found that she was looking more than listening. His eyes she simply could not meet with any degree of safety.

"Do sit down," she said.

"Well, anyhow, just a year ago you turned the tables on me and served me." He leaned toward her. "And I've been trying ever since to pay you back."

Ann smiled incredulously.

"Do you remember last Christmas you stopped for lunch at a little burg in Andalusia? They told you that an American was being sent to prison for two years?"

"Of course. They said money would get him off; and it was Christmas, and I had lunched well, so I—"

"So you just handed over what was about one hundred bucks in real money, and I got to your hotel in time to see the license number of your car as it crept away at about seventy miles an hour. Thank God, it was a British license, so after about three months I traced you."

"But,"—it was Ann who leaned forward this time—"what had you done? They did not tell me."

"I was caught climbing a wall."

Ann laughed, and glanced toward the open window. "But surely there are balconies in Andalusia."

"And how! But I was trying to get a squint at some prize bulls some duke had, and you see I was broke, so I couldn't talk to the police when they nabbed me."

"And,"—Ann fingered the envelope gingerly,—"are you broke now? Because, after all it was Christmas, and—"

"No, dear lady, I'm not broke; I've got the room next to you, and when I asked the page to deliver that letter, he told me your apartment was here. And I—well, I thought it would be fun to just put the thing in here myself." He smiled sheepishly. "I didn't want anyone to share my romance."

"May I open it now?" Ann tore off the end of the envelope.

"No, wait a minute. I was pretty fresh in my note; you see, I didn't figure being caught like a thief, so I asked you to dinner. Of course now I wouldn't blame you, if you—" he hesitated.

"Run along and let me read my mail!"

Ann offered him her hand, and realized she had been longing to do so from the moment she had released him from the wardrobe.

"Shall I go out the way I came?" He started toward the balcony.

"Good gracious, no! Not in the daytime." They both laughed. "Do you mean to say our balconies connect?" Ann added.

"Well, there's a bit of a wall—but you remember me from Andalusia."

"You and the bull."

Ann opened the door: "Good-by!"

"Not good-by! I'll come out on the balcony at eight, and if you're on yours, I'll know Santa Claus is still on the job." Quickly he raised her white hand to his lips. "European stuff!" he said.

ANN closed the door and leaned against it. Vaguely she looked at the white hand. The hand was trembling, but though the difference between trembling and thrilling is very slight, Ann recognized it and welcomed it, almost gratefully. . . .

"What will Mademoiselle wear?" It was seven-thirty, and Marie thought she had never seen her lady taking more time to beautify herself, when it was so unnecessary. *En vérité* Mademoiselle's eyes were two pools of jade, and—

"In that case, Marie, I'll wear the green velvet."

Marie walked to the wardrobe.

"Tiens! Voilà une chose drôle!" She stood staring at the collection of dresses.

"What's funny?" Ann said.

"But this!" Marie quickly unpinned a small piece of paper—a leaf from a notebook—which had been fastened to a white dress, nunlike in simplicity, as it hung between a crimson creation and the green classic.

Marie handed the paper to Ann.

"I love this white frock."

Ann, of course, recognized the boyish scrawl as the same one which covered the envelope now nestling under the exquisite lace of her undergarment. It seemed the beating of her heart must force it from its hiding-place.

"But mademoiselle, what *can* it mean?"

Ann was laughing hysterically.

"It means, obviously, that some one likes my white dress. So—" she rose and walked to the wardrobe, took out the dress—"I shall wear it."

At five minutes to eight Ann stood looking at herself in the long mirror of the wardrobe.

"Mademoiselle is ravishing tonight," sighed Marie.

"Don't kid me, my friend," Ann said softly—but she was talking to the wardrobe.

"You may go now, Marie; and don't wait for me."

"Merci, mademoiselle," Marie walked to the door. "Mademoiselle has money?" She had been trained to ask the question every time Ann Pardy left her apartment; for Ann having plenty of money, thought little about it.

"Money!" Ann laughed. "Money, no! I sha'n't need it this evening."

Marie's eyes opened wide. "Mademoiselle is not gambling this evening?"

"I did not say that, Marie. I shall, perhaps, gamble—but I don't need money. Good night."

The clock in the salon struck eight. Ann stepped onto the balcony.

Through the elaborate iron grill they saw each other.

"Sweet lady, can you see the moon trying to hide behind that little cloud? She can't stand the comparison." His voice was low.

Ann stepped close to the grill.

"Andalusian bull!" she said.

"Texas love," he answered.

"Shall we go down?" Ann's voice was failing her a bit.

"I was thinking we could just take hands and fly from here." His hand through the iron bars sought hers. Lightly and playfully she tapped it.

"How did you ever get over that thing?" She glanced upward to the top of the grill, with its iron menacing spikes.

"Easy! Want to see me do it?" He grasped one of the bars as if it were a vaulting-pole.

"No!" Ann cried. "No, not now," she added, and her smile as she stepped inside the apartment was one for which

many men in many countries would have had a shot at trying to scale the wall of Peking.

THEY dined at a little restaurant Ann had never heard of—a Russian one. It was only half filled. Soft lights and even softer music. Russian lullaby—*"Sur le Bosphore"*—*"Two Black Eyes,"* sung in a husky contralto, the voice that is the result of a broken heart and a strained vocal cord.

"Do you tango?" she said, as the orchestra murmured a devastating *"Melodie."*

"No; but I can hold you in my arms to any *tempo* and be very happy."

He did hold her in his arms, and he kept time. After dinner they sat, and sat, until it was supper-time. People began to arrive, and so they left.

"Shall we take a drive?" he said.

"Have you a car?"

"No, but I didn't hear of any law against hiring one."

"I can call mine."

"No, don't! This is my evening, and I don't want to be reminded that you have an Hispano and a Rolls, and pearls." His blue eyes gazed resentfully at the priceless rope about her white throat.

Ann pulled her coat-collar up hastily, almost as if she were ashamed to possess them.

"Let's take a *fiacre*," he cried. "Hey! *Cocher!*"

The driver, with his old-fashioned open cab, his thin but willing horses, sidled over to the curb.

"It will be cold," Ann said.

"I don't think so." He took her hand to help her into the waiting carriage; and as his long fingers covered hers, she knew that he was right.

Nights are long at Monte Carlo—and all through them people in evening dress wander about, from sporting-club to restaurant, and from restaurant to hotel. There is not much of an impression of nocturnal peace.

No one would notice particularly two young people standing on adjoining balconies at three A. M.; and if they did, their only emotion would be one of surprise that the young couple were not on the same balcony.

They were close to the grill, and their hands met between the bars.

"Good night, sweet lady. It's all been wonderful."

"Good night!" Ann whispered. "I'm glad the Latins believe more in *Romeo* than in *Arsène Lupin* or *Raffles*." She patted the iron grill approvingly.

"Yes! But just the same,"—his tone was serious,—"if I were you, I'd take good care to hide the things that might interest a passing *Arsène Lupin*."

"Don't worry! I always do." Ann chuckled. "They were very close to you in your dog-house today."

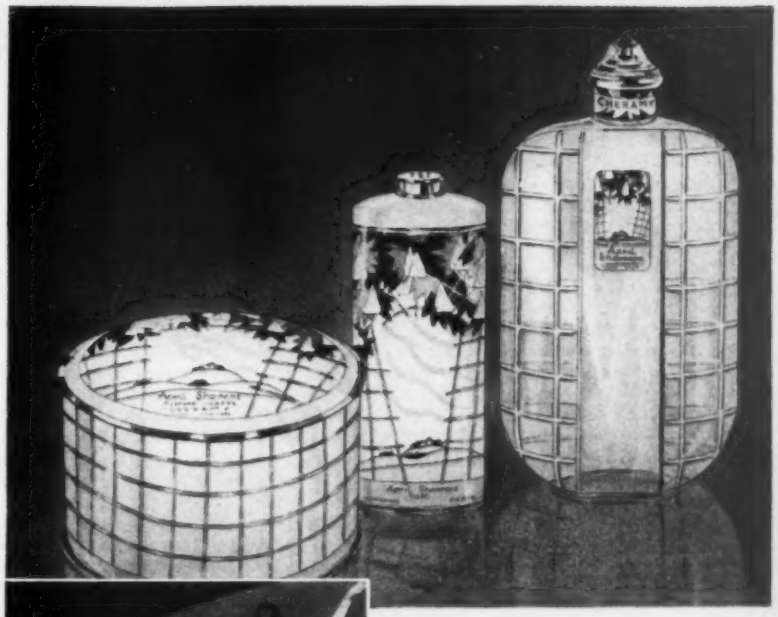
"Funny I have no sense of values," he said.

"Good night again, *Juliet!*"

"Good night, my roaming *Romeo!*"

SHE lay quite still in her large bed, thinking over the events of the evening.

Was she a fool? Did she care if she was or not? No man had attracted her so much in years. She could remember



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a time, not long ago, when if a man tried to kiss her without first declaring ultra-honorable intentions, she was insulted. Old Texas schooling! But now it was she who decided when she would be kissed, and by whom.

Ann realized that she had made a decision at that instant when, brushing his brown hair out of his eyes, the young man had said: "Miss Pardy, can you ever forgive me?"

Certainly she had done that, and more.

Ann felt warm, cozily warm and happy. Through the windows light was showing. Moon—or dawn? She did not know or care.

Suddenly she sat up in bed, threw off the covers and stepped lightly across to the windows. With a little chuckle of delight she flung them wide open, and leaping back into bed, pulled all the coverings up around her still flushed cheeks, sighed deeply, and went to sleep. . . .

"Mademoiselle! Vos bijoux! Vos bijoux sont partis!" Marie stood beside her bed. Sunlight streaming through the windows accentuated the ghastliness of the girl's face.

"My jewels? What?" Ann stirred sleepily, and opened her eyes. How she hated having a dream broken! "What did you say?"

"Your jewels! The case, mademoiselle, it is gone from the wardrobe!"

"Gone!" Ann sat up.

"Yes! I came in as always to arrange the affairs. I go to hang up the white dress as always; I look to see the case is in its hiding-place under the hats. It is gone!"

Ann was laughing, and her maid drew back fearfully.

"Leave me, Marie! I want to think."

"But mademoiselle, we must notify the manager. It is terrible!"

"Leave me, Marie!" Marie left. Ann sat looking at the wardrobe incredulously. Tears splashed on the chiffon daintiness on her nightgown. She picked up the phone by the beside.

"Hello! Give me Room Five sixty-seven!"

Ann's bedroom was Number Five sixty-six.

"What! Oh! At what time did the gentleman leave? Eleven?"

She glanced at the clock. It was one-thirty.

"No, thanks. There is nothing you can do." She hung up the receiver.

An hour later she walked into the manager's office.

"I have been robbed," she said calmly. "My jewels were stolen in the night."

"But madam, we have the safety-box for the ladies' jewels, and—"

"And,"—Ann Pardy's eyes flashed dangerously,—"you expect me to run downstairs at four in the morning and wake up a sleeping concièrge to hand in my jewels? Don't be silly!"

"But madam—"

"Don't argue. My jewels are gone. They are well insured, but I must notify the company, and I wanted to warn you there will be an investigation."

"Where were your jewels, madam?"

"In my wardrobe. Some one entered by the balcony."

"But surely madam has not left her window open!"

"My good man, I cannot sleep in an hermetically sealed room! I'm an American."

"We have many Americans here, and many balconies, but we have never had such a robbery."

"There's a beginning to everything."

Ann walked to the door. "And," she added cryptically, "an end."

SHE stepped once more on to the balcony. Vaguely she looked toward the grill. How had he got over? Well! Anyway he *had* got over the grill, and much farther.

Ann Pardy felt very old. Last night she had been a sub-deb. . . .

"Mademoiselle!" Marie stood behind her. "A letter—and look! Such a lovely basket of fruit."

Ann did not even glance at the fruit.

The handwriting started her heart thumping. She opened the letter very deliberately; unconsciously she moved toward the grill and half leaned against it, as she read:

Sweet Lady:

I could not go through with it. Under the oranges you will find all I took from you, but I shall never find again what you took from me. Do not leave your windows open, because if Romeo had known the value of jewels, Mrs. Capulet's daughter would probably have lost more than her sense of humor. You were right about the Andalusian bull. I got away with the Duchess' pearls.

Good-by, darling! I love you!

Tears absolutely won over the mascara this time. Ann sat on the edge of the balcony until twilight; then she found energy enough to inform the management that her jewels had been found.

LAST week Ann Pardy celebrated her thirtieth birthday, if one can use the word *celebrated* in connection with that rather depressing event in a woman's life.

She is still beautiful; she is still rich; she it still unmarried—in fact, apparently changed very little.

She has, however, great difficulty in keeping a maid, because of her passion for air. She keeps her windows open all the year round and refuses to return to America, because with the necessary building restrictions, on account of lack of space in its overcrowded cities, balconies are practically *taboo*.

OVERDUE!

(Continued from page 55)

while the bills for Malcolm's evening clothes, even for his shoes and crush hat, were still unpaid. Emily put on her ermine wrap over a dress she had made herself, from a remnant of rose crêpe. She had cleaned her best slippers with a dime's worth of gasoline. She tried not to think of these things, and to enjoy the moment in the same care-free way that Mac enjoyed it, but she could not quite do it. The situation was too out of proportion; she had no perspective on it. If she could have had that money and stayed at home, how infinitely she would have preferred it! All the nice things Barton Hale said to her, all the nice things all their guests said about the party, she heard with inward protest; all she wanted was freedom from the haunting shadow of debt and instability.

As she had anticipated, Mac was broke the next week. "Darling girl," he said, "let me have part of that money back that I made in my last flyer, will you—just a loan for ten days? I've got a good thing on, but I don't want to hurry it."

"I'm sorry, but it's all gone," said Emily.

"Gone—all of it? My Lord—and you call me a spendthrift!"

"I'm sorry, Mac; but you see, we owed so much I thought it was a good chance to catch up a little." She said nothing about the advance installment she had paid on the coat, nor the bond she had bought.

"This puts me in an awful hole." He stood frowning, for once disconcerted. "Haven't you got any of it left?"

"Only enough to pay Rendivoo for another week. Mac, let's not keep a maid any longer—we're so hard up all the time. I could get along with a woman one day a week for the washing."

"You've got to have a maid. What would Bette and Andy—" He paused, and Emily read his mind. Mentioning Andy had reminded him that there was a good source to borrow from. "What would they think?" he finished abstractedly.

She must forestall this; to be in debt to Bette and Andy was worse than to Tory. "You're perfectly right," she conceded, "I'd hate to have them know we were hard up, especially after all that grand party we threw last week. It makes us look so cheap and silly. No, above all things, don't let's let them have the least idea." She put an anguished stress on it, and with relief she felt him relinquish the half-made intention.

"No, of course not," he said. Then, buoyantly: "Well, I'll manage somehow. Don't worry; you know these things will happen in the best-regulated families. This thing I'm in I can't sell out now; I'd stand too much loss; but maybe—there, I'm not going to bother you about such stuff."

AFTER he had gone, she wondered if she had done right to pay away all of the money he had given her so promptly; perhaps if she had given it back to him, he might have brought off another stroke of luck. It was on the *perhaps* that she stuck, for equally perhaps he might have dropped it back into the game of chance where he had won it. She opened the closet door and looked at her clothes. Her trousseau was about gone. Since her wedding day she had had only two dresses, the rose crêpe and a brown cloth; and she had made them both herself. Her coat was shabby, but it would last the winter; she had put a cloth lining in it for warmth. She needed walking shoes; she needed gloves; there was no way of contriving these. The ermine wrap, carefully covered, hung in proud state at the side, ignoring the proximity of the old and worn-out garments. "You needn't put on any Ritz,"

said Emily to it aloud, "for you're only half paid for. Oh, why didn't I take you back to the shop and get that money? I could have bought a whole spring outfit with it, and more!"

She could hear Rendivoo singing in the kitchen. "Ten-sixty a week, besides what she eats and carries home," thought Emily desperately. "Over forty dollars a month! I've got to do something about it." Without giving herself time to reflect, she went out and spoke to the girl, told her she would not be needed after the end of the week. "But I'm going to give you a good reference and a week's money ahead," she added. "You're a smart worker and I like you, but—" She meant to tell the truth and say she couldn't afford a maid, but if Rendivoo should get a place with some one the Crayns knew, she might tell, and Mac would be angry. Altogether it was better to make an excuse. She went on: "But I'm thinking of getting a full-time maid."

Rendivoo exhibited no surprise and no regret. "I was intendin' to lay off awhile, anyway," she said. "Workin' steady gits so monogamus. An' my husband, he's got a good job now, so I might's well get somepin outer it."

"I can tell Mac," thought Emily, "that Rendivoo simply decided to lay off awhile, and I'd rather wait for her to come back than break in a new girl. Now, where am I going to get that extra week's wages for her by Saturday? If I ask Mac for it, he'll know that she's not leaving of her own accord."

The hatefulness of deceiving Mac, the stupidity of the whole situation, struck her anew. They could live on his salary, live well and honestly and even save, if he could be induced to try it. And she was helpless. "If I could earn something without his knowing it, I'd do it—but the only marketable talent I've got is cooking, and how can I use that?"

THERE was no one to whom she could appeal for help without betraying Mac. Cousin Louisa, Cousin Oscar, Mary-Sue Drayton down in Richmond, any one of the three would lend her something in this emergency, but she wouldn't ask them. She could make up a story about losing money at bridge and not wanting to tell Mac. "But it's not decent to lie and twist like that," she reminded herself, "and I won't do it."

There seemed no way out of this blind alley except to sell the little bond she had bought and give up forever all hope of saving, or even the slightest security. She went to her writing-case where it was hidden, and drew it out and looked at it, and then thrust it back. She couldn't make up her mind. Distractedly she walked about the apartment. If she didn't sell the bond, she might sell something else. Some of her wedding presents, perhaps—something Mac wouldn't miss.

She looked them over carefully. There were a few odd pieces of silver she didn't use, but she knew they had little value. The Rallifer tea-set which gloriously adorned her sideboard, of course, was untouchable. But the antique cream-pitcher she and Lucy Coleman had unpacked she didn't need—only it was a choice piece, and she hated to part with it. Then she recalled the painted tin tray Miss Elvira Marshall had given her.

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Emily had seen a tray neither so large nor in such perfect condition, at an antique dealer's, marked two hundred dollars. And Emily felt that Miss Elvira, of all people, would understand her act if she knew; for Miss Elvira, as poor as Job's turkey and as proud and high-nosed as old Lucifer himself, rejected all offers of aid and lived on sums procured by selling at intervals some cherished heirloom of the Marshall family. Not that she ever told anyone, but now and then the whole town knew that a bed, a chest, a piecrust table or a fine chair had disappeared from the Marshall house, usually just about the time the tax-bills were due. No one said anything about this to Miss Elvira, to be sure. Emily unwrapped the tray and looked at it. A black background with a wreathing of gold and silver vines and ferns about a basket of fruit, peaches, plums, apples heaped together, with purple and amber grapes dripping over the sides, all painted with a joyous precision, a prim but sure style. It made Emily think of the Marshall house, with its green hedges, the urns on the leaning gateposts, the high rooms where Miss Elvira in her perpetual black moved like a shade of the past, an undernourished but undaunted shade. Yes, Miss Elvira would understand.

WITH no further hesitation Emily took the tray in to the city and went to the shop where she had seen the other. The dealer talked about the slight demand, the poor market, and offered fifty dollars. Emily promptly rewrapped the tray and started for the door. He followed her. "How much did you expect to get?" he asked.

"Two hundred. You'll sell it for three, or maybe more."

He explained how wild this was. Emily listened and did not reply. Reluctantly he came up on his bid until, at a hundred and seventy-five, he stopped with a groan: "I'll lose money on it, at that."

She came away with the bills in her purse and went directly to Mr. Raskoe's office and bought another bond. Two hundred dollars saved—it made her feel like a millionaire! And all this other money to use as she most needed—Rendivoo, and shoes, and gloves, and a slice left to dole out on the old bills. And Mac would never remember about the tray. She'd won a temporary reprieve, and she tried not to think about the future.

But a week or so later, after Rendivoo's departure, they were having Barton Hale and Tory to dinner, and Mac began facetiously to complain of her. "People talk about these wasteful extravagant Southerners," he said. "Believe me, I don't know where they get that idea. Our maid left us to take a rest-cure a little while ago, and I can't bully or beg Emily into getting another. Says she'd rather do the work herself than break in a new one, brags about how much she's saved on the marketing—can you imagine that? She makes me look a brute of a husband, working his poor wife to death in the kitchen; and there she sits, as demure as you please, paying no more attention to my solicitous entreaties than if I hadn't said a word—"

"Is this true?" demanded Tory. "And is Lucy Coleman the same kind? Because if she is, I'm going to send her a wire tonight and ask her to name the day."

THE talk went on to other things, but after dinner, while Tory and Mac were wrangling about politics, Barton Hale came to sit beside Emily on the sofa.

"You're not interested in speculating, as Mac is?" he began.

"No, I'd have heart-failure if I put any money into the kind of things you and Mac talk about. There isn't a bit of gambling spirit in me; I don't even like to play cards for stakes; for when I lose it makes me awfully sore, and when I win I'm ashamed to take the money. I'm a poor sport."

"I don't believe it. But—what I mean is this: if you should ever want to make a little money on the side, let me know, won't you? Lots of women play the market nowadays. Wouldn't you let me help you?"

It was impossible to mistake what he meant. He had guessed the real need behind her economies as recited by Mac, and he was offering his aid—and something more. Every woman knows the moment when a man shows her, however indirectly, that his interest, already manifest, might very quickly change into passion. Emily, looking at Barton Hale, saw in his eyes that this moment had arrived for him, and that she had only to be a little kind, a little responsive, to draw him to her definitely. What if she should say to him: "I'm terribly hard up, and I've got a couple of hundred dollars. Could you take care of it for me?" He'd do it, undoubtedly. He was, she knew, far more astute than the impulsive, plunging Mac. He could run her little stake up into a sum which would free her from her weight of anxiety. "But I can't do it," thought Emily. "I can't do it." She had hesitated a moment to be sure of saying the right thing, and he went on, eagerly: "If you knew how I'd love to have you consider me really your friend—"

"I do consider you really my friend. I couldn't possibly consider you—anything else." That, at least, was plain.

Hale drew back awkwardly. She was either very smooth, or very simple.

"I'd do a lot for you—you know it; and I could do a lot for you," he said at last with meaning.

"You can do something for me right now."

"Just tell me what it is."

Emily put her head on one side and looked at him with gentle mockery. "You can stop making insinuating remarks. You're nicer than that, you really are. And so, I might mention, am I. We'll never be good friends if you try that line with me too strong."

"But do you want to be good friends with me?"

"Yes, very much; so don't make it impossible. Now come along." She walked him over to the other side of the room.

"It would have been no trouble at all," she thought, as they all talked together. "I'd go in town and call him up; he'd ask me to lunch somewhere; I'd hint at how careless and irresponsible Mac is, and how it distresses me; he'd hold my hand and kiss me in the taxi; I'd hand over my two hundred; and he'd run it up to two thousand in no time. Well, I might do it—if I didn't have to live with myself."

After their guests had gone, Mac said: "Hale thinks he goes so big with all the women, it always makes me laugh when he sits down and tries his stuff on you. It never gets him a thing."

"How do you know that?" asked Emily. "Maybe I find him perfectly irresistible."

"No. You don't. I'm not so much, Emily, maybe not so much as Bart Hale, but you've got precious little use for any man but me, and I know it. And maybe you don't know what that means to me."

"What does it mean, Mac?"

"It means the difference between heaven and hell, or—the difference between life and death. When I think about you, Emily—but gosh, what's the use! There aren't any words. If I didn't trust you to the limit, darling girl, it would be the end of me, that's all."

"Nothing matters if he feels like that," thought Emily. "Ermine coats, or throwing money around or anything. I'd rather he'd love me and be as he is than be as steady and reliable as Andy and not love me so much. It more than makes up."

Chapter Eight

EMILY had two letters, and each presented a problem. One was from Mac's mother, telling of a bout with the flu, and the doctor's order to go South. So by a stroke of luck she had rented her house for three months and had decided to go to some one of the quieter, less expensive Florida resorts until the laggard New England spring made it safe for her to return. She wanted, she wrote, to stop with Mac and Emily for a day and a night on her way, if it was convenient.

The other letter was from Emily's own mother, and detailed the sad state of that ever-present family burden, Cousin Ada Dennis. One of Cousin Ada's daughters was threatened with tuberculosis; the other had been, everyone thought, on the verge of marrying a well-to-do young man; but the engagement had been broken in a lovers' quarrel, and he had dashed off and married some one else. Cousin Ada herself had been sick. "So we're doing what we always must do," wrote Mrs. Rallifer, "and that is, passing the hat. Your father and I sent thirty dollars, which we really couldn't spare because it's so near time to make another payment on those darned old notes. Ma'Sue Drayton sent fifty in addition to what she sends regularly. And here and there amongst the rest of the family we've got together seventy more, and that will keep Manie in a sanitarium for a while and give Ada a chance to pull herself together. So now you and Mac send whatever you can spare. I hate to wish our poor relations on Malcolm in this way, but he's doing so well and is so open-handed I know he won't mind."

"I wish I hadn't told Mother about the ermine coat," thought Emily. "Everybody in the family knows it by now, and they'll expect me to be as liberal as Ma'Sue. Poor old Cousin Ada! I've got to send her something, but where'll I get it? As for Mac's mother, of course she must come, and I'd love to see her if we weren't so hard up just now. But just for a day and a night I can keep her from finding it out, I suppose."

THEY were on the thinnest of ice again, she and Mac. Rendivoo's going had not made things much easier, though it reduced somewhat, Emily reckoned ironi-

cally, the ultimate amount they would owe. But Mac had taken a block of a utility stock—"There's going to be a merger, and it'll go up like a balloon!" But instead, the Government had brought suit against it for infringement of rights, and it had gone down, down, down. Every cent of his salary, every cent he could borrow, went to bolstering up his margin. Ultimately, he assured Emily, it would recover, and the merger would go through just as planned; but now his sole thought was to save himself from being wiped out. It didn't, however, seem to worry him; he took it rather as an exciting game.

Emily tried to believe that he would win in the end; she pinched their living expenses to the bone, and kept her thoughts, as much as possible, from the pile of bills, new and old, which had accumulated on her table. So far she had kept her two bonds untouched, though she sometimes thought it was wrong to do it, but she couldn't let them go until there wasn't a hope of saving them. She had managed another payment on the ermine coat, but it left five hundred to pay, and now half of that was overdue. Even the rent—

"Well, you tell the agent, please, Mac," said Emily. "I don't want to chance his coming here again while your mother's here."

Mac frowned. "I'm glad enough Mother's coming, but I do wish she'd not picked out this particular time."

"Never mind, everything will be all right." She hoped she was speaking the truth. About poor Cousin Ada she said nothing to Mac. She took the wedding-present cream-pitcher in to the same dealer who had bought the tray and sold it for fifty dollars, thirty of which she sent to Cousin Ada forthwith. The rest of it paid two months' telephone, electric light and gas. On the day her mother-in-law arrived, Emily had forty cents in her purse, but at least she was not afraid that the lights or the stove would be cut off. She met Mrs. Crayn at the station and suggested that they walk over to the apartment. "It's very near," she said. She did not say that a taxi would cost fifty cents, but she was thinking of that fact and being glad that the day was clear.

MRS. CRAYN seemed to Emily a little smaller, a little less sure of herself than she had been at the wedding; but she felt the same understanding and closeness to her that she had felt before, and Mrs. Crayn seized on Emily with an affectionate anxiety that seemed hoping against hope to be appeased.

"My dear, dear child," she exclaimed, "if you knew how I've thought of you! Your letters have been such a comfort, only I've wondered if everything could be quite as rose-colored as you always say."

"You Northerners are the most suspicious lot," laughed Emily. "You think there's something faked when people say they're happy, don't you? It's your Puritan tradition, I suppose; those old *Mayflower* boys couldn't imagine anyone having a good time without sin. But really and truly I am happy, and Mac certainly shows all the signs of it, too."

"I'm so glad—I'm so *thankful*." Mrs. Crayn caught herself back, aware that her emphasis needed explanation. "Marriage seems so temporary these days, and I hear of so many young couples—and my

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dear, the daughter of some friends of mine, a very nice girl who works in a publishing house in Boston, well, if you'll believe it, she's refused to marry the man she's engaged to until she has money enough saved to get a divorce."

"What a grand idea! I might have saved the check you gave us and got a divorce with it instead of buying all my lovely furniture. I'm so crazy to have you see it. I think the place looks awfully well, but maybe that's just conceit."

SHE drew Mrs. Crayn in, took off her wraps and forthwith started her on a tour of inspection, displaying, explaining and listening with flattering attention to the other woman's comments. These were all agreeable. Mrs. Crayn praised everything. Only at the end she said, questioningly: "Surely you couldn't have done all this with a thousand dollars."

"No, not all of it, but the most of it. You should have heard me beating people down. Now, for this chair, I only paid—" The doorbell interrupted her.

"I'll have to answer that; you know the maid I had decided to take a vacation. Excuse me a minute."

She went to the door, wondering uncomfortably if Mac, after all, had spoken to the agent, and whether she could get rid of him easily if it was he. But a stranger stood there.

"Your name Crayn?" he asked.

"Yes, I'm Mrs. Crayn."

He raised his voice so that it filled the hallway, echoed through the apartment.

"I'm from the Houdan Collecting Agency, and I've come about that bill you folks owe Dixon, Emory Co. It's been standing for three years and in all that time you've only paid forty dollars—"

Emily threw a quick glance behind her. Yes, she had closed the door into the living-room. "Please don't speak so loud," she said cautiously. "I have guests."

He raised his voice instead of lowering it. "Your guests better know what sort of dead-beats you are, then! If you don't come across right here and now—"

"It's no use for you to talk like that. My husband is not at home, and I certainly sha'n't pay you until he sees the bill and—"

"That stall won't get you a thing. If I don't get this bill in full, right here and now, we'll take it into court and get an order to seize your furniture. That's what happens to slick dead-beats like you."

"I wouldn't pay you now even if I had the money," said Emily. "And if you don't put your foot out of the door, I'll call a policeman. There's one standing down at the corner, and I only need to open the window and call to him. You can't insult and threaten people simply because you've a bill to collect!"

The door had opened behind her; and Mrs. Crayn, pale and distressed, stood beside her.

"How much is the bill? What's it for?"

"It's an old restaurant-bill of Mac's," said Emily. "About two hundred dollars, and he'd have paid it long ago, but some of the items are wrong—"

"He's had a plenty of time to clear that up," broke in the bill collector. "Now do I get this money, or don't I?"

Mrs. Crayn started to speak, but Emily laid a hand on her arm. "No, please don't," she said. Then to the man: "You don't get the money. I would have given you a check for part of it, but because you've behaved so outrageously, I sha'n't. And I shall certainly complain to the people who sent you and tell them why I didn't give you anything."

The man stood, puzzled, uncertain. "But we're ordered to act this way," he protested. "I don't like doing it, but when I make a big fuss and noise, the people are scared their neighbors'll hear me, and they pay up. I can see you're not a beat nor a bum, lady, but we're told to say that. It's not my fault."

"Then you go back to your employer and tell him that his method didn't work in this case, and if they'll send some one who can behave properly, I'll make a substantial payment on this bill. But I won't pay any of it until the items that are wrong are taken off."

She closed the door, thinking fast, hoping that she didn't show how much the ugly interview had shaken her. "I'm terribly sorry you had to hear this," she said to Mrs. Crayn. "I never had one like him before—" She bit her tongue.

"Then there have been others! Oh, Emily, I've been afraid of this all along. Mac's so heedless; he never sees anything but the moment; he always imagines he'll pay sometime. But the truth is he doesn't care whether he pays or not."

"You're taking it too seriously, really you are. It was perfectly all right not to pay this bill. He was overcharged, and—"

"Who had paid the forty dollars on it, you or Mac? You don't need to answer. I know—oh, what *don't* I know? It was only a little while before you two were married that I finished clearing off the last of his college bills. But when I saw you and saw how much he cared for you I had such hopes that you could change him, make him more responsible, more honest."

"There's your New England conscience working overtime again," said Emily. "Mac's not dishonest; he simply hasn't the same ideas about money that you and I have. And sometimes I believe he's right about it and that I'm wrong."

"He's not right. There's only one right kind of honesty and it isn't my son's. I wonder at you excusing him."

"I don't excuse him exactly, but I do try to understand him."

"I can't understand that sort of thing. I despise it."

EMILY considered her thoughtfully. "I don't dare let her know anything," she thought. "She's walled off from Mac by that straight up-and-downness of hers and if I tell her what I'm up against she'll be further off from him than ever, and she'll want to make an issue of it, and take my side. Funny, to have to defend Mac to his own mother. It only goes to show that motherhood's not much but a physical business sometimes."

Aloud she said affectionately: "Don't be distressed about Mac; you know he really is a darling and we get along perfectly. The bill-collector didn't bother me a bit."

But Mrs. Crayn was not to be appeased. "I wanted to tell you about him when you were married, but there didn't seem to be any opportunity, and I was afraid, too, that you might misunderstand, might think it very strange of me. I hinted at it when I gave you the check, you remember. I said you were to keep it in your own hands and spend it yourself."

"Yes, I remember."

"I'm so glad you did. But afterward I felt I should have said more, that I should have put you on your guard—"

"You'd probably have scared me almost to death and made me afraid of Mac."

Mrs. Crayn lowered her voice: "Emily—you don't have—things like today happening very often, do you?"

"Mercy, no! And please don't think that it bothered me in the least except I got so furious." She drew Mrs. Crayn back to trivial talk.

WHEN Mac came home at night there wasn't a ripple on the surface. It was the first time Emily had been alone with Mac and his mother, and she was struck with the lack of any real confidence or interest between them. Beyond a few perfunctory questions about relatives and family connections he had nothing to say to her save what he might have said to a stranger to whom he wished to be agreeable. And his mother seemed quite willing to keep this distance between them, though she did ask, hesitating as if she had no right to inquire how he was getting on at the Title Company.

"Just the same," he answered lightly, "Nothing new. It's a deadly old joint, as bad as a bank for starvation salaries. I keep looking round all the time for something better."

"Well, don't give it up until you do get something better," said his mother, anxiously.

Malcolm laughed. "No fear. Emily wouldn't let me even if I wanted to. You and Emily are birds of a feather, Mother, when it comes to being cautious about jobs and bills and so on. You're both conservatives, fundamentalists, sticklers for the safe side."

"And you, no doubt, find that absurd." Mrs. Crayn's voice had a querulous edge.

Emily made a tiny impatient gesture. This must be stopped. "Cousin Louisa James wants us to go over there for a while this evening. You're not too tired, Mother?" It was the first time she had ever called Mrs. Crayn "Mother," and the other woman looked up gratefully.

"No, I'm not too tired, dear. I'd like to go."

So that ended any further jangling between Mac and his mother, and the evening proceeded pleasantly and unexcitingly to its end. In the morning Mrs. Crayn was to go to town with Mac, who would take her to the station and put her on the train for the South. There wasn't a chance for a confidential word, and Emily was glad of it; she still feared that Mrs. Crayn had seen and heard too much and wanted to talk about it. "If I were really unhappy with Mac, or needed a bolster," thought Emily, "I might tell her about everything. But I'm not unhappy and I'm bound to see this thing through myself. Besides, it's not decent for a woman to complain about her husband, even to his mother, and if I told her how we're skinning along just now it would surely sound like a complaint."

She presided smilingly and efficiently over an early breakfast and begged Mrs. Crayn to stay longer with them on her way back. But as they kissed in good-by, the older woman slipped something into

Emily's hand and whispered, "Don't look until after I'm gone," and then hurried away before Emily had a chance to reply.

The gift was two fifty-dollar bills and one ten, folded into a slip of paper on which Mrs. Crayn had written: *"Dear child, please use this in exactly the way you like best; I only wish it were more."* The clear old-fashioned script was hurried and irregular as the writer had added: *"Remember I am ready to help you in any difficulty and I love you very dearly."*

"She did guess," thought Emily. "I didn't bluff her as much as I hoped. That bill-collector yesterday did it, I suppose. I must have been a little too offhand about him. But the dear lamb pretends to believe me; she just says 'Use this in exactly the way you like best.' And that puts me in a hole, too, for I'll have to tell her what I do with it, and if I pay anything on old bills with it, I'll give myself away. Well—maybe I'll just hand the hundred over to Mr. Raskoe and get another little bond; I'm sure she'd like that. But the ten—I know where it's going—and today."

MAC came home that night clouded and injured-looking. He began to speak before he got his coat and hat off. "What d'you think, Emily—that dirty swine Van Deman handed me a bird today. You know I had to get Mother off before I went downtown. Of course it made me late; but good Lord, I'm not exactly an office-boy. But the old scoundrel was laying for me. 'Since you spend so much more time out of the office than in it,' he snapped, 'you'd better spend all your time out!' Just like that! I said, 'Are you firing me?' And what d'you think he pulled then? 'You're not deaf, along with your other failings, are you?' So I said, very casually, not turning a hair: 'I'll clean up the stuff on my desk today, then.' What d'you think of a firm that'll turn off a man who's been with them over three years as if he was a porter or a messenger, without a day's warning! I could see old Van was hoping I'd put up an argument, but I wouldn't give him that much satisfaction. Funny, wasn't it, Mother asking me just last night how I was getting along; and now, this morning, blooie! She ought to have come a day later; I'd have had some real news for her."

"Yes," said Emily, "we'd both have had some real news for her."

"What's happened? What d'you mean?"

"I mean I went to see a doctor today; and if your mother were here tonight, I could tell her she's likely to become a grandmother sometime late next July, or early in August."

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Tangee never gives an artificial, greasy, make-up look. It never rubs off. And Tangee has a solidified cream base, so that it not only beautifies but actually soothes and heals.

Look for the name TANGEE on the package, and patronize the store that gives you what you ask for.

Tangee *Lipstick*, $1. Also the same marvelous color principle in *Rouge Compact*, 75¢ . . . *Crème Rouge*, $1. *Face Powder*, blended to match the natural skin tones, $1. *Night Cream*, both cleanses and nourishes, $1. *Day Cream*, a foundation cream, protects the skin, $1. *Cosmetic*, a new "mascara," will not smart, $1. All prices 25¢ more in Canada.

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THEY THOUGHT THEY COULD BUY IT

(Continued from page 85)

sun. He was offered fifty thousand dollars for a piece of property down by the tracks. It was wanted for a block of stores. Joe sold at once, afraid the crazy buyers would change their minds. He heard afterward the land was sold over again for sixty-five thousand. But he did not care. He had his fifty clear, and it seemed like all the money in the world. He owned other downtown property, too. He was offered thirty thousand for another lot, and forty for a third. . . . Golly! He was *rich*.

Rich! He hadn't even dreamed of being *rich*. He had only hoped to be comfortable. It was a miracle, not in his simple plan of life at all. Amelia and he thanked God. They went around for weeks in a dazzle. Every wish would be granted if they rubbed the lamp. They would buy a house on the dollar side, and a car; and Amelia would keep a maid. The children could have music lessons of a fashionable teacher, not a cheap meek one. They could even have the stylish doctor. Amelia could invite the schoolteacher to lunch. Mothers said that sort of thing always helped. . . . The general manager of Tripoli Cigars heard that his employee had made a kill in real estate. He decided that Joe must have an astute business head, and he raised Joe's position and his salary. The rolling snowball! It seemed as if a man either had nothing or he had everything.

There was a magician in Joe's life, calling out: "New lamps for old!" Joe was asked to play bridge for money on the smoker. He did not avoid the ferry crowd. He was their center. Everyone listened when he talked. His father's foresight had bought the land, but Joe somehow got the credit. He had known enough to hold on to it. He must be worth a hundred and fifty thousand now, at the lowest estimate. Joe enjoyed having the men ask him how he was going to invest his money, and warn him not to take any flings on the market. (Imagine being in a position to be warned against flings!) He told the men what he thought of these new water-power projects. He was dazzled at the weight his opinion had these days. After all, he was exactly the same man he had always been.

Amelia had her heyday with the girls. Joe was indeed "getting on." She could take the lead in any conversation, about gold-banded china sets and mulberry rugs. The girls were apt to remember it was Joe's father who was responsible, and not Joe. Nevertheless, Amelia was now a person who had married well. She and Joe were asked to join two bridge-clubs. They did not mean to be pretentious, but they could scarcely wait. By Christmas they had the house on the dollar side, and the maid, and the car.

THAT winter Joe was asked to join every organization in town. They put him on the church Official Board. He was elected an officer of the Village Improvement Association. It was all very honorable and exhilarating, but Joe was alarmed by the unaccustomed responsibility. He was expected to show initiative on the Official Board. As an officer of the Village Improvement Association, he must have a settled policy. But Joe had spent his life in following, not leading. He had taken the opinions of other people, been a contented yes-man, without the need of initiative or policy. Now this accidental prosperity shoved him out into positions of authority. People were forcing him to be what he was never meant to be. He kept thinking: "Suppose I make a fool of myself on the Official Board?" His new work in the office made him nervous. He missed Tom Raymond telling him what he ought to do.

After Amelia was settled in her new home and the first excitement was over, she found her social position difficult. In a way Joe and she had become too prosperous. She had gone too far beyond her old friends, and she made them feel uncomfortably inferior. The girls were contemptuous of their financial inferiors, emulative of their equals—and envious of their superiors. Amelia began to learn what little round jealous eyes are like. They made her feel giddy. Jessie (who was still her best friend) told her the bunch was saying she had a swelled head. They said she was high-hat because she went to the Country Club now. Amelia felt like whimpering: "I haven't got a swelled head. I don't want the Country Club crowd. I want my same bunch!"

AMELIA could not understand why she began to lose her friends on the fifty-cent side, one by one. She did not realize it gave them the willies to come to a house that was so much nicer than theirs. Whenever she invited the girls to lunch, they all came and were very pleasant, but they did not telephone her as they did in the old days. When Joe and she went to the evening bridge-clubs, their hosts were almost too admiring and formal. Joe and she seemed to be out of the crowd, and all they had ever wanted was to be one of the crowd. The men said to Joe: "I suppose this cigar isn't as good as you smoke *now*. But it's good enough for us *poor* folks."

People had to play around with their financial equals. That was a Brookstone social law. The Country Club crowd were the logical friends for Joe and Amelia now. Joe might get by with the men, especially if he put up a good game of golf. They would accept him. But Amelia and the Country Club women would never accept one another, because Amelia's life had been spent with a different set of values, and that would always show. She had never put a high estimate on facial beauty or smart clothes. She had never thought of keeping her figure. She could not learn to play golf, or be horsy and doggy. She could not turn herself into one of those hard showy babies.

Amelia would never confess to a soul (that dilemma is never confessed), but she did wonder how to fill up her time. Now that she had a maid, she could not build her days around housework. A year ago, when she had had more than she could possibly do, she had longed for help. But now, to her private shame, she was actually missing her old arduous occupation. She missed most of all coming down to the empty kitchen in the early morning and filling the tea-kettle. The hollow sound of the water on the kettle had seemed to start the day. Now she must lie in bed till breakfast (and she still woke early from habit), while her fingers itched—yes, they itched. She ought to keep busy with the children, but they seemed quite self-sufficient, and she had always been quick-fingered. She must learn how to putter. ("What did you do today, Elizabeth? Oh, I just puttered around.")

SHE discovered those days were best which had the fewest holes. She tried to fill up her time, as the Country Club women did, with caring for herself. She, who had always washed in soap and water, had her skin analyzed and took facials. An unfamiliar powdered mask stared at her from the mirror. She looked like a scared disguised child. One day she gathered up her courage and had a "permanent." The operator told her that most women were very nervous over their first permanent. "One customer of mine said she was nervous only twice in her life—when she was married and when she got a permanent."

Amelia was astonished at how crowded all the beauty parlors were. What a big bologny business it was! No one could be treated except by appointment. Amelia wondered if women went to beauty shops for these fool treatments because they really expected to be better-looking, or because they had too little to do in their lives. Amelia was horrified at the talk she heard in the booths. The regular patrons had their pet girls who flattered them and bamboozled them into buying all the lotions. Women told these girls all about their husbands' inadequacies. (Seven out of ten women will confide in their beauty-parlor girl.) And the girls said: "How beautiful Madame is looking today. . . . Madame has such lovely eyes. . . . Madame's chin does not sag so much now as when she began the treatments. . . . No woman should let herself slump. She should keep herself young and beautiful. . . . Now, this anti-wrinkle cream applied at night—"

Time could be consumed in shopping. Amelia bought new clothes. She had always gone to bargain sales, and never in her life paid more than twenty-five dollars for a dress, five dollars for a hat. Now that she could pay more, she was bewildered. She did not know what to choose. She passed by all the familiar racks of dresses marked "$14.95." She could have dived nimbly into one of those and found just what she wanted. But when she went into the French department, her heart quaked. She was afraid of the marchioness who came forward and said: "Madame desires?" Amelia was completely at the mercy of the French. Miserably she regarded her queer Parisian reflection in the mirror. "Ah, madame is just the type!"

Amelia had always been a well woman. She had never had the doctor, except when a baby came. But now all sorts of weaknesses seemed to attack her at once. The doctor (the stylish doctor) said her metabolism was wrong. Amelia

joined the army who went to his office for iron injections. She was surprised at how many women on the dollar side had "functional" disorders. Any woman could get started on what ailed her: "I've had the funniest sensation lately. A sort of weird feeling, as if I were swaying on my feet." The doctors laughed or swore at these women, according to their temperaments. Others made money, sympathizing. There was not much genuine sickness in Brookstone. But only a few of the women felt really well all the time.

Joy is unnerving. There is something in human nature which is unprepared for joy in large doses. Joe and Amelia had known what to do with sorrow. But their religion did not tell them what to do with joy. Their religion stressed crosses. ("There's a cross for everyone, and there's a cross for me.") It did not mention joy, except as a heavenly prospect. And yet prosperity presented as definite a problem in living as did sorrow. Plenty and plenty of times people did not know quite what to do with a sudden fortunate enlargement of life. But there was no guide. The world was full of mottoes, saying such things as: "The man worth while is the man who can smile when everything goes dead wrong."

Joe and Amelia would never tell each other they were sometimes a bit unhappy now. That would always remain unsaid. The best of families have things they have never said to each other, things that have been on the tips of their tongues for years. They sit around the breakfast table with hand-grenades that have never been thrown. But Joe and Amelia told each other as much as two people ever could. They never stopped sitting on the sofa and talking over the day. Nor were their evenings, like so many home evenings, a succession of furious little outbreaks with coiled silences in between. They talked in a comfortable lazy way, as if they were raking leaves in their minds, with long slow strokes over the grass.

"Amy, don't the children seem big now? They sort of loom over us. You know what I mean. They've got so many *interests*."

"I wouldn't tell anybody but you, Joe, but they seem bigger than I am. They live in a different world than we did when we were young. I try to think back, to when I was young, and I can't remember."

"School is wonderful nowadays. They teach the children so much more than we were taught. We'll send them to a camp next summer. The camp counselors know just what children should have. Better than we do."

IT was late afternoon in Clifford's private office. The lights were on, giving the eerie effect they always give a room accustomed to be seen in daytime only. The shades were not drawn, so the window squares were black. The bowl of roses on Clifford's desk looked pale in the glare. He could hear lockers shutting and feet tramping down halls. His secretary came to the door and said: "Good night, Mr. Millard." But Clifford made no move to go. He sat with his elbows on his desk, thinking. He always knew when he was thinking, and made it an occasion.

If sin be described as exploration beyond charted morals, there is only a lim-

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ited capacity in every person for sin. One has not the energy to keep on doing wrong indefinitely. Groping, fumbling and mousing are all too difficult. There is a reaction to safety. Clifford had reached the end of his excursion. He was coming back to hand now, like a bouncing ball. He was fed up with this running wild. There is no citizen in more stable equilibrium than one who has come back with dog-and-sledge from the "larger life." And there is no citizen more unstable than one who has never learned what the larger life is and who believes it must be swell.

Clifford was also making a lot of money. Money will often turn a man conservative, just as property of his own can transform a radical into a capitalist. Clifford had begun to feel he was a man of affairs, a leader. He had a position to maintain. He read the society columns every morning to learn what the Tewkerburys were doing. He liked to know who had dined at Pierre's. That was the life for a man of ambition—going around to places like that—not running with wild women.

His employers had hinted he would do well to be seen with the right people. Joyce and he might start out on a real society career. Joyce certainly had the looks, and he'd see to it she had the clothes. He'd talk it over with her. He'd tell her he was through with wild women now, and ready to take up the worth-while things of life. She'd be sensible and forgive him if he told her he had really loved her all along. He'd just been a crazy fool that night at the Biltmore. Joyce was a girl who knew her onions. She'd forgive him. She knew men were human and there wasn't any Santa Claus.

THESE thoughts had been gathering for some months, but now they were come to a head. Clifford always acted at once on his decisions. He reached for the telephone. He leaned back in his chair and gave the number.

"Hello—hello, Marjorie. . . . Yes. That's right. Marjorie, I'm afraid I can't see you to-night. . . . No. Positively. No, not tomorrow night. To be frank, I think it is best we should not see any more of each other. It's dangerous. . . . No, Marjorie. Don't get me wrong. It's not that I don't love you any more. I love you as much as I ever did. But it's best that we don't see any more of each other. It's best for you. A young girl's reputation. . . . Well, if you don't give a damn for it, I do. Now, listen here. I'm not going to sit here talking all day. I'm a busy man. I tell you once and for all. . . . Now, don't say that. I'm not trying to give you the gate. I'm grateful. But a man in my position. . . . You'll always be a beautiful memory to me, Marjorie. . . . No, I tell you there's no other woman. . . . *Arrrrh! Go to the devil!*"

Clifford crashed the receiver into place. He felt virtuous. Any man who has just ended an affair feels virtuous. Clifford put on his hat and coat and left the office. When he reached the street, he turned up his collar, because it was raining. He'd talk to Joyce tonight. He'd take her some flowers. No, he wouldn't be as crude as that. Tomorrow, perhaps.

When he was on the train, he thought he might join the church. Joyce and he ought to go every Sunday. He believed in God. Sure he did. There must be some Power. All this world couldn't have happened by accident. Sometimes he'd felt like praying. Honest he had.

He could trade on the goodness of God. The Bible said people ought to forgive. Look at the Prodigal Son. That boy turned from the corn-husks, didn't he, and went home and was forgiven? More than forgiven, wasn't he? He got more than the chap who stayed home all the time. . . . Clifford felt comfortable at the thought of himself as a Prodigal Son. He had heard that men always went back to their women, just like little boys. He was going to be a good boy now. *Just as good.* . . . He'd say to Joyce: "My darling, I really loved you all along. Let's forget it—let's forget it."

But when he reached the house, all set to make his speech, the maid informed him that Mrs. Millard had gone to New York. Clifford turned into the living-room, sulky and baffled as the Prodigal Son would have been if he had found no one looking down the road. A woman ought to be home when a man wants to be forgiven.

Chapter Fifteen

WHEN from this tumult we are got secure—

Joyce had always known that importances happen under cover and the unimportances are flaunted. But in the tumultuous autumn following her meeting Raleigh, she came to know it better. Brookstone saw a woman buy figs at Zucca's—bakery meringues—walk up the hill with a little damp paper pail of oysters—give letters to the postman. . . . That was all anyone saw, unless her life exploded. Well, bundles of figs and oysters were all the world had a right to see. There was no reason why it should have everyone's secret. Joyce could never understand the superfluous candor of these famous women who wrote exhaustive confessions to society, as if there were no decorous inalienable right to privacy.

People said that Joyce was looking older this fall. There were no lines or hollows, but the breath of maturity had blown into her face. One saw it there, like a bloom. She was thin and beautiful, and her eyes were shadowed. She looked older, as a tree looks older in summer.

That autumn was strangely cold. It smelled of dark wet leaves and smoke, bonfires that had smoldered in the rain. So many mornings the clouds were purple and blue, and the night's rain dripped from the eaves. The newspapers said the winter had set in early. Whenever the weather was dark, Joyce felt an unreasonable foreboding. "Does it ever seem as if something were watching us, Raleigh?" . . . There were more lunches, back in last winter's dining-room, where the yellow-marble boy turned his smooth blind eyes down to the shell.

She felt that she really did not know Raleigh. She knew the deep inner life of the man; she was acquainted with the turns of his mind. But she wished she were better acquainted with his common normal life: the little habits that go on forever, no matter what fails. If she could only see him—ordinary and not trying—not treating her as if she were "company." What sort of a man was he around the house? What did he say when he took off his hat and coat and laid his evening newspaper on the chair? Sometimes she asked him, "What did you do this week end?" just to get a glimpse of that unceasing customary existence on which any love is superimposed. But it was no use. She never could picture it. ("Is this the way you always are, or do you slide into another man on Saturdays?") She wondered what he said to friends when they dropped in of evenings.

IT was hard to think of Raleigh having all these friends, unknown to her—friends who knew him well and had their private jokes. She had separate interests too—a whole flock of experiences she had never told Raleigh, because he would not know the background. But she believed that love, to be worth keeping, must have many things shared in common, little familiar things, woven inextricably into the texture of every day, making the bond intimate. Raleigh and she shared their hearts, but they should share friends, long serene unpassionate days, and a taken-for-granted home. This sort of love seemed so vague, so unsubstantial, an emotion that was never put into practice. It was an expensive house on the unfounded sand. Joyce remembered the cold soft sand spinning under her feet at the seashore. "Will we love each other long, Raleigh?"

How often she thought of Raleigh! When she was not with him, she was thinking of him, or so it seemed. He was dissolved in the ebb and flow of her mind, like the ocean's green salt water filled with whirling sand. It was all beautiful and agitating, and in a way it spoiled her life.

Living in one place and wanting to be somewhere else was living off-center. That was no kind of way. Joyce wanted to be quiet in the center of a wheel, not beating madly along a circumference. Life must have its composure. Now she was still on the outside, only a commuter. Worst of all, there was that sick feverish sense of unreality. When she was in Brookstone, Raleigh seemed only a dream. And when she was with Raleigh, it was Brookstone that was dreamlike. She did not know which was shadow and which was substance. Was Brookstone the phantom, or Raleigh? The whole world was strange and far away, like a page in a book that some one else was reading. . . .

Being fond of a succession of men was like playing the same piece of music over and over, with a change of title. Sometimes the piece was called "Ralph," sometimes "Tom," and the theme was ordinary.

Joyce did not want to be sugary and over-solemn in her mind, but she was certain the days must have "purpose." They should be going somewhere, like a river; otherwise they went dull, and filled with water plants. . . . There must be a point to a life. Joyce had believed that one true love would give her life *motive*. But where was the point of this sweet business with Raleigh? It was a creeping vine, and there are never any grapes on a creeping vine. Ah, these lives that run along on the flat, bewildered and restless and monotonous, with nowhere to take hold and climb!

Joyce wondered if that were not the

trouble with many women: nothing steady to live for. One must believe in something or rot. And there was so little believing going on now. Joyce knew she must make her days coherent with belief. She must believe in love, but in no love that was less than a life shared. All that winter she let things ride, let things slide, knowing there was a violence ahead. . . . Raleigh could compromise so much more easily. He always said that half a loaf was better than none. If one could not have perfection, accept imperfection. But she—half-measures were so craven.

CLIFFORD was away on business during March. Late one March night Joyce's bedside telephone rang. She swam up to the surface of sleep, heavy and dazed. The luminous clock dials showed it was just after midnight. It was Raleigh's voice.

"Hello. Is it you, Joyce? Hello!"

"Anything,"—her mouth was full of sleep,—"anything wrong?"

"Why, no. I was just sitting up late, reading, and I thought I'd call you before I went to bed. I wanted to hear you speak. Did I waken you, my darling?"

"Raleigh, do you suppose that years from now you'll be calling me up and wishing to hear me speak? Won't we ever have anything more natural?"

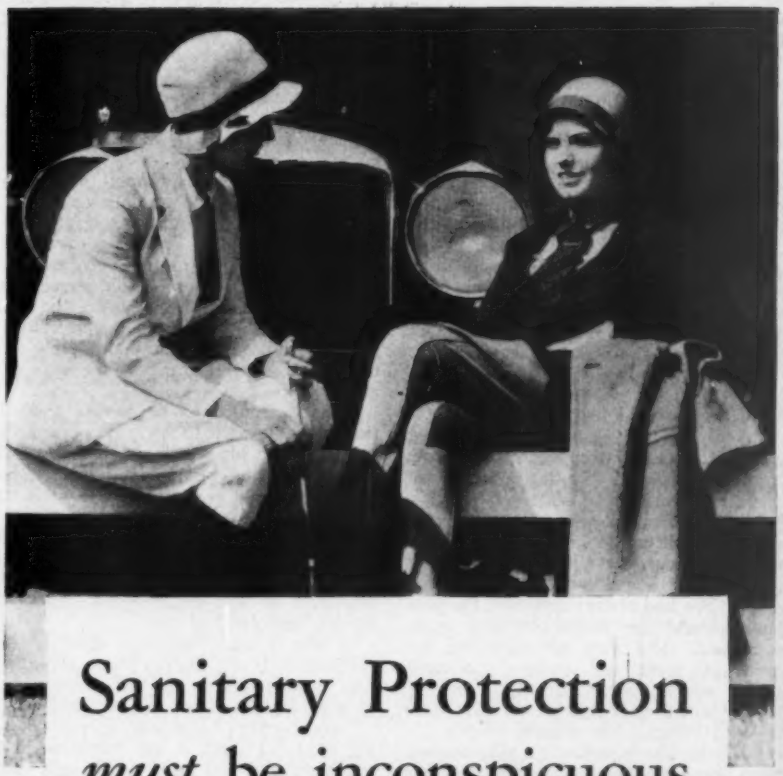
"We have to keep on like this, dear. How can we help it? It's just one of life's bad tricks. We must do the best with what we have."

Their talk went on, tender talk, although Joyce could not think of much to say. Her ideas had evaporated somehow. Even as she said, "Beloved," the word seemed to go false in her throat. The full moon hung outside the window, as if it were close against the pane, watching. She kept staring at the moon as she held the telephone to her lips. Raleigh said he saw it too. It was watching them both at the same time, like a big spy. That conversation afterward was always a blaze of gold in her face.

She felt horrible. When she put down the receiver, she reached for her heavy dressing-gown. She held its dark warm fur close to her throat; the trailing silk lay in a long blue pool on the floor. She sat by the window until the black web of trees filled with light. Now she knew it was over. ("No, not this man!") Even as Raleigh was speaking, something had left her. She had opened her hands a little way, and before she knew, the bird was gone. She could not see it in the sky, nor feel the warm place in her hands where it had stayed. Love could go like that. "Suddenly, as rare things will, it vanished."

In the days that followed she tried to believe the bird would come back and curl its feet in her hands. But it was too easy for love to go that had no everyday habits to hold it. There was no indestructible bond of sharing. It was amazing how much of her life would go on as usual, without Raleigh. The mass of the days would keep their normal run. All her flock of separate experiences would happen as they always did. That had been the flaw. . . .

When they met again for lunch he seemed so *certain*. He glowed with confidence in her affection. He had some books with him to read at the table. He



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looked as if Fate had pressed its jewel into his hand and closed his fingers around. It was touching. He kept talking and talking—and her heart had gone so dead calm. He was so far past doubt that he did not notice she was quite silent and ate scarcely any of the *bombe pistache*.

"This dining-room will soon be closed for the summer. We'll have to go back to the doll-house roof. Isn't it nice to have these two places that are ours?"

APRIL came with its warm blush of light. The world was astir. It was budding time, expanding time. In all the naked trees sap was climbing, running out in clear drops on the maple twigs. Dark bulbs, laid in the earth last fall, were rising from the dead. Children ran through the streets like flowers.

Joyce did not share the expanding year. The petals dropped, one by one, from her bouquet. Falling out of love was a withering at the heart.

Joyce had known what it was to have some one fall out of love with her. But now she discovered the horror of shriveling out of love herself—aged and deteriorated. She had always supposed the people who did the falling-out were quite composed. Did they all suffer, or did some of them feel rather refreshed? ("The war is over. Hurrah!") It was torture now to hear Raleigh say the tender devoted things. She wanted to put her hand over his mouth. . . . He seemed now like a phonograph record that has been played too often, even if it did have a good tune on both sides. . . .

They sat down at the cinnamon-red table with the pot of shiny pink begonia. Over their heads was the striped-candy awning. There stood the waiter, staring out of his blue-bead eyes. But Joyce told Raleigh before they ordered anything to eat:

"I don't know how it was, Raleigh, but love just left me. I meant to keep it, but I felt it go."

As she spoke, she saw people at the other tables with their shoes painted on and mops of doll hair. One should be very careful not to break dolls. She did not dare look at Raleigh for fear his eyes would make her too sorry for him, make her take it all back, just to comfort him.

But it was almost too easy. He was proud. Joyce could feel him drawing himself under his guard, like a haughty snail. In no time at all he presented his polished roof. He said: "I couldn't bear it to stay here any longer where we've been so happy. Let's go. Do you mind?" They went out of the doll-house, leaving the waiter aghast with the menu. (Would he wonder, when they never came back?) At the hotel door Raleigh lifted his hat and walked away, even his eyes protected. . . .

She was on the train again—back to Brookstone. As usual there was all that time to think, with her head against the window-pane. . . . She took a taxi up from the station and thought how stolid suburban cabs were. None of your rake-hell glamour about them. . . . She went wearily up to her room and pushed her hair back from her forehead. How refreshing that gesture always was! Now for the sun!

But when she went out into the yellow air, she saw a man in one of the hourglass chairs, reading a paper. When he saw her, he laid the paper on the grass. He looked embarrassed and defiant; he fingered his crimson tie.

"Clifford! You home so early?"

He coughed; he crossed one leg over the other and stared down at his polished tan shoe.

"I came home on purpose to talk to you, Joy. I wanted to talk to you a month ago, but I—you never seem to be home when I am. And whenever you have been home, I haven't been able to get the chance. There hasn't seemed to be any *right time*. But today I thought I'd get it out of my system, no matter what. I've been home an hour. How the devil do you spend so much time in town, anyhow?"

Clifford seemed to be having a hard time deciding what to say. He pursed his lips, twiddled his watch-chain. . . . She was not anxious, because nothing that he could say would ever matter.

"Joy—could you forgive me?"

"What for?"

He leaned down and stroked the kitten's head between her ears. He did that whenever he was embarrassed. He had always been fond of cats.

"I was a crazy fool that night at the Biltmore. I was always sorry about it. I've always loved you all along, Joy. Honest, I have. I was a crazy fool—"

"You couldn't know what it was—waiting there. I think it was worse when I got home and you said 'Tough luck' and 'O. K. by me.'"

He leaned back in his chair; he frowned.

"Hell, can't you understand? I just went out of my head. Men are human. We all make our mistakes. Can't you forget it? Haven't I said I was sorry?"

"I don't mind it any more, Clifford."

His face brightened; he hitched his chair closer.

"Well, if you don't mind it any more, then you forgive me. Honest, Joy, with that one exception, I've been a damned good husband."

Joyce twisted the long threaded shawl-fringe in her fingers. What was Raleigh doing? Sometimes, at this hour in the afternoon, he had telephoned. She had run across the lawn to answer it—sat on the stair. . . .

"It isn't a question of forgiveness, Clifford. I don't feel hard. I could say: 'I forgive you.' But it seems to have gone beyond what I can help. It isn't in my power. You killed something. I couldn't restore it to you if I wanted to."

CLIFFORD flushed and tapped his fingers on the chair-arm. The straw made a dry petulant sound.

"Why don't you speak straight out, Joy? You mean you don't love me any more. You hate me. That's it. You hate me."

"I feel pleasantly toward you. I'm your friend."

Clifford seemed reassured. He smiled.

"That's all I want. After all, Joy, you and I aren't kids any more. And you were always sort of cold and intellectual—"

"But I still believe in love."

He made a motion with his hand as if he were brushing away a midge.

"That's all right. Believe in anything you want. What I mean is, you and I can have a nice comfortable time together. I'm done with running around. I want to settle down and do something *worth while*. I thought we might dope out a sort of a social career. We can make quite a splash in the big puddle. A man with my money ought to be a *leader*. . . . Hell's bells—"

"But I still believe in love. I don't want to come back to you and spend the rest of my life feeling pleasant, or feeling nothing at all. I don't want to shrink in like that. I want to love some one."

Clifford spread his hands. He looked very knowing.

"I'm a modern man. If you want your affairs, go ahead and have 'em."

"I won't have any whited sepulcher of a marriage in my life."

"Shucks, Joyce. Don't get morbid. You're trembling all over. Calm yourself, kid. I said you could have your affairs on the side. Wouldn't that be enough living and breathing?"

"Clifford, you'll never know what I mean, but I feel that if I went on living with you, in a sort of narrow and convenient way, I'd be living in sin. I've got to get away—divorce you—"

HE sat up straight, at that. His mouth fell open like a hurt child's.

"Now, see here, Joy. Haven't I always been generous with money? There's plenty of women who would give their eyeteeth to have what you have. Let me tell you, my girl, I'll be worth a lot of money in a few years. You won't find it so easy, going it alone."

Joyce was thinking aloud—the old infuriating habit.

"Ever since the Biltmore, I've dated my life B. C. and A. D. These years have been different. I've been going ahead. If I came back to you, my life would be bent in a circle. I want it to go straight on to—oh, I don't know—something fine. I'll take my children and start fair."

"I don't see why you won't forgive me, Joy, when I've really loved you all along. Maybe some day you'll need me, and then you won't have me. Be sensible!"

"I'm cleaning house, and I'm not going to keep anything just in case I might want it years from now. You don't know what a relief it is to throw the sticky gummy stuff away."

"You sound crazy. Why won't you forgive me? I can't say more than I'm sorry, can I? Tell me what to say, and I'll say it."

Clifford was not proud, like Raleigh. He argued and argued. Finally he flung himself out of his chair and strode away over the lawn. *"Go to the devil, then, for all I care."*

He did not believe, down in his heart, that Joyce was in earnest. She was just keeping him on the anxious seat before she forgave him. She knew where her bread was buttered.

When he had gone Joyce folded herself in her shawl and closed her eyes. She was almost too tired to breathe. What a day! But she felt quiet. For the first time in a year or so she was not justifying herself to herself—not explaining. All her thoughts had laid down their arms.

THE air was faintly scented with face powder. The Brookstone Woman's Club was holding its September meeting in the clubhouse auditorium.

The speaker was a large turgid woman, dressed in wool, permanently enthusiastic over purity. She had the unrelaxing cheerfulness of a woman who has never been in love, and the face of one who talks too often about morality.

"You live so sheltered here in this beautiful suburb. You have everything your hearts desire. You do not realize what life can be. Do you know there are girls in New York City, who are struggling with poverty in order to keep their virtue?"

Lydia Smith was down in the audience, in a dark dress, with poppies in her hat, and her face like a young earnest raccoon. She was not half listening. She was interested in what a growing child should have, not in these nitwits of girls. She told herself that if anything happened to the baby while she was out, she would wring the maid's neck. Seth had become a perfect maniac over the baby. The men in the office had told him to shut up, for gosh-sakes!

Amelia Browning was there too, in the latest violet satin Paris model, and a hat with a little diamond arrow, and a handsome beaded purse. She did not feel very sorry for these fallen girls. After all, they had only themselves to blame. She and Joe had been good, and they had got their reward. They were going on an automobile trip up the Mohawk Trail this October.

But Joyce Millard was not in the room. "Did you know, my dear, that she moved to the city?"

THE END

ALL OR NOTHING

(Continued from page 63)

George hadn't. "All the same," he said, "I want to try it. Any job's a jealous mistress, maybe; but as between mistresses, I prefer one I'd like to one that bores me. I know I'd have to start at the bottom, of course—"

"And you'd be throwing away a good job and a great future," said Hall inexorably, "for a crazy chance. . . . However—if you're bound to attempt suicide, I suppose I'll have to buy poison for you. Got any preference, among papers?"

"It would have to be a morning paper, so that my wife and I could keep the same hours. And not the *Express*, of course, where she works."

"I'll send you up to Delano on the *Record*, then. . . . You might like the life at that," said Delbert Hall. "I get sick of Wall Street myself, sometimes. Now in the old days, when I worked for Dana—"

Delano, city editor of the *Record*, read Hall's letter and leaned back in his swivel chair, hands clasped behind his head.

"Harvard, eh?" he said. "And post-graduate work in London and Paris. Well, Graham, that's a background—an invaluable background if you happen to have the nose for news. But if you can't get news, and write it, your background isn't worth a damn. You've never tried it—"

"I've had a sort of—private school of journalism," George told him. "My wife works on the *Express*. I think I know the mechanics of getting news."

"That helps," said Delano. "But unless you've got the knack— Young man, I think you're crazy to throw up a good job for a hundred-to-one chance. How much do they pay you, down at Harpington's?"

"Ten thousand a year," said George meekly.

"Ten thousand? My God!" said Delano. "That's what I get, and I've been a newspaper man for twenty-seven years. You'd start here at twenty dollars a week; and if you ever work back to ten thousand a year, you'll be damn' lucky. Still want to try it?" George nodded. "Well," said Delano cheerfully, "we've had some crazy goofs on this paper, but I can't recall that we ever had an absolute paranoiac before. And I'm curious to see what kind of reporter a crazy man will make. . . . Report at one o'clock Monday, and don't forget you provide your own typewriter."

Now that it was done, George could see just how crazy it was—or would be, but for the one reason he hadn't dared confess. He didn't know whether he could hold a newspaper job; even if he could, he wasn't sure he'd like it. Janet and her friends liked it, but they hadn't been at it so long as Delbert Hall. But if it enabled him to keep Janet—

None the less, it was going to be a little hard to explain to Janet. Their combined salaries had been fourteen thousand a year; now they would shrink to five. That meant cheaper quarters—unless they drew on their savings—George's savings, rather; he paid two-thirds of their joint expenses, because he made so much more than she, and still he saved money; and Janet, secured by his surplus, spent every cent of her salary. She'd have to be more careful, now. . . . He was rather glad, when he got home, to find a telegram from her; she'd been sent to Boston to cover a convention of women's clubs, and would not be home till Sunday. He was thankful for that postponement; it was hard enough to explain to Willard Harpington that he was throwing up a good job and a bright future, to work twelve hours a day for twenty dollars a week.

IT was late Sunday night before he got up the courage to tell her.

"*What?*" she said. "What in the world did you do that for?"

"Well," said George uncomfortably, "I thought I'd like the life. We'll have the same hours, anyway. That will be something."

"Something," she agreed. "I don't know just what. We can sublet this apartment at a good price," she said. "And we'd better move to a room—yes, just one room—in a hotel near your office, and mine. And I'll pay for it. You won't have any margin, on twenty a week."

"I've got five thousand in the bank. I won't let you pay all the rent. Why should I put that burden on you?"

"It's little enough," she said, "compared to the other burden you've put on me. And on yourself, of course. . . . You did this so we'd have the same hours, didn't you? So we wouldn't—drift apart."

"Well—yes!" he admitted. "This thing of being married on Sundays only won't work. Not for long. It's got to be all or nothing."

"I have my proof!

I want to shout to everyone about it!"

SUCH a happy letter came to us recently from a mother in Philadelphia:

"I just thought I'd tell you how wonderfully pleased we are with our twins' progress! I am sending you their pictures. You can understand why we are so proud of them because they were prematurely born, and one especially we all were very doubtful of. But on Eagle Brand they have gained rapidly. Our doctor has only seen them twice since they were born. He says I have surely had luck with them.

"I have also raised three other children on Eagle Brand—my oldest now in his 21st year. I have my proof of Eagle Brand from babyhood to manhood, and just feel I want to shout to every one about it!" MRS. D. E. NICHOLAS, 2140 Grange St., Germantown, Phila., Pa.

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"All or nothing! In other words," she said, "you're asking me to marry you. Or rather you're marrying me without even asking me." He stared at her. "We've never been really married," she said impatiently. "We went through a ceremony; but we never tried to share the same life, the same interests. We've just been having a week-end affair—a perfectly legal affair, that wouldn't shock our most conservative friends. That was lovely—but rather cowardly. We didn't risk anything. Married people risk something; unmarried lovers risk something else; but we risked nothing at all. Well—now we risk everything."

"Yes. But I don't know what else we can do."

"You're right. We've been drifting apart," she said. "I'm still in love with you, and I know you're still in love with me; but we've got nothing else in common. Now we'll have everything in common, but— We've never bored each other, George. I don't know any married people who don't bore each other sometimes; but we didn't see enough of each other. We've never had enough intimacy to take the edge off. But with the same hours, in one room, we'll get it now."

"I'm an ass, Janet. I never thought of all this. I ought to have talked it over with you before I did it."

"I'm glad you didn't; I'd never have had the nerve to do it. But now that it's done," she said, "I'll see it through. I'm risking less than you are, I guess. Only—well, it's all or nothing."

"Of course," he reminded her, "it may not last. I mean—Delano will give me about three months to see if I can hold a newspaper job. If I can't, I'll have to look for something else downtown."

"I'm not worried about that. Only about what might happen to us. I've been spoiled," she said, "spoiled by that pleasant little week-end affair, without risk and without responsibilities. I don't know whether this will work or not, but thank God you weren't afraid to try!"

AFTERWARD they laughed at the remembered fears of that night. For it turned out to be the best thing that had ever happened to them.

Granted one thing, the meteoric rise of George Graham to the front rank of New York reporters was inevitable. He happened to have the rare talent for getting news, and writing it well. That talent can be educated; but it can no more be created, unless the seed is there, than the special gift that makes a Babe Ruth or a Toscanini. But George happened to have it; and he had everything else that a reporter needs.

The routine of news-getting he had learned from his wife, as naturally as a man married to a Frenchwoman learns to speak French—if he tries. He had taken honors at Harvard, studied economics in London and politics at the Sorbonne; he had worked three years in Wall Street, in a position of some responsibility. So when he was sent after a story, he not only found out what had happened, but knew what it meant. He made mistakes, of course; but he never made the same mistake twice.

In a year, the *Record* was paying him almost as much as the *Express* paid his wife—almost a third as much, that is, as the salary he had given up to become a reporter. But man does not live by bread alone; George liked the life, and wondered why he had wasted three years at a desk in Wall Street. Their combined salaries kept them comfortably, in a two-room hotel suite near his office and hers. Two rooms are enough, if you happen to be in love with the person who shares them with you; and they were in love as they had never been in the days of their week-end marriage. Quite unashamedly they called it their second honeymoon.

Honeymoons fade, of course; but even after they had settled down in the new life they didn't bore each other. They had little chance, for they both worked twelve hours a day. Aside from Sundays they saw each other only at breakfast, and at the light supper they used to eat together before they went to bed. The work they shared gave them a common interest, and plenty to talk about. And the jealousy that Delbert Hall had foreseen, if George got to be as good as his wife at her job, never grew up between them.

For they were both beginning to specialize a little—George in international affairs, Janet in police reporting. She developed a quite remarkable talent for winning the confidence of a woman who had murdered her husband, or her lover, and getting the story of her life. So, for all their common interest, they never competed against each other; each could be proud of the other's success, with no heartburnings.

In short, they were really married at last, and they liked it. Of course there was no more talk of children; George wouldn't ask Janet to give up a job she loved; and if she did, his salary wouldn't be enough to bring up children decently. But you couldn't have everything.

They had vacations from each other—incalculable, unforeseen vacations, assignments that took one or the other out of town for two days, a week, a fortnight; separations whose suddenness gave them a little shock of loss, and added flavor to their reunion. And then, in George's third year on the *Record*, there came a revolution in Mexico.

He had become acquainted with the Mexican exiles in New York who had plotted the rising; with that background, he was the natural choice for the assignment to cover the revolution, with the main rebel army in the field. He and Janet were rather appalled at the prospect of a separation that might last for months, but there was no help for it; this was his job, and she had hers. After it was over, they'd take a trip somewhere together.

IT was six months before the revolutionists took Mexico City and overturned the government. George and Janet wrote often, but neither had much to say; there was no point in telling each other what they were doing, when they could find it out by looking at the papers. While George was in Mexico, Janet accomplished her most spectacular triumph. The famous and wealthy Mr. Frobenshaw was found murdered in his house on Fifth Avenue—the biggest police story of the decade, which threatened to become the biggest unsolved mystery. It was Janet who had noticed, when the grief-stricken widow received reporters, that she was using a different scent from the one she was known to have used on the day of the murder. From that clue Janet worked alone, remorselessly, indefatigably. And the day George came back from Mexico, Mrs. Frobenshaw was indicted for murder.

Janet got a two-hundred-dollar bonus, and they both got two weeks off. They spent their holiday at the bungalow colony on Cape Cod where they had first met five years before, and came back brown and glowing. Privately, they called it their third honeymoon.

WHEN George came back to work, the managing editor sent for him.

"Well, your Mexican friends are in," he said, "and presently they may be out again. Rebellions against them already, in Chiapas and Sonora. . . . Graham, we need a new correspondent in Mexico City. Headley was too close to the old régime. You're the man."

"You mean I'm to stay there permanently?"

"Nothing's permanent, in the newspaper business. But you'd better be prepared to be there for a couple of years."

"I see," said George. "I'll have to talk it over with my wife."

When she came back to the hotel at midnight, George had digested the Mexican news in the evening papers, and the dispatches that would be in tomorrow morning's *Record;* and he was in a fever of excitement. A month ago it had looked as if Mexico's troubles were over; now hell was popping. He wanted to get down there and see it, and tell the world about it. But first he had to tell Janet.

"My God!" she said. "We've had two weeks together after six months apart—and now they want to send you off again! Please don't go, darling."

He looked at her in blank amazement.

"Not go? Why, Jan, I've been right in the middle of this thing. I am still. I know all these fellows personally—the ones who are in, and the ones who are trying to get them out. I know more about what's going down there than any other American newspaper-man. I can't stay out of it."

"But how about me?" she asked. "The *Express* has a perfectly good Mexico City correspondent. They wouldn't send me, anyway. I don't even speak Spanish."

"You'd learn it. You could do magazine stuff—free-lance work—"

"Free-lance work!" she said scornfully. "Besides, I've got to be here for the Frobenshaw trial. Not just as a reporter—as a witness."

"You could come back for that. It's in October, isn't it?"

"They'll never bring her to trial in October. A woman with fifty million dollars and indicted for murder can use up a lot of law before she ever meets a jury. And with her uncle's political influence—George, this story may split the town wide open! And I'm right in the middle of it. I can't stay out of it, now."

"No," he agreed, "you can't."

A sudden chill depression had settled on them both.

"We've got to do something!" she said desperately. "George, I'm afraid. Please don't go to Mexico."

"Jan, I'm worth ten times as much to the *Record* as any other man they could send there. If I refused that assignment, I might as well throw up my job." She looked at him, brooding bleakly. "I

know," he admitted. "I threw up a job once before to—to save our marriage. But that was a different job."

"Yes," she said. "I can't ask you to do that. And you can't ask me—"

"But you'll come to me, won't you," he pleaded, "when the Frobenshaw trial is over? As soon as you can?"

"Oh, yes, darling; yes! I do love you! I'll come to you, as soon as ever I can!" Sobbing, she threw herself into his arms. "Or maybe," she said, "things will quiet down in Mexico, sooner than we think—"

Three years later Mrs. Frobenshaw went to the electric chair, after two trials and an appeal to the United States Supreme Court. And Mexico was as unquiet as ever.

GRAY-HAIRED George Graham, city editor of the morning *Star-Chronicle*, walked across the railed enclosure to his assistant's desk.

"Where's last night's schedule?" he demanded. "Who did the obits?"

"McCarthy," the assistant reported. "What's the matter?" George pointed out an item on the obituary page, under a Hollywood date line.

> Janet Carrier, scenario writer for the Climaxo Picture Corporation, died last night of injuries received in an automobile crash. Her best known picture was "Slaves of Sin," adapted from Leo Tolstoy's "War and Peace." Miss Carrier had been divorced twice. Her third husband, Hippolyte O'Banion, motion-picture director, survives her.

"Well?" said the assistant. He had come to town from Pittsburgh four years ago, and knew of Janet Carrier only as the author of "Slaves of Sin."

George Graham grunted.

"Janet Carrier," he said, "was a well-known young newspaper-woman around this town, fifteen or twenty years ago. She was the one that pinned the Frobenshaw murder on the wife, and did more than anybody else to make Frank Maddux Governor. If McCarthy'd only looked in the morgue, he'd have found an envelope stuffed with clippings about her. I've seen men fired for less than that, when I worked for Delano on the old *Record*." He paused, and began to roll a cigarette. "The newspaper business isn't what it used to be," he pronounced. "All the good reporters must be dead. Janet Carrier—"

He broke off, and felt in his pockets for a match. Amazing, how the years had blurred his memories of her; the most intimate memories blurred most of all. But one memory was as clear as ever.

"Janet Carrier," he said, "was a damn' good reporter. And I wish this paper had said so." He became aware of an office boy, waiting for his attention. "Well?" he grunted. "What is it?"

The boy handed him a calling-card, and a letter on the stationery of Harpington & Company, investment bankers. George tore it open. It read:

> Dear Graham—
>
> This will introduce Mr. Ellery Felton, just graduated from Princeton. He is a cousin of my wife, and I offered him a position with our firm; but he tells me that he wants to be a newspaper man. Since you too had this ambition, and realized it brilliantly, I venture to send him to you, in the hope that you may be able to place him with the *Star-Chronicle*.
>
> With the warmest of personal greetings, and regrets that we see so little of each other, I am
>
> Cordially yours,
>
> WILLIAM HARPINGTON, II.

"Brilliantly!" George snorted. "All right, Jimmy. Bring him in."

He shook hands with a pink and earnest young man; then leaned back in his swivel chair, hands clasped behind his head.

"Sit down, Mr. Felton. So you could have a job with Harpington, but you want to be a newspaper-man. Why?"

"Well sir, I've done a little writing. And I—I think I'd like the life."

"Oh, you do? You'd work from one in the afternoon till one in the morning. You wouldn't see much of your friends, unless they kept the same hours; in other words, you'd soon have no friends but morning-newspaper men. And you'd spend most of your time sitting around, waiting for somebody to come back from lunch, or out of conference, and tell you he had nothing to say. . . . Engaged to be married, by any chance?"

"Yes sir," stammered Mr. Felton, astonished at this clairvoyance.

"Then the kindest thing you can do to the girl," said George Graham, "is to slap her in the face and tell her you hope you'll never see her again. A newspaper job is a jealous mistress. You won't have any home life, if you go to work for me."

"But—" said Mr. Felton, "other men—"

"Other men park their wives and children in Flatbush or the Bronx, and see them one day a week. And they don't send their children to smart private schools; they can't afford it. They send them to the public schools; and you know how far they fall short of perfection, if you've followed this paper's crusade against the Board of Education. You'll have a hell of a time sending your sons to Princeton, on a newspaper-man's salary."

YOUNG Mr. Felton was somewhat embarrassed by these speculations on the contingent future.

"I hadn't thought much about that, sir. My fiancée has a job on a magazine. She means to go on working till my salary is big enough—"

"If she goes on working magazine hours, and you work newspaper hours, you'll see her one day a week. As for your salary—I worked for Harpington three years; and when I quit I was getting as much as I get now after twenty years in the newspaper business. . . . You're Mrs. Harpington's cousin? Then if you've got any stuff at all, you're bound to become a partner, and a millionaire. If you turn your back on all that to work twelve hours a day for twenty dollars a week, you're crazy."

George began to roll another cigarette.

"Maybe I am," young Mr. Felton conceded. He was pink and moist, but through his confusion blazed the unquenchable confidence of twenty-two. "I know all that's true, sir. But I think I'd like the life."

George Graham reached for a match.

"You might," he conceded. "Some of us do. Anyway, it's your funeral. . . . Joe!" he called to the head office-boy. "Clear out a desk for this man, and show him where he hangs up his hat."

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Favorite Places *of* Famous People

(Booth Tarkington)

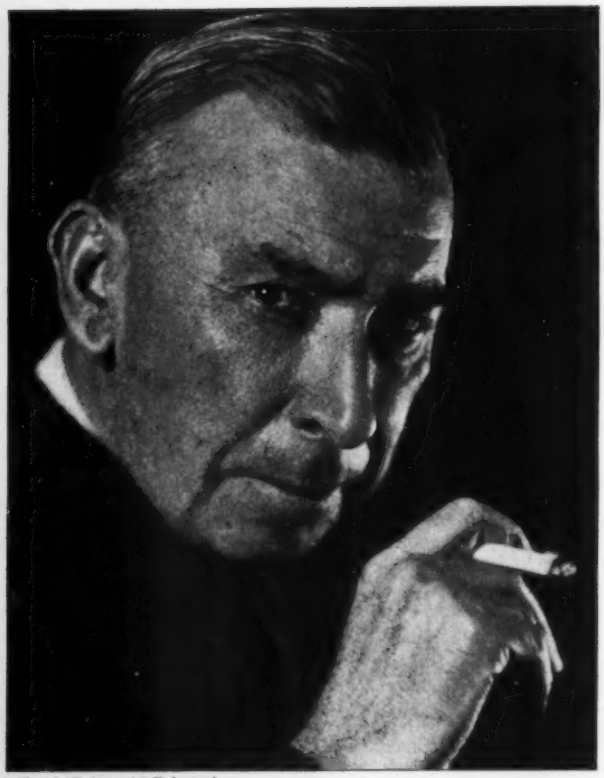

Photo by Underwood & Underwood

SEAWOOD
KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE.

Thinking over the question of what place, in my experience of places, is most pleasurable to me, I recall that I long thought of Capri in that light. Yet, some five years ago I went to Paris when I could have gone to Capri, and within a few weeks I left Paris lest I should miss part of the summer at Kennebunkport, Maine.

Booth Tarkington

Thinking over the question of what place, in my experience of places, is most pleasurable to me, I recall that I long thought of Capri in that light. Yet, some five years ago I went to Paris when I could have gone to Capri, and within a few weeks I left Paris lest I should miss part of the summer at Kennebunkport, Maine.

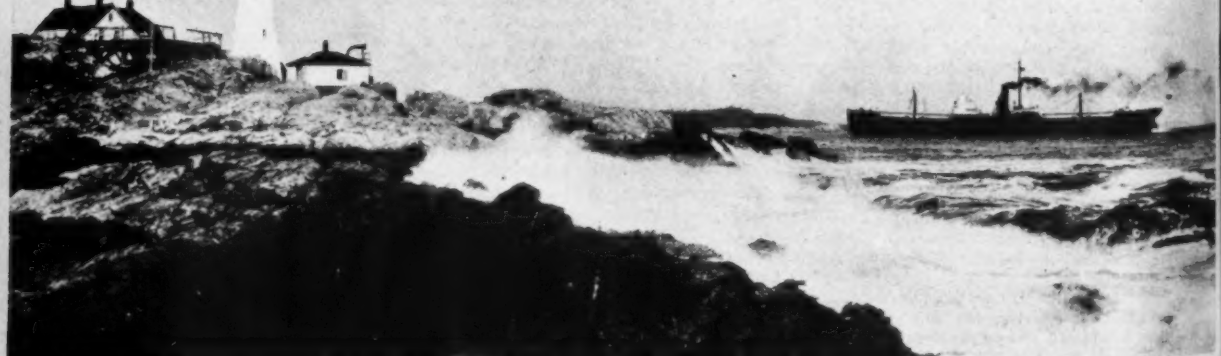

Photo by Ewing Galloway

The coast above Kennebunkport, Maine

YOU NEVER MARRIED?

(Continued from page 87)

that?" he demanded instantly. She saw him coming to quick decision. "Let's motor somewhere. Have an early dinner any day but a matinée day," he said persuasively. "I could give you a lot of good material about myself if we should spend some time together, really valuable things for the papers that are so hard to think of when you come to the dressing-room so businesslike." There was a new softness, the kind that went into the love-scene with the heroine, in his voice.

She pressed the lighted end of her cigarette to sudden death in a convenient tin powder-top. She wanted to storm: "If you think I'll work harder to get more publicity for you if you're good enough to make love to me, you're mad!" But instead she turned a perfectly self-possessed smile upon him and murmured, "Thanks. I'm always so busy,"—and loathed herself for having to be pleasant to this man for the sake of her job.

Suddenly she felt him close to her, arms surrounding her, his painted face coming down to her own, his rouged lips almost on hers.

"Oh, don't!" She struggled furiously. "Stop!"

"Not so loud," he warned in a whisper, still holding her. She knew the thinness of the dressing-room walls as well as he. Besides, anyone was likely to pop in. She resorted to humor through sheer willpower.

"What a trite situation!" Georgia scoffed, and freed herself as she laughed. "The poor little woiking-goil and the bold, bad man! Were you ever in the ten-twent'-thirt'?"

HE stood regarding her with a hurt look in his handsome eyes. "You're being very unkind," he thrust the burden of misunderstood intentions upon her.

"Steady, my child," she warned herself. "You can't afford to get him against you. He'll write in to the home office sure as Shakespeare was the bard, and tell them you're muffing your job." She said steadily, "Thank you for all you've given me," —indicating her notes. "Let's hope the editors will be generous with their space. Good-by."

He leaned over her intensely. "Don't send out anything more on Faye," he urged, almost tenderly. It struck her suddenly he was vamping as a woman might vamp for what she wanted. She wished she could tell him roundly what she thought of him—actually wanted to raise her hand and feel it stinging against his handsome face. "But that would end me," she reminded herself tensely. "I'd lose my job. And after all, why should I let him ruin my chances in the business?" Swiftly with a hold on herself the girls of her mother's day could never have matched, she exchanged her mood for an appearance of bland gravity and resorted again to silence. If he could dissemble for what he wanted, so could she!

But if she had learned something in the show business, it had contributed a strange perverse learning to him as well: he had found that the eager, admiring women he met off-stage, the too-eager ones he met upon it, were easy of capture. He had always been too successful to doubt his methods—but he had never had occasion to use them on anyone like Georgia before. This straight, sure young thing with heart so set on a career that she had even put a certain Bob in Kansas out of it, was a type wholly new. He thought all women were the same, which is a mistake men frequently make.

So, softly and languishingly, he spoke. "We're going to be pals." Softly he took her hand. "And of course you'll do your best for your pal; you wont work for anyone more than you do for him." Gently he pressed her fingers, and sighing as if they were too precious to be kept longer, released them.

From the corridor came the hustle of two dozen chorus girls frisking to the stage. A smothered laugh. A man's voice raised, "Be good, or I'll—" Some one confiding in high soprano: "My boy friend's in front." The baritone coming off declaring: "They're sitting on their hands tonight. What a house!"

SHE was in the wings at last. Suddenly tears of anger smarted to her eyes. From the stage came Fitzgerald's voice for his opening number, deep and round, notes colorful and liquid as a golden stream pouring over the footlights. "Oh, how I hate tenors!" she whispered, making her way to the stage door.

She almost bumped into a young man, dressed like his eleven brothers of the chorus, who leaned discouragedly against the balcony used in the second act.

"Hello, trouper!" said Georgia. "Sorry I walked over you. What's the matter? Why so low?"

He straightened up; something in his lean young body reminded her of Bob. "I was just thinking," he replied.

"Must you look like *Hamlet* when you think?"

"No. Only when I listen to him sing." Fitzgerald's voice rose, pinioned a high C as if he loved it, sent it caressingly, lingeringly off to thrill the hundreds who listened. The two in the wings stood quietly as a smash of applause followed the last notes.

"Why should you act the melancholy Dane when *he* sings?" Georgia asked at last.

"I'm the understudy." There were pages of explanation in that brief reply.

"Oh! Well, everyone has to get started somehow," she soothed.

"Sure, I know. But it isn't my idea of a great life to stick in the chorus until he gets a cold. Say, I've understudied for three straight seasons for the healthiest lot of tenors that ever warbled."

"Well, I'm sorry I'm not Ziegfeld, or I might do something for you. And at the moment I'm not specially interested in tenors, either performing or willing to."

"You're the agent of this opera, aren't you? You're immense, too. You get more stuff in the papers than anyone else in town."

Georgia narrowed her eyes warily. "I can't do anything for you, trouper," she warned.

"Well, jumping spotlights! Did I act as if I expected you to? Say, I know how much chance the chorus has, especially with a ham like little Larry around.

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And I'll ad lib. a little more and say that if ever I do get my chance, I wont be a publicity-hound either."

"That's very interesting, if doubtful," Georgia told him. "Actors are all alike."

"My motto is: give everyone a break. I've learned a few, hoofing in the chorus, believe me."

"How nice! What's your name?"

"Jim Barton. Think it's a good name?"

"Not—not dulcet enough for a tenor, I should think."

"Oh, well, they'll probably stop printing programs by the time I get my name in, so what's the difference?"

"Touchy, aren't you?" she inquired pleasantly. "Well, I don't know that I blame you very much. There's something about the show business, one way and another, that's hard on dispositions. When do you go on?"

"Right after this scene Fitzgerald has with Faye." They edged a little closer to the first groove, watching. "Faye's a pretty thing," Barton said appreciatively. "Isn't she? Looks a lot like Fitzgerald's wife."

"Whose wife?"

"Fitzgerald's."

"Oh!" said Georgia evenly. "Is he married? I thought he wasn't. Proves what a good agent I am." She laughed a little uncertainly.

"Oh, sure. She's not in the profession. Well, I'll have to duck around to the other side. We make our entrance from the left. Thanks for being so decent to the ensemble." He laughed, and was gone.

IN the alley Georgia flamed: "Married! Why, the cheating Romeo!" And at her hotel, she sat up until three, pounding out stories about the man she despised. They were good stories too—a girl that can handle a man can handle her career. "Barton just might be different, at that," she thought as she opened her windows for the night: and looked for a minute down on the streets that seemed secretive and hungry with their daytime bustle stilled. "Oh, dear!" she remembered. "I meant to write to Bob tonight. Wonder why I always think of him when I'm a little low?" In bed she promised she would certainly write next day.

But Fitzgerald telephoned early.

"When are we going to dinner?" he asked insistently. "Who can tell?" she parried, and with the difficulties in pacifying the tenor and her mind thus entirely on her job, Bob was forgotten. The following afternoon a cigarette-holder, cunningly carved of jade, came from Fitzgerald. The next night he saw her in the wings leaving Faye's dressing-room. He had just a minute before his cue, and in that minute he caught her hand behind a convenient fly and raised it urgently to his lips. "You're not getting another story on her?" his lips demanded, subdividing the kiss from the question. She escaped just as the chorusmen came pattering off, Barton second in the column. "I just wonder if success would turn *him* into a Fitzgerald—he said it wouldn't, but you know actors are all alike," she reminded herself severely. "I know one thing, anyhow: Mr. Stuffed-Shirt has a lesson coming to him. I wont stand much longer being made love to for a paragraph in the papers."

On Saturday, when three of the afternoon papers carried stories on Lawrence Fitzgerald with cuts, he telephoned her after the matinée.

"When am I going to see you?" he asked as if she had some reward coming to her.

Georgia was thinking fast. Then, with unexpected sweetness, she replied, "Oh, I don't know," and when a girl says, "I don't know," as sweetly as that, a man knows it's a suggestion to ask her again.

"Let's drive some place Monday and have an early dinner. Just you and me," he pleaded instantly, taking his cue.

"That's the night Faye has her two new songs," she pointed out, the business instinct so strong within her she simply couldn't help it. "The critics will surely be in front—"

"What of it?" His voice was testy. "If the Sheldons want to spoil the show by building up her part, that's not my business. Anyway, that's all the more reason we should be pals." She quite saw his angle: all the more reason he should elicit her interest for publicity's sake. "I have a new idea for a story on myself," he added as special inducement.

"That would be perfectly lovely," Georgia answered with excitement under her sudden decision. "And it's awfully generous of you to want to give me dinner besides."

"Not at *all!* I knew we could get along. Let's say Monday, then. I have my car here, of course, and some one was telling me about a nice little roadhouse off the Waukegan Road. I'll be along about four-thirty. You have to phone out and order dinner before. It's very quiet and exclusive."

"By which you mean a private room and wine?"

There was an instant's pause. "Not afraid, are you?" Fitzgerald's voice came banteringly. "There's a little deb in this town—you'd be surprised if I told you her name—well, she'd go—"

"I'm not a bit afraid, so please don't arrange to take your deb on Monday." She hung up with more plans in her head than a playwright.

ON Monday at four-fifteen Georgia surveyed herself in the mirror. She wore a smart canary-colored sport coat and a mad small hat. She had not caught the habit of impersonal appraisal from the show folk. She worried, "I wonder if I have any box-office appeal?" She tried to be quite detached about it. "You must have a very little anyhow," she told the girl in the glass, "or the villain wouldn't pursue you. Yes, he thinks you're not entirely plain—so he's willing to flirt a bit if it'll make you fall in love with him and work harder to get publicity for him." Her phone rang. "Mr. Fitzgerald is downstairs," the operator reported in a thrilled voice. "She sounds as if he'd tried out his line on her already," thought Georgia and said she'd be right down.

The roadhouse was what she expected it would be, a good three miles from the highway and so docile in appearance with its shaded windows and extravagantly well kept lawn it might have had three-sheets announcing it as riotous. She knew suddenly, by the very immobility of the man who opened the door, that Fitzgerald was a regular visitor. To how many women had he made love here? What had he wanted from each?

"Dinner ready?" the actor demanded. "We're on the dot, five-forty-five."

"M'sieur decided he did not wish dinner until half-past six," the man replied.

"Half-past six?" Fitzgerald echoed. "You're crazy! I distinctly said a quarter to."

"But the second call—"

"Second call! What do you mean? There was no second call."

"There was a second call saying M'sieur had decided to have dinner at half-past six," the man insisted stonily. Georgia gazed interestedly out of the window.

"Of all the fool mistakes! You must have confused my call with some one else's! This is a pretty how-d'you-do! How can I be back to the theater in time? You hustle along and tell them to serve at once. I'm not accustomed to having my orders muddled—or my name either."

"Yes sir. I will do my best, sir. There is nothing ready yet; this is too early for the regular dinner hour. Most of our patrons do not come before eight. Will you come this way, sir?" He led them to a too-cozy little room where a narrow table was presently set up for two.

"Oh, Mother, if you could see your darling daughter now!" thought Georgia with the fine conviction that whatever happened she had the situation well in hand. And aloud, naïvely: "How could they make a mistake with you of all people?"

He was studying his watch with his mind on his dressing-room. "Even with a delay we can make it by driving fast," he told her.

"Well, let's pass the time pleasantly while we're waiting. Tell me that story about yourself."

"Let's have a cocktail first."—but it was a good fifteen minutes before he could metamorphose them from the stolid waiter. Once there, he brought his chair around beside hers, remarking: "You're too far away! Now, this is better. Did anyone ever tell you before you were a pretty little thing?"

"Do you really think so?" If a manager had seen her she would have been signed as an ingenue on the spot.

"Why are you so cold to me? Don't edge away like that. You like me a little, now don't you?" His arm found its way easily to her chair back, dropped with thoughtful thoughtlessness to her shoulder.

"This cocktail *is* good," she murmured, ignoring the arm. There is nothing so disconcerting to the owner of a thoughtfully thoughtless arm as ignoring it. That is another thing the girls in bustles had not learned. He patted her shoulder before he took away the disregarded arm.

"You're a funny girl. Aren't you married, or,"—he paused and then asked pointedly,—"in love?"

SHE put her glass meticulously beside her fork before she answered. "Why," she asked, and it was a thing she would really have liked to know, "why does a man always think a girl must be in love with some one else if she doesn't fall for his blandishments?"

Quite evidently the evening was not going as he had planned. He replenished the glasses, held the amber liquid to catch a ray of light. "What is there about me you don't like?" he persisted. His arm crushed against her shoulder.

"Why did you say you weren't married?"

He restored the glass to the table pettishly. "So that's it!" He turned to look at her squarely, his handsome face as sad as any stage love-scene ever required. "You don't understand," he mourned. "Yes, I'm married. I don't know how you found out. It isn't just for professional reasons I never mention it. But—well, we don't get along. My wife doesn't understand me." And that is a line so familiar to the modern young woman it has the sound of an old tune.

"Doesn't she? How strange," Georgia played up to him.

"We married very young, before the managers knew what I had."

GEORGIA could see those early days, spent probably in some cheap actors boarding-house, the bride, unused to the profession, putting up with the tawdry life about her, giving of her optimism to help her struggling husband, paying him the tribute of her faith when he came in discouraged from the rounds of bookers, going without decent clothes, even shoes perhaps, because he must be well-groomed as a stock-in-trade.

"I see," she said at last—seeing with a clarity that would have amazed him, so much more than the two monosyllables implied.

"Of course you do," he agreed brightly. He straightened, relieved. "So everything's all right now. And you're not going to be a chilly little thing any more? We're going to have a lot of—er—sociable little parties and you'll do your best for me in the papers and some day,—who knows?—I might make you my personal representative. We'll have a lot of good times together."

"I'll say this," Georgia promised. "If you want more little parties like this, after tonight, we'll have them!" And for no reason at all she thought suddenly of Jim Barton.

"As if I wouldn't!" Fitzgerald replied deeply. His arm became omnipresent.

"Of course it's rather ag'in' the rules," she reminded him. "The Sheldons would have a fit if they knew their star was playing around with the agent of their show." She had him there. No matter what happened, he could never tell that.

"Who has to know?" he answered easily. "That's one thing we wont put in the papers. You're a smart little girl and you know when to keep out of the spotlight. . . . Did anyone ever tell you that you had an adorable mouth?" Suddenly he was on his feet lifting her clear of her chair and crushing her in his arms. For one dreadful second as his lips came closer, she wanted to scream as any girl of her mother's day would have screamed; for a moment she wanted to weep and give up being modern and able to take care of herself, and Bob, waiting for her far away in Kansas and far, far away from tenors, seemed the only thing worth having in all the world. His arms grew tighter and as she felt his mouth, hot and hard against hers, she thought, "Why does it cost so much to pay out a man?" She struggled fiercely; a chair overturned with a sickening thud; she rubbed her lips as scalding tears swam in her eyes. The door opened, and the waiter appeared with a tray.

. . .

"Oh!" said Georgia as he stooped with a stolid look to pick up the chair. The actor strolled nonchalantly to the window. "I think I'll go and powder my nose. I'll be right back."

"The ladies' lounge is on the first floor," the waiter told her.

"Thanks."

SHE flew downstairs, past the lounge, out into the clean night air. The quiet engulfed her. For a moment she stood thinking. Fitzgerald's motor grew out of the shadow, quiescent and lonely. For a moment longer she stood, terrified at what she was about to do, battling between fealty to her job and the feminine yen to give a lesson to a man richly deserving it—which is older than any job. With decision, swiftly, determinedly, she walked over to the motor. . . .

The tenor was alone when she returned. The dinner was waiting. He tried once more to kiss her, more as symbol of what he fancied their understanding state than in eagerness. After all, a hungry man with his make-up to put on and still twenty-five miles from his dressing-room, can't bother too much with love.

They were ready to go at last; the waiter was tipped, and Fitzgerald now plainly anxious. "I'll be a bit later than usual but I'll have plenty of time if I get back-stage by eight," he pointed out. "Hard driving will do it and I'm as good a driver as I am a tenor," he added impersonally. He walked halfway around the car. "What the devil!" he exploded. Two tires were flat as old jokes.

Everyone at the inn, up to and including the chef and kitchen boys, was promptly summoned, questioned, condemned and made into a highly enthralled audience to the performance staged there in the inn yard by Lawrence Fitzgerald. It was a masterpiece of anger; there had never been anything like it. At its end he demanded another motor on the spot. Told that the nearest village was some seven miles away and that only an old flivver was available, the performance started again where it had never really left off. It was eight-thirty before a garage-man had finally appeared and pumped up the deflated tires and the trek back to town began.

Fitzgerald said hardly a word. Only once he managed, "I suppose all the critics will be there on account of Faye's new songs?" and devoutly Georgia had assured him from the darkness, "I'm sure they will."

The first intermission had come and gone when Fitzgerald flung into his dressing-room. He paused as a wave of applause reached his ears. "What's that for?" he demanded of his dresser.

"Your understudy has just finished the castle scene," the man told him.

"He's not getting over, is he?" Fitzgerald asked in a terrible voice.

"I should say—magnificently," said the man, stooping for the actor's gloves.

The papers next day confirmed the dresser's opinion.

FOR two days Georgia stayed away from the theater, thoughts swirling in her head like squirrels in a cage. She was afraid to think what she had done, though her plot had progressed to the exact finale she had planned. "Why can't I be happy

"I wish I was going to Thornton's dance, but I will be out of town. Who is he going to invite? If all are as busy as me, he will only have a small party."

She *thinks* she is speaking Correct English!

Can you find her FIVE mistakes?

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when I've beaten a man at his own game?" she questioned herself miserably. Between that question she kept thinking of Jim Barton. Well, she had given him his chance too. Why didn't that make her glad? She wondered if she could ever tell him? If ever they became friends, she might. He would understand where—well, when Bob in Kansas never could. Bob seemed somehow very far away. After all, the theater was one world, that in which Bob lived was another. Would she ever go back to Bob? Was she caught by the glitter of the theater? The dazzle of it and of its people was strong, definite—and actors couldn't all be alike! This boy, this young Barton, for instance, he had seemed different. Why wasn't it reasonable to suppose he would remain so, "give everyone a break," as he had declared he would, stay "regular" in spite of success?

"I'm just getting cranky and suspicious," she told herself severely. "Maybe I'm getting an old-maid complex. . . . Oh, I'm tired! I'm tired of taking care of myself. I'm going to write to Bob!"

She drew paper hurriedly to her, took up her pen. The telephone broke into her first line. She left the hastily scrawled "My dear," and took off the receiver. "Hello?"

"Hello. This is Jim Barton."

"Oh . . . oh, hello! Well—" Her voice hung. She felt somehow this was crucial, the climax of an important act in her life. She tried to fasten attention on the voice vibrating to her, hoping insanely to hear something—something different. She became conscious of the words scattering to her:

"—and of course the Sheldons saw the notices. They were corking, weren't they? And you know I went on with about three minutes' notice. Well, what d'you think? Are you there? I say, what d'you think?"

"What?"

"I'm to head the second company!"

SHE struggled to put praise in her reply. "That's immense. I'm so glad. Is there—anything I can do?" She waited taut for the answer. It came at once.

"Well, of course you'll send out notices. I'll be here until the end of the week. It ought to make a good story, hadn't it?"

"Er—yes. It'll make a story. But—well, Fitzgerald wont like to have you get publicity right now, will he?" She waited.

"Well, what of it? After all, I am the star—of the second company. I—say, couldn't we have dinner somewhere tonight? I think I could give you a lot of stuff—"

"No, we couldn't!"—and Georgia hung up with finality. And she had thought he might be different. . . .

She went back to her table, the letter to Bob waiting like an invitation to safety and protection and certainty, the reminder that somewhere there was a man ready to give and ask nothing, waiting to take her out of the dazzling, tinsel world of the stage, back to a place where reputations were built through sturdy years by a man's own work. For a moment she played with the sheet headed "My dear." She could go back and settle down—settle—

Suddenly she brushed the paper aside, and slid a fresh sheet into her typewriter. "Tenor Makes Overnight Success," she wrote swiftly. After all, anyone could be protected—it was more thrilling to look out for one's self. All you had to do was to remember when to laugh.

SUBWAY DIAMONDS

(Continued from page 77)

"Yes, ma'am, and read seed catalogues."

"You'll vegetate!"

"And like it. I'm working myself crazy right now, and I'll be darned if I know what for, except that I think to myself all the time that I'm going to get out of the whole mess pretty soon. The only way I can buy myself the tree and the house and the grass-seed, is to hustle like the devil now."

They had left the pavement and were walking along a dirt road. It was nice, feeling dirt under your feet instead of stone.

"Like this?" he asked.

"Love it," Kay said.

"Good. We'll find a place to sit pretty soon, where we can watch the river."

THEY walked along quietly. That was one nice thing about Tom: you could be quiet with him. Funny what he'd said about watering the lawn. Dad used to do that in the evenings. The water sounded nice pattering on the lilac leaves, washing all the dust off the pansies and the big clump of bleeding-hearts in the corner bed. Those summer evenings had smelled sweet. . . .

"Here, this is a good place—don't you think?" said Tom.

"Fine."

They climbed down from the road a little to an open space right above the river. He spread out the coat he had been carrying.

"I brought this because I thought we might sit about here."

"You're a thoughtful gent!"

"Thanks."

They sat down and watched the canoes and the sputtering launches.

"You've made me homesick," she said.

"How?"

"Talking about watering the lawn."

"But you think the suburbs are deadly," said Tom. "You're a city sort of person. I'm not."

"I suppose I am. I don't want to go home. I really like being independent," said Kay.

"Yes, of course."

He wasn't looking at her. She looked across the river too, at the wall of Palisades. She was talking to them more than to him, talking more to herself than anyone. "Only sometimes I feel a little—well, as if I had a hole in my stocking or my hem were ripped out, all the time."

"And what does that mean?"

"Oh, I don't know. Life is so kind of haphazard. This morning's dishes, and—" She was digging into the ground with a bit of stick. "It doesn't seem to be going anywhere, somehow. Everything hurries by, and it's all a little bedraggled, living the way we do."

"Yes. I know what you mean."

"Coming home in the evening, I feel it most," Kay said. "Maybe that's why your talking about watering the lawn made me feel homesick. The evening at home was always different from the rest of the day, and sort of exciting, because Dad came home. When I was a kid, I used to have my knees scrubbed and put on a clean dress and white socks. Then I'd sit on the porch and look for him down the street. He always brought the papers with the funnies."

"I bet there was a border of hydrangeas," said Tom.

"There was. Now I get home from the store, and there's no one there but Bobby, maybe, getting ready for a date."

"Do you like your job?"

"Yes, it's all right. I don't want to be doing it five years from now, though. If I had any money to live on, I'd quit the whole thing cold. It pays pretty well. Yes, I like it all right."

"That's sort of how it is with me. I'm selling securities because I can make money. Then I can have the sort of life I want outside. It's different if you have something—well, like the stage, or painting, or writing, where your work takes all your imagination—or if you're crazy about business just as business. But the way I look at the thing, if you aren't an artist, or if you don't get any real kick out of your work, you've got to use your job as a money-maker and then find your life outside. I'd like to travel and read and raise kids."

"I don't know what I want, really," said Kay. "I don't stop to think often. The days are pretty full, though I don't know what with, when I look back over a week or so."

The sun was warm. It was nice here, with no noise except the chugging of the little boats, and crickets in the grass.

It wasn't until nearly six that she thought about Donny. She hadn't stopped thinking about Donny for four hours since—well, since the first time he kissed her.

"I've got to be back by nine-thirty, Tom."

"All right. We'll head over to the subway."

That was another nice thing about Tom. He didn't ask questions. Donny would have wanted to know why she had to be home early, whom she was going to see. Donny was jealous. It was flattering, but trying sometimes.

"Let's go somewhere for dinner where there's a clean tablecloth; shall we?" he said.

"That would be swell."

"All right. I get so darn' sick of cafeterias and speak-easies during the week. We'll go somewhere where they don't have pottery and yellow candles, and we'll have some civilized food."

HE found a little place where it was quiet. Kay was hungry. She felt happy, contented—like getting off stilts.

"You must go up to the Anderson Galleries," he said. "They've got a show up there that you'll be crazy about. At least I know I was."

"What sort of pictures?"

"Flowers, mostly. Oak leaves and calla lilies and those red ones—what do you

. . .

call 'em?—gladioli. But I've never seen such color in my life. Perfectly clear, not a bit of muddiness in it—flames right out at you. What are you grinning at?"

"You. You're an unexpected sort of person. One moment you're just aching to get out into the suburbs, and the next thing I know you're all steamed up about pictures."

"Do you mind?" He smiled at her.

"No. It's nice. I don't like people who are all of a piece."

"That's good."

Donny would have said: "You do like me, dearest? Please like me." Tom didn't say anything. If Tom were to care about one it wouldn't be casual. He'd want to be married and go to live in the country.

"No," Kay thought. "No. I don't want that. There's more to it. There's adventure ahead. It mustn't end quietly now."

Tom looked at his watch. "I'd better be taking you back for your date."

Didn't he mind at all? She didn't want him to love her, but if he even liked her very much, he'd mind a little.

"Yes, I must be back. I've had a grand afternoon. I loved it."

"So did I. We'll do it another time. Go and swim somewhere, if you'd like."

SHE had just finished making her bed, and was going to start on Bobby's, when Donny rang the bell.

"Hello, beautiful." He kissed her.

"Hello, Donny." Life was beginning again. She'd been asleep since his last kiss. Now he was back again, and she was awake.

He stood holding her hands.

"I'm so damned glad to see you."

"Thanks."

"Put on your tippet; we're going to Palisades Park."

"But Donny, I've just come from the country."

"Can't be helped; you weren't with me. I'm taking you to Palisades Park."

"Idiot!" She got her hat.

"I got the script of the new show last night," he said as they reached the street. "God, baby, it's swell."

"Oh, Donny, really?"

"It's a beautiful show—good theater, good box-office. If he'll only let me get my hands on it!"

"He will."

"I hope he will. Katz—in the office, you know—he's the old man's bright boy. Vice-president of the firm or something. I hate him, and I guess maybe I let him see it. Honestly, baby, I've been lower than the rug, and then sky-high, about twenty times today. When I called you up that time, if you hadn't let me see you, I don't know what would have happened to me."

"I know. You would have drunk Scotch all day by yourself and waked up tomorrow with a terrible headache."

"No, but you don't understand. Honestly, Kay, I want that show so badly—but I can think of forty reasons why the old cluck won't give it to me, and then I get so sunk."

Kay got a seat in the subway. Donny stood in front of her. He was too thin. He ought not to drink so much; it wasn't good for him. Maybe he'd stop if—That was silly. She couldn't stop Donny from doing anything he wanted to. If she started preaching, he'd get fed up, and then she wouldn't see him any more. She couldn't bear that. She liked his having brown eyes and light hair. She liked the funny things he said. It was exciting to have him telephone and take her out. How much did he like her, really? It was hard to tell. Some day he might just stop calling up, or some day he might walk in and say: "Come on, darling, we're going to be married." Married to Donny—what would it be like? Very dreadful, sometimes,—he could hurt her so badly when he wanted to,—and sometimes terribly sweet.

The train stopped at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street. He tucked her hand through his arm.

"I'll buy you a taxi to the ferry."

"Donny, you mustn't. It's only two blocks. You're an extravagant wretch." Perhaps in the taxi he'd kiss her again.

"Economy is a vice. Get in, baby."

The breeze was cool on the ferry.

"I wish to the Lord it would cool off," Donny said. "Business is terrible when it gets hot."

She laughed. "Do you ever think of anything but the theater, Donny?"

"Yes," he said. "You. Lots about you."

"Anything but me and the theater?"

"Isn't that enough? Two very absorbing subjects. Once in a great while I wonder what the laundry's done with my extra shirt, or how I'm going to eat for three days on two-eighty—but most of the time just about you and the theater. . . . You think I'm a terrible fool, don't you, baby?"

"No. I think you're dear.". . . . Oh, so dear, so dear!

"Do you really? Say you mean it."

"You know it."

"Bless you. Do you know you have the most enchanting mouth in the world? I'm apt to kiss you very soon. We're going up in the Ferris Wheel, and I'm going to kiss you a lot."

"Aren't you sure!"

"Of course I'm sure. I suppose it wasn't gentlemanly to mention it, but then I'm not a gentleman; so that's all right. This night was just made for kissing a mouth like yours."

She ought to be cross. She wasn't. She wanted him to kiss her, and he knew it, so it would be silly to be cross. Silly to pretend.

"You ought to be spanked," she said.

"I know, but I probably won't be. Kay, do you think Froebl will give me that show to do?"

"Oh, Donny, I hope so."

"I'll be through if he doesn't. It would finish me. It's such a swell show. Well, let's not think about it. There's a sailor with his girl. He's going to the Park too. He's not worrying about Froebl. Let's be like them tonight. We won't think about anything."

"All right," said Kay.

"Just eat ice-cream cones and kiss each other and have a grand time. Ride on merry-go-rounds and things."

They rode on merry-go-rounds and the giant roller-coaster, and shot clay ducks. Donny bought her a yellow balloon. It was fun. Kay felt like the sailor's girl. She wasn't thinking, just having fun. They danced on a glassy floor, and Donny kissed the tip of her ear.

. . . . .

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"Now we're going up in the Ferris Wheel," he said.

They climbed into the little car. Donny gave the yellow balloon to a sticky child. The wheel revolved, out and up. Up! They were motionless at the very top. The river was beneath them, and the city gleamed gold with lights.

"Oh, Donny, it's so beautiful!"

"Yes, but this is more beautiful."

HE took off her hat and laid it in her lap; his face came closer. She closed her eyes, and they kissed. Nothing mattered except his lips. A long, delicious dive through bright blue space. She made herself draw away.

"It's fun being a sailor and his girl, isn't it?" he said. "Baby, let's get married, now, right away, tomorrow morning."

"Oh, Donny!" He had said it as she had thought he might, "Let's get married." All of a sudden.

"Kay, marry me. I want you so, darling."

(Oh, wonderful to be wanted. He really needs me, wants me so he can't get on without me.)

"But Donny, we can't live in a Ferris Wheel."

"No. We'll find a place. We'll get married tomorrow morning, and you can move in with me for now. Later we'll get a place."

"But Donny, I can't think—"

"Don't think, darling. Just love me."

"But Donny, you're not really in love with me." (Say you are!)

"I am—I am! Can't you tell, baby? I'm crazy about you."

"Oh, tonight; but being married has to last."

"It'll last. Darling, darling! Oh, Lord, baby, you're so sweet!"

He was kissing her again. She mustn't let him. Mustn't—mustn't. So sweet!

"Look!" He pointed to the glittering coronet of the city. "That's all ours."

"But Donny, we've got to be practical. We haven't any money, and I haven't told my people, and I don't even know whether it's real."

"Of course it's real. We'll be married in the morning, early, and then—"

"But Donny, it's so terribly important. We can't do it like this."

"Yes, that's the way to be married—when everything's gold like this."

"But it's not really gold. It just looks that way for a crazy moment in a Ferris wheel."

The machine was moving. They were swinging out and down. Kay was trembling so she could hardly get out of the car.

All the way home, they argued. It was hard to think when she wanted it so, but she must. They were both crazy.

"Donny, how do we know this is real? We've got to wait and find out."

"Wait! Why should we wait? We'll never forgive ourselves for losing an hour of being together. Kay, please!"

"Go home, Donny, and let me think!"

"No, no. If I leave you, you'll lose your nerve. You'll want a properly announced engagement, and dinner with the family. That's not important, Kay. We mustn't smother this with waiting and stupid formalities. Oh, darling, marry me! You love me."

"But waiting won't make any difference if we love each other, Donny."

"Yes, it will. It will! Don't tack a stupid anticlimax on the grandest crescendo in the world! Now, when we both want it so!"

"But Donny, it's all phony tonight. Crazy. We've got to look at it in the daylight."

"Can't you tell when you've found something beautiful?"

"Not always. Tinfoil looks like diamonds when the light hits it on the subway floor. Oh, Donny, I want it to be real, but I can't tell tonight."

She hadn't meant to let him come in to the apartment, but somehow he was there before she'd said good night safely and finally outside the door. The light from across the court shone dimly through the living-room window. Kay reached for the switch, but Donny's hand covered hers.

"No, like this."

"But Donny, we must be sensible. We've got to talk this out."

"We'll have lots of chance to talk, mornings and afternoons. Not now, darling."

"This is all crazy. It's all mixed up with excitement and half-light and summer."

"I know, but it's a crazy town, and we're crazy people. We're crazily in love. Not sensibly, like cold toast."

"But being married isn't a crazy business, Donny." Oh, she was tired of arguing.

"All right, darling. I'm sorry. I won't beg you any more. Be nice to me for just a little while, and then I'll be a good boy and go home. We'll talk about it later."

"In the daylight, please." ("Be nice to me." She wanted to make him happy—completely, beautifully; but she must think.)

"All right, sweet, in the morning, if you like—but don't spoil tonight. Darling Kay! Darling. . . . Darling!"

MAYBE he was right. Being safe and comfortable and smug wasn't marriage. Take a chance. Gamble on happiness, as long as it wasn't a dead, placid thing. The downs would be black, bitter, but the ups would be glorious. Like this—like Donny's kisses. Yes. Yes. Change a lifetime of torpor for one beautiful moment of this fire!

Some one was coming upstairs, slowly.

"Listen." Kay got up from the sofa and turned on the light.

"What is it?" Donny blinked.

"Bobby, I suppose."

A key fumbled in the lock. Kay opened the door. Bobby came in. She was greenish white. She looked sick.

"Hello, Kay. Hello, Donny."

She started to walk past them to the bedroom door.

"Bobby, dear, what's the matter?"

"It's all right." She didn't turn around. Her thin shoulders were bent. She looked bedraggled.

She went into the bedroom. Kay ran after her. Bobby was sitting on the edge of her bed, her hands to her head.

"Bobby, dear, what is it?"

Bobby began to sob. There weren't any tears in her eyes. Dry sobbing, like terrible coughing.

Kay knelt by her. "Bobby! Bobby! Tell me."

"I'm married."

"Bobby!"

"Yeah. I'm married to little Hoozis. Isn't that a yell?"

Her head toppled over on the pillow. Her thin little legs stayed on the ground as if she were too tired to move them. That awful sobbing went on, like coughing.

"Why, Bobby?"

"I was tight. So was he. . . . I'm not now. I'm sober. I came to, terribly sick. Cold sober. And there he was, and a lot of people, and we were married. I don't know—"

"But Bobby, are you sure?"

"Yes. There was a thing, a—you know, a certificate in his pocket. Witnesses and all."

"But you can't get a license on Sunday."

"We waited until it was after midnight, Monday morning. We must have driven somewhere. I don't remember. Kay, what can I do?"

"Darling, it'll be all right! You can get it annulled right away. You're not really married."

"Do you think I can? I don't. We're both of age, and all. I must have been a great bride. Don't remember. Do you think I can get it annulled, Kay?"

"Of course you can, dear. Get some sleep now, and don't worry. You can get it annulled, really. I know you can." Could she? Better to say so. "I'll be back in a minute."

Kay went out to Donny.

"Hello, darling," he said. "Anything the matter with the kid?"

"Donny, it's terrible. She's married."

"Oh, my God! Who to—a policeman?"

"No. A boy she met yesterday—just a kid. Donny, what can we do? It's—"

"Oh, they'll probably make out all right, Kay."

He caught hold of her shoulders and held her against him.

"Darling, don't let that spoil our night. It was so beautiful!"

"Don't!" Kay wrenched away from him. She rubbed her arms as if she were brushing his hands off.

"Baby!"

"Go away, Donny. Leave me alone!"

She hated his hands and his searching mouth, and the rumpled sofa and the airless room.

"Go away! Go away!"

"Sorry. Don't be melodramatic. Don't let this business get you. I'll phone you in the morning."

"Go away. Go away."

He smiled at her and shrugged his shoulders.

"Go away!" She wanted to scream at him, but it would make a hot loud sound, and her head ached so.

The door closed.

KAY went back to Bobby.

"Come on, darling. I'll help you undress."

Bobby was like a doll, not helping, not resisting.

"Thanks, dear," she said.

Kay smoothed the unmade bed.

"Lie down, darling."

She got cold water in a basin and sponged Bobby's thin body. Like a little girl—

"Kay, you think it will be all right?"

. . . .

"Yes, dear. Yes. I know it will be all right. Try to sleep."

"I'm so tired."

Kay undressed and lay down on her bed, but her heart kept pounding in her ears. She didn't want to think. She wanted to sleep. Little Hoozis. Freddy. What was his name? Did Bobby know it? So stupid! Poor Bobby. Poor little kid. Could she get it annulled? She must. She mustn't stay married to him. So stupid! Terrible to belong to him. Terrible. Nothing but a body. No mind at all. No sensitiveness. No tenderness. Nice to get away from all this stickiness and headache. Somewhere quiet. Green and quiet. Nice to hear the patter of the hose on the leaves. Water on grass. Tired of having a hole in one's stocking always. Heels of one's shoes falling off, slithering. *Clack-clack-clack.* A sailor and his girl. Don't think, just feel. Hands and mouths. Handling, bruising, pawing. Tinfoil, not diamonds. Tinfoil from chewing-gum. . . . Dad used to come down the street with the paper.

At seven o'clock Kay phoned Tom.

"All right. I'll be right over."

When he came, he had fresh rolls and a bottle of cream and oranges.

"Hello, Kay. Bobby asleep?"

"Yes," she said. "She was exhausted."

"You didn't sleep?"

"No," said Kay.

TOM went out into the kitchenette and began getting breakfast.

"Don't worry. It's a rotten mess, but we'll get her out of it. My room-mate from college, you know,—Les Barrett,—he's a lawyer. Have Bobby go to see him today."

He washed three glasses and began squeezing oranges. . . . So friendly. Solid. Like getting off stilts.

"Where's the coffee-pot?" said Tom.

THE SUSPENSE GETS THEM

(Continued from page 40)

"but I have a sort of hunch he was setting up an alibi for himself just now."

"Bah!" sniffs Phil. "You're seeing ghosts. All scrappers are low and grumpy just before a fight. Jeffries was like that and so was Dempsey. The grind of training and the suspense gets 'em."

"Maybe so," says I.

THERE'S double the turn-out for the return match that there was for the original fuss, and the larger arena's congested to the roof. Sitting close to us at the ringside—ominously close—is Cusimano; on the other side of the ropes is Big John McAfee, smiling benignly in our direction.

Hennessey's still in the dumps when he enters the ring, and all the patrons of the game get for their enthusiastic cheers is a scowl. Heffernan appears no more cheerful, and also greets the crowd with a grimace. I'm not much happier'n either of 'em.

There's no quick lunge at the bell this time. Both boys open up cautiously, jabbing at a distance, stepping about out of range and covering on the slightest provocation. Roundhouse manages to land a couple of egg-crate wallops to the body, but the round ends with not enough damage done to interest an ambulance-chaser.

"Is that your new system?" I asks Phil. "Hit and run?"

"The system," promises Speed, "will develop slowly."

Slowly is right. The second stanza's practically a repetition of the first. A few more blows are struck, but nothing remotely resembling a haymaker. Clinch follows clinch, and not even the yelling and the whooping of the mob's effective in producing real action.

NOTHING of moment happens until the fourth. Hennessey opens up this session with a left to the jaw that sets Heffernan teetering on his heels, but the boy comes back with a rush that gives Hit-me pause. There follows a fast give-and-take flurry at the ropes. Suddenly, and for no particular reason that I can observe, Hennessey's arms drop to his sides and he slithers to the floor. An attempt to hoist himself with the help of the lower strand fails, and Hit-me flattens out.

"What happened?" I gasps.

"The cross!" snarls Cusimano, leaping to his feet. His face is murderous.

My eyes swing again to the ring. The referee's trying desperately to get Heffernan back to his corner so as to begin the count, but Roundhouse stands by his fallen foe in a daze. There's horror in his distended lamps, that seem to be leveled at the Killer. All at once Heffernan appears to dissolve, and the next thing I know, he's lying prostrate across Hit-me's body.

"They're both out!" shrieks the mob.

There's no doubt about it. In the wild pandemonium, made up of equal parts of jeers, cheers and laughter, the referee gets the information across that there's been a double count-out, and the contest's a draw. I mop my brow in relief.

"What an out for you!" I remarks to Speed.

"Too bad," says Cusimano, back to his smiling self. "I thought I'd fixed a win for you."

"Fixed!" I exclaims.

"Sure," he grins. "I wanted to do you boys a turn, so I had a little talk with Heffernan. A ride didn't appeal to him at all."

"I see," says I. "I thought Roundhouse was looking at you just before he took the tumble. He wasn't hurt at all."

"Naw," grunts the Killer, "but he might have been later."

"At that," I observes to Speed, a bit later, "the joke's on Cusimano. He doesn't know yet that Hennessey's flop was a phony too."

"Think it was?" inquires Phil.

"Of course," I returns, "both of 'em were fixed to lose. Roundhouse would have liked to take the win, but he didn't dare. You certainly got a break with your bets, and—"

"I certainly did," cuts in Speed. "I win 'em!"

"Win 'em?" I repeats. "How?"

"I merely bet," says Phil, "that the fight'd end in a knockout."

"Hm," I grunts. "What do you expect—to be paid double?"

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THE MURDER IN ROOM 700

(Continued from page 31)

"Naturally," she said in that breathless-sounding voice of hers. Her eyes, intent, anticipating, never left him.

"Curious, you and I have never met before," he told her. "He spoke to me often of having us meet."

"I don't think Phil liked to share his friends," she answered slowly, "except verbally."

He thought that over. "Perhaps," he dismissed it—disliking, she thought, the implied criticism of his dead friend.

"At any rate I've come straight to you," he went on, "for I believe you nearest of anyone to Darrow. Fond as I was of Phil, I didn't know much of his inner life or his comings and goings. Ours was a man's friendship. But you—"

"He was an old friend," she said quickly. "You know the sadness of that marriage, of course—his wife insane so many years. Our home was a—a refuge sometimes."

"Yes, I know," he said quietly. "And I thought that perhaps you, from your intimacy, could give me some lead—that you would have some knowledge—some clue to—"

"Yes?" she said, again breathlessly.

"To the woman who was with him."

SHE met his intent regard. She gave him her eyes with steady frankness.

"I couldn't give you an idea."

"You mean you haven't one yourself?"

"Not the least in the world."

She added: "Phil, being a play-writer, had many friends among stage people who called upon him most informally—and innocently. They were constantly after him to provide them with a good part in his next play."

Ryder shook his head. "A person on such an errand hardly would further her ends by shooting Phil. It puzzles me. I cannot imagine Phil involved in any ordinary affair with a woman—under the circumstances."

His last words were significant. He knew something, that man! It would have seemed unnatural to avoid them.

"What circumstances?" she forced herself to ask.

"I know that Phil was in love with some one—that he wanted a divorce in order to marry her. He could not get a divorce in this State, and if he got one elsewhere and came back into this State,—remarried,—his brother-in-law threatened he would sue him and his new wife for bigamy. . . . He had Phil, you see. . . . Phil had to be here. His work, his friends, everything was here."

She held her voice desperately quiet. It seemed to her that the blood was draining from her heart.

"Did he tell you whom he wanted to marry?"

"Never. Never a name." He seemed to be looking at her very significantly. "And I can understand—after the scandal of the hotel—that she would want to conceal it. But between us, Mrs. Channing, there ought to be no concealment. You see, I drew his will."

"His will?"

"Are you going to tell me that you are ignorant of the conditions of his will?"

"I am completely ignorant."

"He left you everything of which he died possessed—barring an annuity set aside for his wife's maintenance."

"I—I can't believe it," said Mrs. Channing faintly.

Either her astonishment was genuine, or she was a consummate actress, he thought.

"Why should you be so surprised? To whom did you think he would leave it?"

"I—I didn't think. I mean, I thought it was all settled long ago on his wife—in trust, of course."

"It had been, for years. But he made a new will yesterday—the day he died. I drew it for him in my office that afternoon." He paused. "That will left everything to you. I don't know exactly how much it is—but it will run well up to a million."

"A million!" Her voice sounded aghast. "No wonder you thought—I can only tell you again that it comes as a complete surprise."

She added with energy: "And an unpleasant one. I don't want the notoriety that this will bring. It was a sweet and friendly thought—but I wish he hadn't."

Either she was telling the truth, or no woman ever did, Ryder thought. He believed her, and she saw that he believed her. If she could only make him her friend!

But oh, to get him out of the house now! For some time she had heard Nina moving about. And the phone had been ringing. There were things she must say to people.

He sat motionless, turning this over. "Apparently, then, the girl he wanted to marry didn't need it and he thought of you, as his best friend. . . . He was in a towering rage when he made that will. He had just that moment come from a final interview with that brother-in-law. He was resolved, in revenge, to place every cent he had beyond the possibility of that man's ever touching it."

THE telephone again. She had told Ellen to say she could not be called. But she was needed—if only he would go now!

"Perhaps his going off like that was another result of his fury of frustration," he was saying slowly. "Phil was like that. Only, he was always so completely loyal to an idea, or to a woman who possessed him, that I could not at first believe—"

"What did you believe, Mr. Ryder?"

She dared the question, her eyes friendly, inviting.

He gave a short, embarrassed laugh.

"I believed—I hoped to find—that you were the woman he was to marry, and that you would know his entanglements. Or else," he continued deliberately, "that in his bitterness and fury, you yourself had gone with him—and you would know what happened. Some other woman might have followed you—"

"Some woman *may* have had a hold over him," she said thoughtfully, "and may have tried to threaten him, and then gone farther. Philip was capable both of folly—and defiance."

"Yes, this looks like it. And you have no idea—honestly, Mrs. Channing—who that woman might be?"

"None."

"When did you see him last?"

She seemed to reflect. "Four or five days ago, I think. He was here one afternoon. But he has telephoned since. He helped me about steamers. My little daughter, my only child, is sailing for Europe this noon, as it happens."

"You have been kind to give me so much time."

As if she could have helped it!

Still he made no move. "You are not going with her?"

"No."

"It is really necessary for you to be here. I am sure ideas may occur to you. . . . But now—can you tell me the woman who was closest to him, whom he was planning to marry?"

She shook her head. "I am sorry to fail you so—but he didn't take me into his confidence about that, either." She added, a little ruefully: "I am afraid I talked mostly about my own affairs to him."

"I see. But think it over. A little later perhaps—"

HE rose. He was actually going. Her heart raced in triumph, like a hare's that has escaped the hounds. . . . His eyes were cordial, even pleasant. He believed her. About money, about everything. He had found nothing to suspect—save that she was the woman Phil wanted to marry.

The palms of her hands had been wet with fear. As she rose with him she opened her bag and pulled out a handkerchief. A key came with it and clattered on the floor—a large key with a disk fastened to it. A disk with three numbers on it.

As the key clattered between them, both glanced down and stooped. The man's reach began in courtesy; then his gesture quickened. But she was swifter than he. Her hand closed over the big disk and she thrust disk and key back into her bag.

"May I see that key?" he asked instantly. She looked into a hard, boring gaze.

Danger steadied her. There was no more than surprise in her dark eyes.

"Why, certainly," she said politely, yet with an air of reserve at the oddness of the request, and started to open her bag.

Then she snapped it shut and a spirited anger flashed out at him.

"I think not, Mr. Ryder. That is too extraordinary."

"What key is it?"

"A hotel key, as you saw. A friend carried it away and at the station gave it to me to return to the hotel. I was intending to take it there today."

"What hotel?"

"The Biltmore."

Oh, why had she said that? What had prompted her? She knew—it was because Lucia Harley had been staying there. She was ready when he said: "What friend?"

"Mrs. Harley of San Francisco. . . . I don't understand. Is this a cross-examination?"

He met the proud resentment of her eyes with a level, considering steadiness.

"I am afraid it is. And I am afraid that I must ask to see that key."

"I dislike being coërced. There is no reason why you should see it." And then

she smiled, with a desperate courage that masked its terror. "You can come and see me give it back to the Biltmore."

She had an air of teasing him. He felt oddly at a loss. He remembered the affection and admiration that Philip Darrow had always expressed for this friend. But he could not afford to overlook a single circumstance.

"When did Mrs. Harley carry away the key?"

"Oh, weeks ago. I've been negligent. But what on earth makes you behave like this about it?"

"Your refusal to show it to me," he said very gravely. He added, deliberately: "I do not believe that you appreciate the gravity of the situation for any of Philip's friends so closely associated with him."

SHE kept her look on his. "What has that to do with my key? Do you mean to say, Mr. Ryder,"—and a faint ring of incredulity, of detached distaste, ran chillingly into her voice,—"that you are involving—*me*—in your suspicions?"

He considered her gravely. An old friend of Phil's. A lady—a lady with quiet, irreproachable connections. . . . But he judged there was something out of the ordinary in her, an energy of spirit, a pride and resolution, that might well lead her into strange places.

"To solve this case, I would suspect Calvin Coolidge," he told her. "And your refusal to show me that key is strange."

She laughed. "I'm feminine, that's all. I refuse to be treated so ridiculously. . . . The world is full of hotel keys. You can come with me and watch me return it. And then I shall never, never forgive you," she added lightly.

"For doing my duty? Remember, I am here in a serious capacity. Phil's friend—yes—but a representative of the law that must avenge him. I shall have to ask you some questions."

"Can't you postpone them? I must see my daughter—"

"Answer one now. Where were you last night?"

"Between the hours of ten and one?" she returned mockingly. "I have a perfect alibi: I was with a friend."

"What friend?"

"I will go into that later, if you please. It is a long story. But now—"

She moved, restively. He could not fathom her. She might be a capricious creature, resentful of his interference and taking a childish pleasure in baiting him. She looked too intelligent, but one never knew with women. . . . In any event she was a woman against whom a man would need armor. There was too much of the Circe in her dark eyes.

Why didn't he take the key by force? He realized that her proud and assured bearing was making him feel like a bungling policeman. It was difficult to associate furtiveness and guilt with her.

Yet she had evaded telling him where she had been last night. She had a key she refused to show. But she might be telling the truth about that—one in every twenty-two guests carried away a hotel key.

The very inadvertence of the accident might be argued to prove its innocence, but Ryder was too experienced to argue in such fashion. Inadvertence—carelessness—was the undoing of the shrewdest

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of criminals; and this woman was no experienced criminal: if the worst were suspected about her, she was the victim of some flare in her of passion or cupidity.

Cupidity appeared untenable. But nothing in life was untenable—her astonishment and regret about the will might be all a piece of her perfect acting. Or she might be sincere in that,—he was loath not to credit her there,—but have given way to some wild fury of resentment and jealousy.

Then the fact that he was trying to excuse her from the baser motive and fit her with a more forgivable anger made him catch himself up sharply. He hesitated, in two minds which way to make a fool of himself over the key.

If he wrested it by force, he might be abashed by finding it a key of the Biltmore. If he let her keep it, he ran the risk—if it were a key of guilt—of having her do away with it. If she lost it, he thought, that would be a certainty, and he would have her arrested. Perhaps it was better to wait and let that guide him.

BEHIND them in the living-room wall, the curtained glass doors into the dining-room opened suddenly.

"Mother?" said a young voice, with a touch of impatient urgency. They turned to see Nina Channing standing there.

Her mother flashed on the man a look of warning entreaty, as if beseeching him not to touch the fringe of this young thing's consciousness with unpleasantness.

"This is my daughter Nina," she said swiftly. "Nina, this is Mr. Ryder, Mr. Darrow's friend, you know. He has come to consult us in this—in this trouble."

The girl looked swiftly at Ryder. What a beauty, he thought, involuntarily. Big dark eyes, like the mother, with the same lovely lift of eyebrow above them, like the curve of a wild bird's wing. The same wide, low brow. The same ivory of skin and darkness of hair—hair that the girl wore in a loose wave, with a clustering of curls in the nape of her neck, an endearingly childish arrangement that warred with the sophistication of her fantastically scarlet mouth.

She was an exotic-looking creature. Some foreshortening of her features, unlike the mother's, had given her an odd, pixie-like allure that was irresistible.

"I was sorry to let you breakfast alone, Nina," Mrs. Channing was saying swiftly, "but we had some things to talk over. However, I'm ready now." She forced herself to turn and smile at Ryder. "If you'll excuse me—"

"I'll not keep you longer," he said pleasantly. "I'll wait and have the pleasure of taking you to the boat, if I may."

"That's very good of you," said Virginia instantly, and her heart sank.

Her jailer! He meant not to let her out of reach till he had satisfied himself about that key, and about the past night.

Should she hide the key? Give it to Nina to throw overboard? No, she would not involve her child in this horror. . . . As she hurried away with the girl, she felt breathless and giddy. She felt as if she were walking across a chasm on a swaying rope. And already she had bungled so hideously! But—

She could wrap the key in paper and hand it across the desk at the Biltmore with a casual word. But would that satisfy Ryder? Suppose she wrapped another and hid this? But where was the other? . . . And the alibi?

She might telephone Margery Jenkins.

There was a telephone connection in Nina's room, and sending Nina on a message to Ellen, she lifted the receiver. She heard a man's voice on the line saying: "A Mrs. Harley, did you say? I will see."

So Ryder was verifying the story. Well, that much was safe. Lucky for her, she had given a real name! She must hide the key and brave it out with him. She'd telegraph to Lucia.

SHE tried the telephone again in a moment. Margery Jenkins was out. Whom could she get? She tried to think clearly and quickly, but she felt as if she were going mad. There was confusion about her, the bags, the packing of last things, the bustle of departure. The telephone ringing with farewell messages from the people who wanted to gasp over Philip Darrow's death.

"It's so queer, Mother, that man's coming—" Nina was murmuring.

"He thinks he's being helpful, to take us," she returned. "And he wants to ask me about many things—next of kin and all that. Don't bother, Nina. . . . Is Ellen bringing more flowers? Which ones are you going to wear? John's?"

"None of them," said Nina. "Oh, Mother, how can I go—"

"Taxi's at the door," Ellen reported.

There Ryder was in the hall, waiting for them! Helping with the luggage. Going down in the elevator. Then in the taxi. Quite one of the family! Virginia wanted to laugh hysterically, as she sat there, her hand closed over her daughter's, trying to make normal-sounding speeches about schools and addresses and things abroad.

He was looking at her clothes. She had on the black jacket of the ensemble,—never would she wear the coat with the beige fur again!—but her black hat was the same. There was no help for that—but women's hats were much alike.

The Garlands, with whom Nina was traveling, were already at the pier, a distinguished-looking couple with a daughter of Nina's age. They were surrounded by a vivacious group that was struck to sudden constraint as the Channings appeared.

Talking of the murder, Virginia knew—of what it must mean to the Channings, looking at them with that sly curiosity and avid zest for compassion. . . .

She chose to ignore the topic, greeting them with grave composure, saying the banal last things. Nina went through the motions; her beauty always made up for any lack of effort on her part. Ryder's presence merged in the group, but Virginia saw him taking them all in, quietly and keenly.

At the last she drew Nina a little apart. She had no more words, but the touch of her hand, on the girl's arm, was tense. But she was grateful beyond words that the girl was going. When the last call sounded, she kissed her abruptly, then hurried down the gangplank, Ryder at her side.

The boat was moving. Nina's lovely face was now only a speck among other specks. . . . Virginia managed casual farewells to the others. She was in the taxi alone with Ryder.

She leaned back, closing her eyes, and thinking—thinking.

BACK in the apartment, the phone was ringing.

"Say I cannot come, Ellen. And bring some tea for us, please, in the drawing-room." To Ryder she murmured: "I had breakfast rather early."

In the green drawing-room, with its black Chinese lacquer furniture and ivory-colored porcelains, they took the tea almost wordlessly, a little lacquer table between them. Ryder saw that she was sipping her tea very slowly, apparently in deep thought.

Then she put down her cup, looked up. "Now I will answer what you like, Mr. Ryder."

He smiled, in sincere ruefulness. "It is the same question, Mrs. Channing. After you have answered it, you are going to laugh me out and end our acquaintance. But I must put it: Where were you last night?"

She looked long at him. "If I tell you,—if I trust you completely,—will you promise me not to disclose the information until—until you are convinced that it is absolutely necessary? I really think you can promise that."

He reflected that the phrase "absolutely necessary" gave him wide latitude. "I can promise you that much."

"I rely on that. . . . I was at the hotel with Philip Darrow."

Nothing changed in his face. He simply looked at her rather harder and waited.

"That was the key you saw," her breathless voice went on. "I am the woman who escaped. . . . But I did not kill Philip Darrow."

"Who did?" He shot the words at her.

She gave him a look of utter helplessness. "I haven't the least idea."

"Perhaps you had better explain."

"I will. You were quite right about me—Phil wanted to marry me. But I did *not* know about the will," she interpolated fiercely. "He had said nothing of that beforehand. . . . Well, you know how he felt about that divorce. He was so frustrated and so bitter that I agreed to spend the evening with him. I said at home that I was going to a theater—but we didn't. We had dinner and then went back to the hotel where he worked, and where, as you know, the stage people sometimes called on him. We had to have some place to be alone to talk. I knew that women, innocently, in these days went to men's offices—and that was Phil's office. But it was strange to me."

She swallowed hard and added: "My daughter was to be at a house-party on Long Island."

"And then—"

"Then, at the hotel—he ordered some ginger ale. He thought nothing of the bellboy coming in when I was there; but I say, the situation was strange to me. I stepped into the bedroom to avoid being seen. I stopped to powder a moment—it wasn't more than a moment. I was just starting to open the door to come back, when I heard a sort of groan and fall. I was frightened; I stood listening a moment but could hear nothing. I pushed open the door. The room was dark, except

for the light from the bedroom just behind me. Phil was on the floor before me. He was dying—dead in an instant. He never spoke. The hall door was closed. . . . There was no gun, anyway. That is everything I know."

He said dryly: "You've been seeing 'The Trial of Mary Dugan.'"

"No. But I know the story—the man was killed while the girl was out of the apartment, wasn't he? By the wife's lover. But unfortunately for me, poor Ethel had no lovers in her sanitarium."

"Was the hall door of the living-room locked—I mean before you went into the bedroom?"

"Wasn't it a spring lock?" She looked confused, trying to recollect something. "No, it couldn't have been. I remember locking it from the outside when I went away. That's why I took the key. Phil must have left it unlocked after the boy brought the ginger ale."

"That seems curious, doesn't it?"

"He was so careless," she said faintly.

"You found it unlocked after he was shot?"

"Why—I suppose so. I don't remember."

"Didn't you open it—look out? Look for his assailant?"

She shook her head. He was staring at her between narrowing lids.

She added faintly: "I was afraid of being found."

"Didn't it occur to you to lock the door then?"

She looked curiously uncertain. "Yes, I believe I did. I seem to remember that."

"Do you remember where you found the key?"

"Inside the door, I think." She made an obvious effort. "You can imagine one forgets little things like that."

STILL he stared, as if he would read into that mask of a white face which had confronted him so steadily with her earlier lies. . . . So this woman, this slender, aloof-looking creature, had been the woman in the room with Phil; and that day Phil had left everything to her! It argued as forcefully for as against her.

"What time did this happen? The murder?" he said with brutal definiteness.

"I don't know exactly. Not long after we got there."

"About ten-thirty, then—or a few minutes after? And you did not leave till after one. Why not earlier?"

Her eyes seemed to implore his for understanding. "I was dazed at first. . . . It took time to control myself. Then I had to—to pick things up."

"But a woman as capable as you—it was strange you did not realize how vital it was for you to leave early."

Her smile was a quiver of spent irony. "I knew—too late."

A surge of curious compassion went through him. If this were true—what agony of spirit she had endured! Her lover dead—herself a fugitive. . . . But was it true? Was it all the truth? Was she shielding anyone—some one who had fired that shot?

"Why did you tell me this?" he said.

Her eyes were as rueful now as a child's. "I had to. Since I dropped the key, you were determined to find out where I had been—and I hadn't any answer to give. I couldn't think of any alibi—none that would be good enough. I knew you would find out I had been gone all night."

"What did you do after you left the hotel?"

She told him.

"But why didn't you return at once?"

Defiantly she forced herself to go on: "It was ridiculous of me to stay out the rest of the night. I suppose I was hardly sane—my mind wasn't working rationally. . . . You don't know what it is to feel so hunted—so numb and frightened. I expect I behaved foolishly. I knew I had, when you asked for that alibi and I hadn't any to give you."

"But hadn't you some friend you could have named?"

"Did you ever stop to consider, Mr. Ryder, how few friends you could trust utterly to lie for you—in bitter need—or under suspicious circumstances? I've tried to think of one this morning,—you may believe I have,—and I haven't found one. If I could have thought of anything, *anything*, that would hold water, I would never have confessed to you. . . . But you were on me too soon—before I had time to prepare anything. After that key—I could not see my way out. So I decided to tell you and ask you to help me."

"But you had had your bag with you—or wasn't it your bag which was left behind with the monogram scraped away?"

A SLOW, painful color crept into her white face. What terrible alternatives she must choose for her answers! Of the two, the truth—that it was not her bag—was the more impossible. For if she denied it was hers, then she must tell why she had scraped the initials away. No; she must make the best answer she could.

"I had a habit of visiting friends, when I have been in great trouble, Mr. Ryder. A man does not easily understand how one woman rushes for refuge to another. I knew I was sure to need the help of a friend's presence after battling with the state of mind which was Phil's last night. Then, he was killed and—what does it matter about what I planned to do, and what I did or how I did it? That has nothing to do with who killed him! Don't you see that you can leave me out of it now—you know all I have to tell you. You know where to start from. Everybody else will be wasting time trying to find that woman at the hotel, but you know she had nothing to do with it."

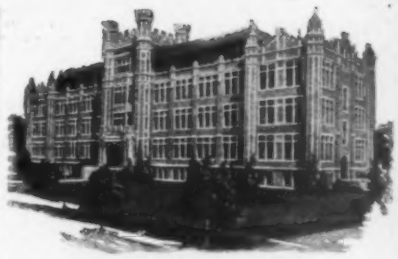
She leaned toward him in desperate entreaty. "Won't you help me to hide from them? Dragging me out will do no good! It will only do harm—it will waste precious time, for the police will stop looking anywhere else for Phil's murderer."

He said slowly: "Don't you think your story will be believed?"

She struck her hands together. "No! Of course not. You know that. They will think we quarreled—they will begin to look for motives—they will seize on that wretched business of the will. Everything will be against me. Especially that will."

Yes, that will rather did for her. Or, more truly, she had done for herself, going to the hotel. But it was a heavy penalty.

"Don't you see," she persisted feverishly, "that if they know about me, it will waste their time and give the real murderer his chance to escape? And what good will it do, dragging my story into the



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papers—you know everything there is to know now. You can go on from there."

"And what am I to go on?"

"You have Phil's life to go on! That's where we must look. Find the people who hated him—the ones he might have wronged. You know what Phil was—what he had been. There must have been men jealous of him, jealous of his success, angry at something he did—perhaps in a business way. Phil was high-handed. There must be somewhere some clue that you can find. I'll try to help—"

"Whom do *you* think—"

"I tell you I don't know! If I only did!"

"Was there some one jealous of him?"

"Not that I ever knew."

"Of you, then?"

"Of me? You mean some man?" She stammered; her thoughts seemed to dart off at some secret angle. Then, violently: "Oh, no, no! There could be no one."

"Could anyone have known you were going there?"

"No one—no one I knew of."

"Could anyone have followed you? Where did you dine?"

"Where? Oh, some little place, a speakeasy, you know. In the Fifties somewhere. I never looked; Phil just took me."

"Had you ever been there before?"

"No."

"You took a taxi from there to the hotel?"

"Yes."

"He did not speak of any enemies—any trouble with anyone?"

"No, he said nothing about it."

"And that is everything you have to tell me—all the help you can give?"

Her look was pitiful. "It's nothing, is it? But there must be clues. If anyone hated him enough to come and murder him—surely there must be clues to that! Some one got in that hotel and got out again. And there must be clues in Phil's life. This couldn't have come out of a clear sky—there has been a storm brewing. The guilty one is somewhere near Phil—somewhere to be found. . . . Some one in the company may know something. Actors will talk. Or Dervish, his man. The murderer *exists*. He is real. He is somewhere to be found."

She was talking feverishly, her eyes racked with an agony of appeal.

"You can find him all the better without dragging my poor name into it! You see I had nothing to do with it—the ruin of my reputation would do you no good. And it would kill my child—"

She felt like a spent wave beating against a granite coast. His expression seemed to remind her that she was a little late in thinking about her child.

"You know what Phil would want you to do," she urged frantically.

"It isn't what Phil would want—or what I would want," he said heavily. "We are past that. I am here to serve the ends of justice."

"But you'll not be serving justice if you drag me into the limelight," she cried swiftly. "You know it will confuse the situation—and give the guilty one time to escape! You know everyone would turn to me and stop searching for the real criminal. They'd overlook everything else—everything that ought to be helping you. Oh, Mr. Ryder, don't you see what it would do—*against* justice? Don't you see?" she besought. "Oh, don't you *see?*"

Next month comes the first of the revelations in the strange life of Philip Darrow, and the first clues carrying you into the tangled traps along the path of a man who made his million on Broadway.

THE DECORATION

(Continued from page 81)

me a Victoria Cross if it goes—and we'll show Feet, here, that he got his guinea's worth.'

"'Spill it,' glowered Feet testily. 'Let's hear what intrigues the lad.'

"'We'll go up in the moonlight tonight and meet my friend Shillering before he drops his bombs! I know precisely the route he's taking. He told me he would start at twelve-twenty tonight, because the moon will be best about then. He crosses the lines at twelve thousand feet, then drops down to five thousand before he lays his eggs. Let's meet him and sink every damned Gotha he's got!'

"'Take an S. E. 5 up at night!' Feet drawled lazily. 'Why, the lad's dotty!'

"'Why not at night?' Babe demanded. 'If those big Gothas can land at night, why can't we?'

"'You won't see anything when you get up there,' one of the other fellows said; it was Barnard, I remember, for he swung around a minute later and helped Babe out. Barnard was a great pilot; he'd learned to fly in India, where it was hot; like Eddie here, he never wore a helmet when he flew; he never wore goggles, either, except a monocle which always was stuck in his right eye; he flew in it, slept in it, washed his face with it on; none of us had ever seen him without it. Poor chap, he was killed that night!

"'How will you find our field to come home to?' asked Barnard.

"'Burn flares,' snapped Babe. 'What are the searchlights for? It's less risk flying an S. E. 5 than a heavy bomber, isn't it? We can pick up again and go around for another try if we overshoot the field getting down. Think of the easy meat I'm offering you! The exact time, the exact place—and there's Shillering and all his girls.'

"UP to this time there'd never been any night combats at the Front, simply because there wasn't anything up there to shoot at. You never knew just when the bombers were coming, nor their course and altitude; but tonight, thanks to Babe's wild stunt, we did know. Babe Ballou was an audacious fellow—I'd seen him flying upside-down just above the hangars—but the more I considered his priceless idea, the more tempted I was to take it on; and it was the same with our whole crowd. Only Major Stuart had to be sold on it. Incidentally, if we did anything creditable on this night-flying mission, it would go better with Babe and Taffy when they were called up on the carpet before old Bull;

their visit to Mons would be viewed as a military project instead of a senseless prank; not that the General would be fooled,—General Turnbull was a pilot himself,—but Headquarters might.

"Everybody began looking at Major Stuart. He wiggled a bit uneasily for a time; then he looked us over, smiling.

"'Hoo-ray for the C. O.!' Babe shouted, but Stuart cut him off.

"'The mechanics can pop up a few parachute-flares to light the field for landing,' began Stuart slowly, 'but as Barnard says, I'm not so sure we can do anything after we get up there.'

"'Try it and see!' Babe urged. 'How can we find out until we try?'

"THIS simple view of the situation seemed to settle it. Everybody really was keen to take it on. We got busy over the preparations without further parley.

"I had done a little night flying early in the war; most of one night we tried to stop a Zeppelin from reaching Paris; I have done quite a bit of night work off and on. All our fellows had landed late after dusk, but none of us had twisted around in a dog-fight after dark. Collision with one of our own milling machines was the one fear we had.

"Babe told us that Shillering was leading nine Gothas over tonight; so we limited our number of S. E.'s to nine. Stuart gave me the first flight of three; Babe was given the second flight; and Stuart took the third. Barnard and Feet were in my flight, and we were assigned the first three Gothas for our meat; that meant that I had the formation leader, which was Captain Shillering; Barnard had Gotha Number Two, and Feet had the third in line. Babe's flight had the next three Gothas, and Stuart's flight was responsible for the last three. We were ordered to attack simultaneously when Stuart fired a white-star light from his Very pistol; until we saw that signal, we were to keep away to avoid giving the alarm.

"Nobody knew what it was going to be like up there; we all felt a bit skeptical about our instructions, but one thing we did bear in mind—to look out for everything ahead; one go each, and we'd have to come down; if there was any milling about, there'd certainly be a collision.

"Stuart gave his last instructions to the field sergeant about lighting the ground for our landings; our nine machines were on the line warming up. The moon was overhead by midnight, and a chill fog was beginning to form in the gullies. Stuart waved me away, and I took off at twelve-five, Barnard and Feet tacked on close behind my wings. As soon as we got above the ground haze, we had no difficulty at all in keeping our formation. I led my flight to the agreed height of seven thousand feet and cruised north and south between our Round Woods and the canal; Babe had eight thousand feet and the sector a mile or two east of us; Major Stuart had a still higher elevation and lay still farther east, for he was the one to signal us when the last Gotha passed, and that started the show.

"IT was a wonderful sight along the lines that night; it looked like an endless line of bursting Roman candles. There were colored flares, star-shells, belching guns and occasional bright fires which flamed up suddenly, then died down; behind the lines the walls of flashing guns kept up a constant glow of flame; here and there bursting shells pierced the muck with a vivid gleam; more distant, great spreading glares showed us where some house or barn was burning; dim searchlights pursued hostile airplanes far away to the south and while I was watching them I saw a gigantic sheet of flame suddenly rise a thousand feet into the air. An ammunition dump in the direction of Lille had received a direct hit. The flames shot up again and again; then they dropped and dwindled down to little spurts of fire as the powder burned away. It was a beautiful thing to watch, and we were glad we'd come.

"We could see the ground plainly from seven thousand feet. The woods made a dark smudge on the landscape and the canal was gleaming like silver; the land in between was faint, but well spotted with lights. We throttled down to bare flying speed and flew a wide circle, with one eye on the instruments and the other over the side; occasionally we glanced to the east to see if Shillering was coming; there'd be plenty of searchlights on him before he crossed the lines; then we knew he would turn on his port and starboard lights, and the tail lights, and his pilots would drop back in single file behind him, and the whole line would begin slanting down to five thousand feet before they dropped their bombs.

"Eastward we could see the straight edge of dark woods running almost due east toward Mons. All Shillering had to do was follow that line along until he sighted the canal, which would lead them straight to our hangars. I figured they would all be looking down, adjusting their bomb-dropping sights to the target, when they reached my sector, so our best position for a surprise attack would be above them and north of them; that's the way it turned out.

"ALL at once we saw the British searchlights near La Basse leap up toward the east and begin whipping the sky; we knew they heard something coming, and the chances were it was Shillering. We watched their yellow fingers grope among the stars, picking out and boring into each little cloud on the way; pretty soon they stopped; all of them concentrated on one spot; then the whole spotlight began moving along toward us. Splashes of fire began to burst around the spot, and we knew our Archy was getting a little exercise; Archy brought down an airplane once, and those lads are always trying to do it again; artillery never lets a plane go by, German or our own, without getting in a little practice.

"That was one thing we hadn't counted on—our own searchlights spotting us tonight, together with Shillering's crew, and doing their best to fill us with Archy. I made a quick change of plan, dipped my wings to attract the notice of the two fellows behind me, and swung back deeper into the north.

"Already the aircraft-defense people beneath us were waking up; their searchlights popped out suddenly and began drawing a yellow line across the sky toward us. We turned the rear edges of our wings toward them until they swept over us and passed us. The Gothas, attended by a

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dozen spotlights and occasional bursts of drifting smoke, were coming steadily along; the more distant searchlights were beginning to drop off; the Gothas had crossed our lines.

"When the bombers were about two miles away from us, we saw them switch on their wing-end lights. They twinkled like little stars as they danced along; then all of a sudden they began a sharp descent and the searchlights lost them. I began to measure the distances—their heights above us, their speed and their distance to the east; we turned our course parallel with theirs and throttled down to let them catch up with us. We couldn't see anything of our other flights, but the Gothas were all lighted up like Christmas trees and sliding downhill at a fast clip.

"We were three miles east of the Round Woods when the head of the procession passed us; the leader was a thousand feet below us and still dropping. I gave her the gun and flew along parallel with them, measuring their speed; they were making a hundred and ten miles an hour.

"All of a sudden our own searchlights lying in the east edge of the Round Woods flashed out and fastened themselves on the long line of Gothas; every one of them was clearly silhouetted against the glare; they were flying single file; the whole line was leveled out, and they were preparing to unload their eggs. We shoved forward our sticks, cleared our guns and slid down on top of our three targets. We didn't see Stuart's signal at all, but we did see flaming tracer-bullets going into the middle of the line, and we knew that Babe Ballou had started his attack. Archy bursts were all about us as we separated our three machines and each man dived for his Gotha. I took the leader, who was fifty yards in advance of Barnard's man, Number Two; Warren Foote kept to the left and bored into Number Three. I paid no more attention to either of them.

"Shillering's crew, it appeared, were busy making their calculations; they didn't even know a fight was on until I had filled them with a long burst from both guns. Every third bullet was a tracer, and at night these tracers draw a red line from the muzzle of the gun to the target. With a little right rudder I laced the Gotha from the tail to the nose, and came back up under her, where I stood upon my tail until the forward cockpit was riddled. She fell off to the left as I came about, and I continued firing until the big brute crashed into the woods.

"We found Shillering next morning, or rather the gunners below had already found him—together with all the Maltese crosses which they had cut away and hidden. Shillering and his gunner both had been killed by bullets, and his bomber was killed in the crash.

"Four more Gothas fell that night, one of them in flames. But we didn't get off scot free, either. Poor old Barnard, who was my Number Two, was found next day with a bullet-hole in the center of his forehead; his monocle was still screwed in his right eye when they found him. Redhill, who was with Major Stuart, we never did hear from again; we figured he'd pursued his Gotha back across the lines and was killed there.

"Stuart and Babe and Wee Willie Douglas and Taffy each were credited with a victory. Babe fought his Gotha all the way back to the lines before he got it, and he was forced to land on another field in the dark, where he cracked up into splinters without scratching himself. He breezed in next morning."

"SO that's how Taffy Walsh got his decoration for visiting Shillering at Mons!" ejaculated Lanky Starr as he rubbed off the charred end of his long cheroot and replaced it on the mantel.

"Sure did," said I. "Stuart pinned the two reports together to show we couldn't have sunk those bombers if Babe and Taffy hadn't gone on that special mission; old Bull fell for it and gave each of them a 'Distinguished Service Order with Bar.'"

Lanky fumbled in his breeches pocket and tossed a hundred-franc note to me.

"Tell Taffy to pin this to his decoration," said Lieutenant Starr.

THE VEILED WOMAN

(Continued from page 69)

It reminded Fathma of her garden back home in Stamboul—the garden which, at this time of year, would be sweet with the scent of lilac and early roses, of lime and walnut and cinnamon trees.

Propped up on a pillow, she would half see, half dream it: a gentle pattering of rain upon the palm fronds—fingers of slim violet haze stabbing out of the sun's lemon welter, pinks shaking their small, starry faces in the breeze, the moon rising in a blaze of silver and green—the golden hush of the stars, the young sun shooting up in a sea of crimson fire—like thronging, passing moments of life, revelation, creation, whispering fragments of a huge and eternal message—message of Allah, the First Creator.

And she would think of what was written in the Koran, in the Book Revealed:

> Say: He who made thee to be shall quicken thee,
> For all creating He knoweth well;
> Who made for you fire from a green tree
> And behold, ye kindle with it.
> And is not He who created the heavens and the earth
> Able to create their like?
> Is not He who created man and woman
> Able to create their like?
> His command, when He willeth a thing,
> Is only to say: "Be!"
> And it is!

She prayed often on that last day, prayed fervently.

There were moments when, very faintly, more a memory of pain than pain itself, she suffered. Moments when the sufferings, strangely and incongruously, seemed sweet. Moments when an intense sensation of loveliness arrested her conscious thoughts, staggering her with a flash of radiant and gleaming whiteness. Moments when the miracle of creation appeared to her as something refulgent, stupendous, terrifying.

Came an eternity of waiting, when an immense black shutter dropped noiselessly across her mind, with the speed of summer lightning, and she seemed to stand beyond the threshold of her own existence, watching it uncomprehendingly; another eternity when she had recrossed the threshold and felt a strange mingling of delight and pain.

It was something which she had never experienced before. Yet she knew what it was. It was the consciousness of new life breaking through the shell of the old, with a great wonder, a great completeness of longing utterly fulfilled.

And peace came, still as the depths of the forest at high noon. And then the peace was shivered by a cry, a small cry, a selfish, imperious cry—the cry of a little baby; and she heard a voice as from far away:

"A boy!"

Once more she felt—abandoning herself to it with a soft, luxurious surrender—the great wonder, the longing utterly fulfilled. She did not know how long it was before she became aware of something tiny and warm nestling in her arms; heard again the small selfish cry—felt the small selfish clutch of baby fingers.

Chapter Fourteen

THEY called their son Hendrick. The name was not, precisely, the parents' choice, but that of Mrs. Josiah C. Perrington, who declared:

"He looks exactly like my grandfather, Hendrick DeWitt Van Tuyl. Why,"—poking a finger at the gurgling, kicking baby,—"he's a Van Tuyl through and through. Look at his forehead, his eyes—Knickerbocker Dutch!" Rather challengingly she stared at her son and her daughter-in-law. "Anybody can see that!"

John smiled.

"Nothing Perrington about him?" he inquired. "Nothing Maine Yankee?"

"And nothing Turkish?" chimed in Fathma.

"Absolutely nothing!" the older woman announced serenely. "In fact, if I had my way, I would have him baptized in the old Dutch Reformed Church down on Bank Street. Oh, I know," she went on as John coughed, "your wife is a Moslem. Well—what of it?"

"Yes," agreed Fathma, "what of it? All religions are alike."

"Good heavens!" John was astonished. "You used to be such an aggressive, dyed-in-the-wool little Moslem! You have changed, haven't you?"

"I am still a good Moslem. But you are quite right—I have changed, in some things. You see, I am no longer Fathma."

"What are you, then?"

"I am Hendrick's mother."

INDEED, since the day of the birth, a change had come over her—a change of growth, of development, spiritual as well as mental. She could look back over the past weeks and realize the intensity of this change.

Wife she had been formerly. Wife—and nothing else. Marriage had been her entire world, in which John had been as essential to her as she to him. They were

still essential to each other. Yet there was this change.

For she was today mother of a child; mother—the Lord Allah be praised!—of a son. Such was now the master-thought in her; she was now, she put it to herself, "real." And the importance of this being "real" lessened the importance of all other things.

She remembered Doctor Snyder's warning that she must never let the link itself be more dominant than the one to whom the link tied her. She remembered—and quickly forgot.

The master-thought was too strong. Her son! He seemed to fill her whole life, her whole day between sunup and sundown. There was hardly a minute of her time which somehow, she did not devote to him.

It showed in a dozen ways. For instance, in her intellectual attitude and reactions; her attitude and reactions toward education, culture, improvement of the mind. Fundamentally her education had been fair, although old-fashioned. Yet she was the opposite of a blue-stocking; and deep in her soul she had never cared for knowledge, nor for progress, the fruit of knowledge, as an achievement or an end in itself. She did not even respect it, vicariously, in others.

Of course she was not exactly aware of this, since she thought of herself as a modern. But she was mistaken. If she had not met John, and therefore had never left Stamboul and her father's house, her yearning for modernity and the new freedom would have vanished gradually. For Fathma was, primarily, an Oriental aristocrat, a stanch conservative who considered learning a weapon of the masses in their eternal fight against the classes; a weapon, too, of the West against the Islamic East.

Here Fathma almost agreed with her father, the medieval Moslem, who believed that the spread of Western education, in Turkey and elsewhere, was nothing but a selfish attempt, for business reasons, to supplant camels by flivvers and homespun by machine-made fabrics; to bring about a superfluity of new wants and a prodigality of endeavors to supply and pay for these wants. Wants as well as endeavors were ugly. Both painted happiness on the outer instead of the inner walls of people's houses, people's lives. Oriental aristocracy created what it needed, while Western democracy needed what it created—and education, knowledge, progress, at least too much of it, was a commodity, a contemptible bazaar product, the sort of thing that Greeks and Armenians and Jews bargained over.

FATHMA did not think of it in these terms. It is a moot question if she thought of it at all. But subconsciously she was of a like mind. America had not changed her basically. It would, perhaps, never really change her. To the end of her days she would subscribe to the dictum of Moslem philosophy that intellect, as such, produces more errors than verities; that knowledge, the thesis, is less enduring and important than substance, the fact; that character is both more subtle and more stark than all the progress in the world.

Yet heretofore—partly to please her husband, partly to please herself, carried

...As essential as the minister

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away by the riotous, roaring American impetus—she had, since coming to New York, been outwardly as modern and progressive as her native-born friends. She had taken an interest in new inventions, new amusements, new catchwords, new fads. With her racial Asiatic tenacity of purpose, and her racial parrotlike Asiatic knack of memory, she had been able to master and store away a great number of details, of facts and fancies, and had been able at a moment's notice to turn on a special spigot in her brain and give them forth again like a sparkling stream.

MOREOVER, she was witty. So she fitted well into this civilization of radio and jazz and wise-crack; of little wheels and little cogs—actual wheels and cogs, and mental wheels and cogs. She had caught the trick of expressing herself fluently on whatever happened to be most fashionable, from the latest and most abstruse Theater Guild performance, to the latest and blackest Harlem cabaret. But there had been no genuine conviction in back of it. It had all been lip service; and almost since the day of her son's birth, she gave up even the lip service.

A new book? It did not interest her.

A new play? It bored her.

A new thought? It left her cold.

And when John, occasionally, would suggest this restaurant or that, seeing friends, going for a drive, looking at an exhibition of paintings or sculptures, she would reply that she had no time. For there was little Hendrick. There was his food to be supervised, his clothes, his toys, his daily life. And so absorbing, this daily life, so vastly more important to her than books, fads, motorcars—or friends.

She went nowhere. A dinner party tonight at the Jeromes'? No, no. John had better go alone; little Hendrick might wake up, cry, hurt himself.

The nurse?

Fathma was obdurate.

"Oh, the nurse is all right. But I do not trust her quite—not with *my* son."

Chapter Fifteen

AT first John was delighted. Here he told himself, was motherhood, calm and strong and serene. Here was his full happiness. So he worked harder than ever, worked for his wife and child. His wife and child—they would be proud of him and his success. For success was in the air. The reports from his oil venture were most promising; new gushers had been struck; the pipe-line was progressing; the Street was beginning to hail him as a coming man. And he worked yet harder; he grew a little tired, a little nervous; and it was, perhaps, indirectly because of this tiredness, this nervousness which made him more sensitive, that presently he became aware of a certain cloud, a queer dissatisfaction and disappointment where his relations with his wife were concerned. More and more he noticed a difference in her, as if side by side with the woman whom he had married there ran another woman, another mood, another aspect, almost another point of view.

It was a nagging, troublesome emotion. He tried vainly to capture it, to put a label to it.

And then one Sunday evening as he watched her nursing the baby, he realized what it was. Why, he considered, he needed her as much as ever. But it seemed that she did not need him quite as much. The mother in her was overshadowing the wife!

And he became conscious of a faint dull tinge of resentment—was ashamed of it, endeavored to dismiss it, did not succeed—told himself that she loved their son more than she loved him.

A mean, unworthy thought, he reflected—but it was there; it existed; it rubbed like a jagged file against his heart; and very suddenly he spoke to her:

"Fathma!"

"Yes?"

"I—I want to ask you something."

He hesitated. Oh, yes—he wanted to ask her something, something of vital importance. But how was he going to express it? He did it, at last, haltingly, clumsily:

"Tell me: my love—it means a lot to you, doesn't it?"

She was bending over the baby, straightening its fleecy clothes.

"Of course," she replied. "Of course."

HE winced. How casually she had said it, he thought—almost—oh, like ordering groceries. And a spasm of acute pain shot through him, of acute helplessness. He raged against it inwardly. Why should she have this power over him, this power to hurt him with a little word, or a little silence?

He controlled himself with an effort. He spoke again, after a pause:

"Fathma!"

"Yes?"

"My love—does it mean everything to you? You know,"—his voice rose,—"everything?"

She smiled.

"Of course," she repeated.

He crossed over to where she was sitting. All at once he was impatient.

"Please," he said, "look up at me."

"Just a moment, dear. Wait till I have finished with Hendrick."

She put her son into his crib. She tucked in the cover. She watched him for a minute or two. Finally she looked up.

"Well?" she demanded.

"Listen—"

"Not quite so loud, John! Baby is falling asleep."

Embarrassment stole over him.

"You," he stammered, "you need me?"

"Need you?" She gave a little laugh. "Why—I could not live without you."

He was not yet satisfied.

"I mean,"—he felt like a boy, spoke like a boy,—"if I died, Fathma, would you—"

"Oh," she interrupted, "why do you say such crazy things, John? You—you hurt me."

He stood now very close to her. She took his right hand and raised it to her lips. He fell on his knees before her. He looked into her quiet dark eyes. The peace of that beloved face, he thought, the sweetness and content—and how mad he had been, how unjust, suspecting her, accusing her, being jealous of his own child!

An interval of thoughtfulness descended upon them both. Then a great driving tenderness came welling into her eyes, and she said:

"You are all the world to me! You and I—together—always."

ALMOST before he knew what he was doing, his head was buried in her lap. She stroked his hair. Twenty years had dropped from him. He was a child once more, a little boy; and Fathma, in some strange sense, was his mother—and as years ago, he knew all the sensations of a restless, worried child who needed above all else comfort, a mother's comfort.

The mood passed. For a long moment he looked at her.

How lovely she was, how lovely! The soft lips, the long eyelashes, the delicate line of the nostrils, the graceful neck, with the firm, slim curve of the breast below. And she was his wife—his, the wife of his heart and body.

INTOLERABLE yearning rushed over him. He half rose. He crushed her to him. His lips sought hers.

"Dear," he whispered, "dear!"

And then, the very next second, it was as if a knife were plunging through his soul. For she put her hands against his chest. She pushed him away. She said:

"No, no! Baby might waken—please, John—not now!"

He stood there motionless. He echoed in his mind: "Not now!"

And he remembered yesterday. "Not now!" she had said yesterday, and the day before, and the day before that. "Not now!" And always, as a reason: baby might waken, or baby is crying, or baby this or baby that.

He stared at her. She was looking at the crib, at her sleeping son; then turned and looked at her husband, with a slight smile. A cruel smile, he thought—or if not cruel, then negative, impersonal. And he burning with love, and she—oh, calm, unresponsive, passionless!

He dropped into a chair near the window. He felt a sense of creeping chill that caused him to shiver.

Life, he thought, was too big for men to live. The earth belonged to men, it was said, and the fruits thereof. Well, were the earth and the fruits thereof worth all the bother, all the unhappiness?

SUDDENLY he laughed; it was a short, dry laugh; at sound of it Fathma was astonished.

"Why do you laugh?" she demanded.

"At you—and at me."

She was puzzled—reiterated:

"At you—and at me?"

"That's it. At you and at me—and a certain question between you and me, a certain barrier."

"But John, there is no barrier!"

"You bet there is!"

"Tell me!"

"All right." He was ashamed of what he was going to ask her. But he must ask. He must!

"Listen!" He pointed at the crib. "I want to know. Hendrick is more important to you than I, isn't he?"

She inclined her head.

"Of course," she replied.

"Oh—"

"Why," she went on, "he needs me more than you do, John. He is only a—"

"Only a baby, eh?" he interrupted, his temper rising sharply.

"Yes, dear."

"Well—I know that chorus by heart—only a baby! And I am sick of it. . . ."

She was wide-eyed, incredulous. She stammered:

"But, John—"

"Sick of it!" he repeated. Grim, hard anger surged through him, forcing the words to his lips: "I wish—oh, I wish at times that we'd never had a baby. I guess we would have been a damned sight more happy."

All at once he stopped—trembling, holding his breath, frightened to the core of his heart.

What had he said?

Why—he had not meant it! Of course he had not meant it. Little Hendrick was dear to him, as dear as he was to Fathma—and he was on the point of telling her so, of saying:

"Forgive me! Didn't mean a word of it! Don't you believe it!"

BUT he did not speak. For swiftly Fathma had crossed the room toward him.

And in that instant, queerly, John saw her as another person; saw her not as the young innocent girl whom he had married, but as a woman, full-grown, taller and—foreign, alien.

Eastern she seemed, Asiatic, barbaric, primitive, threatening—and he braced himself as against an attack, as she stepped up to him, as she stared at him, her eyes holding his steadily and mercilessly.

Her words were low and clear:

"You beast!"

She turned her back on him; walked toward the crib; bent over it, as if protectingly.

A shadow of tragedy fell. . . .

He forgot what had gone before, what he himself had said; remembered only that one word: "Beast!"

The contempt in it, the disgust!

"Beast—" It reverberated in his brain—and she the woman whom he loved, who—loved him? Did she?

She had not been in a temper. She had said it in an even, passionless voice.

"Beast—" She had meant it; her voice had meant it, and her dark, unflinching eyes.

"Beast—am I?" he cried.

"Yes!" she said, over her shoulder.

"Beast, eh?" He was now in a livid, unbridled rage. His face was the color of ashes. "And whose fault is it?" he demanded. "Whose fault that I am—a beast? I'll tell you!" He went up to her; he took her by the arms; forced her to face him.

"It's your fault—yours!"

"Mine?"

"Sure enough! Your fault! With your 'Not now, not now, not now!' whenever I try to"—hitting the table with clenched fist—"whenever I try to—"

He interrupted himself.

"Yes," he continued more loudly, "always our child standing between you and me. . . . I'm not blaming little Hendrick—no, no, no. But he—he is robbing me of you, cheating me. He's taking you away from me; he's taking all your love—and devotion—and—"

. . .

"John!" she cut in. At that moment she understood. She was ready to forgive; was ready, furthermore, to beg for forgiveness. "John—"

He waved her aside.

He was, after all, of New England ancestory. He must revel in his unhappiness. He must squeeze it dry, to the last gall-bitter drop.

"Let me finish!" he exclaimed. "Let's have the truth for once—even if we *are* married! I know that you don't like to psychologize—to dig into things. Well, you've got to tonight! Listen! You loved me, there in Stamboul—when we met, you loved me."

"I still love you!"

"Yours is one hell of a way of showing it! Tell me—ever since Hendrick was born, have you ever—oh, sought me, of your own accord, as you used to?"

"Let me explain!"

"What's there to explain? You're tired of me."

"No!"

"Yes! Tired of me—that's it in a nutshell—tired of me, now that you have the baby. Oh,"—as she tried to speak,—"I know! I've got feelings. I've got a heart and soul! And oh, I've got a body too—and arms and lips and mad, throbbing senses that long, long! And you—since baby was born, have you ever given me a single bit of love, real love? You have not! And when I come to you, as I did tonight, don't you always make me feel kind of ashamed, and rotten, and—"

He stopped for breath. Then he went on, the greater grievance disappearing, suddenly, and rather ludicrously, in the lesser:

"And—something else! These last few weeks, what have you been doing, eh?"

"Doing?" she echoed.

"Yes—with yourself. I'll tell you! You've been doing nothing, nothing—not a damned thing! You don't read! You refuse to go places—no theaters, no dinners, no bridge-parties, no drives—nothing! All you do is squat here, in the house, and look after the baby."

He was silent for a second.

"Squat here, in the house—" The words conjured up pictures in his mind.

Pictures of the Orient; of what he had seen, here and there, in Stamboul: women, young women, but immensely fat, squatting in a bazaar, or on street-corners, nursing their babies, sitting there unthinking, almost like animals. And his wife—she too was of the East. And he looked at her; saw her again—alien, Asiatic, primitive.

He shuddered. He spoke thickly:

"You're not the only woman who has a baby! Other women have babies too. And they don't make quite such fools of themselves as you do! Other women, American women—"

"Oh," she cried, her own rage rising flush with his, "why didn't you marry one of your other women, one of your American women?"

"I wish to God I had! We're different, you and I! I guess the old bromide is true: East and West—the two just don't blend, that's all!"

HE left the room; and Fathma was alone with her child.

She thought: "East and West—the two just don't blend."

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And she thought: "The conflict—between John and me—it has come! The barrier—it is rising, rising, like a wall. And what am I going to do?"

Her heart beat wildly. John had hurt her; had hurt her deeply.

She wondered:

"I myself—am I to blame?"

She searched her heart. She was honest, forthright, fearless.

"Yes," she admitted to herself, "I too am to blame; John is not altogether in the wrong."

And yet, the things he had said to her—the cutting, bitter things! And he had meant them. . . .

She dropped on her knees, facing the East. She prayed fervently:

"Help me, help me, dear Lord God! Ah, against the darkness of night when it overwhelmeth me, and against the designs of Shaitan, the Devil, the Stoned, I betake me for refuge to Thee, O Allah, O Lord of Daybreak—"

She wept, with dry, hard sobs—and the baby awakened, squirmed, twisted, laughed at the funny sounds. And she got up, kissed the baby. She whispered:

"Go to sleep, darling."

And then, suddenly, she smiled. Little Hendrick—her child, and John's, the link between them—to bring them together, not to separate them.

She would go to John. She would tell him the truth, the simple truth—would make him believe it.

She would say to him:

"I love you! I love you with all my heart! And you love me! And we both love Hendrick! And nothing else matters—nothing."

She heard her husband's steps, and she ran to the door; opened it.

John was coming down the stairs. He was dressed for the street, with light coat, hat, stick.

"John," she asked, "where are you going?"

"Oh," he replied curtly, "what's that to *you?*"

And he left.

Chapter Sixteen

FATHMA heard the outer door shut with a short, dry click of finality. She heard John's footsteps echoing down the hall toward the elevator.

"Oh—" she murmured.

She was astonished, taken aback. But she was not really hurt. Indeed, presently she gave a little giggle.

John, she reflected, had been rude. He had yelled at her, had banged the table with his clenched fist, had said a number of cutting, bitter things that he might have left unsaid. In other words, he had shown temper.

Well—what of it?

Her own nature was rather placid. She was not readily moved to either tears or rage. Yet, like a great many other women, Occidental no less than Oriental, it thrilled and pleased her to see an occasional outburst of temper in the man she loved—quick, flaring, unreasonable, even brutal temper; she liked to see, at times, the Old Adam peeping through, naked, shameless and without the pale considerate hypocrisy of civilization.

Nor was she precisely hurt at what he had told her. Angry she was—not hurt. There was a difference. To feel hurt meant blame for the one who was responsible, the person on the other side of the argument; to feel angry might include a measure of self-blame.

It was so in Fathma's case.

Partly, at all events, she blamed herself for the quarrel, and she made up her mind to shoulder her share of the responsibility honestly and bravely. She was stubborn. Yet, once convinced of a truth, even a disagreeable truth, she would stand up to it and face it squarely.

John, she realized, had been right in one respect: a change, due to her and not to him, had come over their marital relations. But he had been wrong in his judgment as to the reason for this change, wrong in insisting that she had grown tired of him.

IT was not so. Her love for him had not lessened in the slightest degree.

Tonight, when he returned—and she wondered where he had gone, then recalled that Arthur Hunt was giving a party which she had refused to attend; tonight, when he returned, she would talk it out with him. She would make him understand that Hendrick had not usurped his place in her affection. She would make him understand, furthermore, that since Hendrick was his son as much as hers, her great devotion to the child was only another aspect of her devotion to him, the father.

To be wife and mistress and mother—here was a sane, blessed, decent, human trinity; and she told herself, not without pride, that she would be able to achieve it, that she had the willingness, the sympathy, the comprehension, and the vital emotional energy.

Since the birth of her child, motherhood, its worries and joys and satisfaction, had made the wine of passion in her flow less red and clamorous. She saw that now. Very well. In the future she would force herself to be less selfish, less inconsiderate, more pliant and tender.

It was the physical way. Yet being a Moslem, therefore a materialist, she was not afraid of it nor ashamed. Besides, although physical, it held a spiritual truth—the truth of the subtle paradox that a woman must yield to conquer.

Perhaps it involved a sacrifice. . . . She shrugged her shoulders.

Sacrifice was at the core of love; it was its inner, most precious essence. And she loved John, loved him with all her heart; and she thought of Madame Sabri's advice to her in Stamboul, on her wedding day:

"It is so easy to do the things one likes. It is only by doing the things which one does *not* like that one can express one's love."

Fathma sighed at the recollection.

Only a year ago. Allah—an eternity ago!

In this year, this eternity, she had broken the shackles of Islam, had ripped to pieces the veil of Islam. Yet today were there not other shackles galling her wrists? Was there not another veil covering her face?

Freedom? There was no such thing as freedom. At least not for two people who tried to blend and be one—through marriage, through love.

AGAIN she sighed. Then she smiled, as her thoughts returned to Madame Sabri.

Dear Madame Sabri! So wise, so tolerant and logical. So good-humored, so amazingly French. And how well she had bridged the distance between East and West!

Fathma remembered other things Madame Sabri had told her. For instance, in the matter of clothes—when the older woman had insisted that Fathma should include a number of Oriental costumes in her trousseau.

And Madame Sabri had been right. For John was delighted whenever, of an evening, he and his wife happened to be alone and she put on some graceful Turkish robe.

"Fathma *hanoom,*" he would fondly call her then, and she would call him "John *effendi.*" And clumsily, with extreme discomfort, he would squat cross-legged on a pillow and smoke a water-pipe which caused him to cough. And he had made Fathma teach him a few Turkish and Arabic phrases and terms of endearment—and how she had laughed at his accent when, after a great deal of patient coaching, he had said to her:

"*Aqarbi h'ulana, anna nahauf Fathma harka, naqueh fatima lahor*—I swear to Allah that I shall love only Fathma and no other woman!"

Yes, how she had laughed.

She laughed now, at the memory. Then suddenly she gave a guilty start. For, she told herself, she had not "dressed up" once for her husband since Hendrick's birth.

Instead, always, these last few months, she had been the nurse, the American nurse, hygienically correct, redolent of soap and starch and disinfectants, overwhelmingly and self-righteously neat.

She got up. She went to her bedroom. Tonight, when he returned from Arthur Hunt's party, she resolved, she would surprise John.

She opened the closet, searched, and found just what she wanted. It was an old-fashioned Circassian costume. It consisted of a loose shirt of creamy-white muslin, embroidered all over with tiny butterflies in pastel tones that ranged from lilac to eel-gray and from coral-pink to pistache-green; voluminous trousers of stiff purple velvet, very tight about the ankles and girt with a broad, gold-threaded shawl; a short hussar jacket of a slightly deeper shade of purple velvet, fastened with braided loops and oblong silver-and-amethyst buttons, and with wide, long sleeves that reached a full yard beyond the finger tips; slippers of soft, dark-red leather; a purple silk kerchief to be wound about the head, and descending from it, a thin, coquettish veil.

SHE put all these on the bed. Then she went to her dressing table, pulled out a drawer, found a box of Turkish make-up. Stark white and red for the face. Antimony for the eyelids. Gold paste for the fingernails. Henna for the palms of her hands.

She was about to slip off her gown. But she reconsidered.

First, she thought, there were other things to be done; and she hurried to the kitchen where Ernestine, the German cook, and Johanna, the German maid,

were having a late and gossipy *Kaffee-Klatsch*.

She asked for sugar, fine flour, eggs, honey, all sorts of spices.

"And shredded nuts," she added, "have we any in the house?"

"Of course!" declared Ernestine, almost offended at this indirect reflection on her Teutonic efficiency.

"Let me have them, please—and a mixing bowl; and light the gas range." Fathma rolled up her sleeves. "I shall bake a cake."

"You," demanded Johanna, *"you* are going to?"

"Oh, no," chimed in Ernestine, "let me—"

"No!" laughed Fathma. "I know you are excellent at German *Kuchen* and American pies—and I would even trust you with French pastry. But this," breaking an egg against the rim of the bowl,—"this is going to be a Turkish cake. *'Sultan sevmeke*—the Sultan loves it,' we call it at home. Nice name, don't you think? Maybe I shall give you each a piece."

"Ach—die süsse Kleine!" Ernestine confided to Johanna in a whisper. *"Wie glücklich der Herr Gemahl sein muss*—how happy her husband must be!"

Fathma heard and understood.

Yes, she thought, John would be happy—would again be happy. She would make it up to him for all the past, lost weeks. She would make it up to him in big things—and in little things.

EXPERTLY she finished her work.

"Let it bake for an hour," she instructed the cook. "Then cool it—not too much, and"—turning to Johanna—"put it on the table near the window, in the yellow room. And the silver plates. Two. And no forks or spoons, Johanna. We shall eat Turkish style—with our fingers."

"Die süsse Kleine!" repeated Ernestine admiringly, while Fathma went back to her bedroom.

She dressed carefully—carefully applied the heavy make-up.

Once she heard footsteps ascending the stairs. She recognized them. Her mother-in-law, who had dined with friends, had returned.

"Good night!" she called down.

"Good night, darling!" the older woman replied.

There were many bottles on Fathma's dressing-table: French perfumes which John had bought for her, and some gold-flecked vials filled with Oriental attar. She had purchased them on her wedding day, in Stamboul's Egyptian bazaar.

She smiled as she remembered how the paunchy Syrian merchant had praised them:

"Bergamot cut with orange-blossom! Ah, the exquisite sweetness! The very odor with which the Queen of Sheba scented her letter to Solomon, the Sultan of the Benni Israel! *Wah*—did not the Prophet Mohammed—on Him the salute!—say that the two things he loved best in all the world were women and perfumes?"

She opened the vial. She put a few drops of the essence on her wrists, behind her ears, on her frivolous Persian handkerchief that was bordered with seed-pearls.

. . . . . .

She entered the nursery. Her son was quietly sleeping. She smoothed his bedclothes.

Then she went to the yellow room, on the ground floor, that was between the roof garden and the outer hall. She consulted the banjo clock on the wall.

Eleven o'clock. John would soon be home.

For, these days, he liked going to bed early—he worked so hard.

"Dear John," she murmured, "working so hard—for me—and Hendrick. . . . Dear, dear John!"

AT random she picked up a book, sat down and read. Presently the maid brought the cake.

"It looks nice, Mrs. Perrington."

"I hope it will taste nice."

"Good night, Mrs. Perrington."

"Good night, Johanna! And—tomorrow morning, set the table for two. I shall breakfast with my husband."

Again she read—again consulted the clock.

Eleven twenty-two. Where was John?

She thought of him, thought of the resolution which she had made tonight—and smiled.

Force herself to react to his love, his tenderness?

No, no! She would not have to force herself. For she—yes, she wanted him, needed him. . . . She wished he would come; where was he?

She grew a little impatient—rose, went out to the roof garden.

Down there, at her feet, was New York. Brass-throated New York—hectic, febrile, never asleep. Tiny, rushing spots that were men and women. Cars flowing in a steady shimmering ribbon along the asphalt. West, toward Broadway, bright-fizzing slabs of colored electric signboards mocking incredibly at the purple zenith.

The city, she had read somewhere, where people dwelt carelessly.

Well—she would not dwell carelessly. She would make her own life and John's life a habitation of happiness; would achieve the blessed, sane, decent trinity: wife and mistress and mother.

Chapter Seventeen

FATHMA was about to return to the penthouse.

Then suddenly she stopped.

For at that moment the door between the outer hall and the yellow room was flung open, and John came in. But he was not alone. Arthur Hunt was with him, and Harriet Hackett, startlingly beautiful in a low-cut frock of black velvet that brought out her white skin and the sheen of her golden hair.

Fathma was disappointed. She had longed so for John to come home. And now—why, she could not show herself to these people looking the way she did, with her exotic Oriental costume and her heavy make-up. They would ask her questions, would laugh at her. Not that she minded Arthur being amused at her expense. She liked him, and he liked her. But there was no love lost between her and Harriet. The latter and John had once been good friends; there had been talk of their getting married before he had met Fathma, and—

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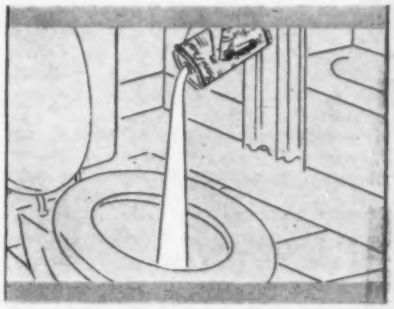

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She interrupted her thoughts.

No! She was not going to let Harriet see her as she was, laugh at her! And so she stood there, in the coiling shadows of the terrace beyond the wedge of golden light that stabbed through the half-open glass door, debating what she should do, watching and listening, unnoticed by the others.

Evidently they had been drinking, chiefly Arthur. His accents, as he spoke, were thickly alcoholic:

"Rotten liquor at Joe's, washn't it? Why go to shpeakeasy, and lap up poison, when you can get decent liquor at home—eh?"

He dropped into a chair, limp as an empty sack; and John suggested:

"I guess you need a drink, old man."

"Nothing of the sort," said Harriet. "What he needs is a bite to eat."

She had noticed the cake on the table. It was already sliced. She put a piece on one of the silver plates and took it to Arthur.

Fathma was very angry. Her cake, she thought—the Turkish cake which she had baked for John with her own hands! And what right had Harriet to—

She was not going to permit it, was again on the point of crossing the threshold, again reconsidered.

Harriet's ridicule, Harriet's silvery laughter—she hated it, feared it, and she kept on watching and listening, while Arthur Hunt pushed the plate away. The piece of cake fell on the carpet.

"Don't want food," he declared. "Want shleep."

He stretched out his long legs, yawned widely, and a few seconds later was loudly snoring.

JOHN looked down at him.

"Completely blotto!" he announced.

"Don't be so noble and self-righteous about it!" Harriet told him. "You inhaled your share—and a little bit more than your share. In fact, you drank like a fish."

"So did you!"

"But I didn't show it," Harriet retorted. "You did!"

"I did not!"

"Yes, you did! You were ugly all evening—quarrelsome, ready to pick a fight with Tom, Dick, and Harry."

"Oh—"

"What's wrong with you?"

"Don't nag!"

She stared at him. He seemed nervous, fidgety. Out on the terrace, Fathma watched tensely, conscious of a growing feeling of jealousy.

"What's wrong?" repeated Harriet.

"Nothing—nothing!"

Harriet ventured a shrewd guess. "Had a row with your wife—and tried to drown your marital sorrows?"

"Of course not!"

"Meaning 'of course yes.' Tell me, what's the matter with Fathma?"

"What *should* be the matter?" John countered.

"That's just what I want to know. She doesn't go anywhere these days. Refuses all invitations. What's she doing? Understudying the original wet-blanket, or simply expressing her general disapproval of America?"

John was getting angry.

"Leave her alone!" he cried—and he walked over to the sideboard and poured himself a stiff drink of whisky.

"So sorry!" came the mocking rejoinder. "I had no idea she's sacrosanct. I thought she's flesh and blood, like the rest of us. . . ."

"Flesh and blood?" John echoed in his mind.

NO. Fathma was not flesh and blood, had not been since the baby's birth. That's what was the trouble with their married life. . . . And he poured himself another drink and sat down, staring dully at the points of his shoes, while Harriet suddenly asked a direct question:

"You know, I've been wondering, we've all been wondering—how did it ever happen?"

"What?"

"How did Fathma catch you? A week in Turkey—and you come home married to—well, something quite fantastic in the line of wives! How *did* it happen?"

His reply was rude:

"None of your business!"

Harriet shrugged.

"I know it isn't. But it intrigues me. After all, Fathma isn't your type. Pretty, I admit—but such a little Puritan, and so—oh, so stodgy, so logy—"

He jumped up.

"Be quiet!" he almost shrieked.

"You used to have pep," she went on calmly, aware that she had found the chink in his emotional armor. "You used to like pep in others, I remember." She lowered her voice. "In me, for instance! Oh yes," she sighed, on a very quick change of mood, a very clever change of tone, "we used to be friends, you and I—good friends. You,"—in a soft whisper,—"you were quite, quite fond of me once—weren't you, John?"

He did not raise his head.

"Oh—" he mumbled, embarrassed, unhappy.

"Weren't you?" she insisted.

"Well—I guess so."

Harriet laughed.

"How enthusiastic you are—how impulsive, how brave! I don't think! Good Lord, you *have* changed! Middle-aged—that's what you are! Just a bore of a middle-aged American business man who worries over the ticker and his handicap at golf!"

There was silence, complete except for Arthur Hunt's peaceful snoring and—imagined Fathma, outside on the terrace—the wild pulse and beat of her heart, her jealous, aching heart. But she did not move. She watched and listened, while the other woman stepped up to John and looked down at him.

HARRIET liked him, had liked him since the days when they had been children together, in New York, Bar Harbor, Southampton. At the time, a little over a year ago, when the papers had brought the news of his romantic wedding, she had felt keenly disappointed. Not that she had been precisely engaged to him. But she had always figured that sooner or later, she would become Mrs. John Perrington. Now she had lost him, to an outsider; and she wondered if, partly at least, it had not been her fault, if perhaps she had been too casual with him.

This being casual with the man whose wife she expected to be was very typical of her and of certain of her generation. For whereas to Fathma, when she met John and fell in love with him, marriage had spelled a new freedom, to Harriet it meant an old slavery. Freedom, to her, was contained in the years between finishing-school and the altar. This freedom she had enjoyed to the utmost. She had had her share of more or less vicarious experiments—fencing daringly with love and passion, though never quite overstepping the bounds of propriety; looking for thrills and not for authentic experiences; considering that it was the man's own look-out if he played the game too seriously or too chivalrously and received a hurt in the process.

For in this too was she of the modern female generation—that she was conscious of a spasmodic antagonism against the male, and so she played this game between the sexes unfairly, with loaded dice, making up her own rules, as well as her own restrictions, as she went along.

Gordon Davies' judgment of her was harsh. Once he had observed to Shirley Frisby:

"Harriet is the sort of eager, ravenous girl who causes men's souls to rot."

Shirley had merely laughed.

PERHAPS, during the last season or two, this cynicism found an unconscious echo on Park Avenue and Fifth. At all events Manhattan's eligible bachelors were turning more and more away from Harriet and from her reputation of breaking hearts without giving anything in exchange, while the poorer and less eligible young men, precipitated into bank or bond-house via the correct college sports and fraternity connections, decided that her father was not rich and influential enough to give them a push up the Wall Street ladder. Indeed, this last year, Mr. Hackett had consistently played the bear in a bull stock-market. He had lost a great deal of his fortune, and his daughter knew it. She knew, furthermore, that a new crop of golden-haired débutantes was looming up on the social horizon, eager for bridal showers and diamond solitaires—knew, finally, with her keen and pitiless self-judgment, that tragically, almost overnight, yesterday's famous beauty became tomorrow's pathetic old spinster, that she must marry somebody before it was too late.

Yes. She must marry somebody.

Why not John Perrington?

She liked him, really liked him. And he was wealthy and good-looking and of the socially elect.

Married, was he?

Well,—she smiled and shrugged her pretty, slim shoulders,—what of it? Reno was near, and Paris and Mexico were not so far away—and John could afford to pay Fathma a generous alimony.

For she agreed with Gordon Davies that all weapons were proper in the duel of life, that a man or a woman must fight to hold his or her own. Besides, she considered, Fathma was an outsider. What right had she had to come butting in? What right to capture the man whom Harriet had marked down as her legitimate prey?

Suddenly she made up her mind.

Here, tonight, was a golden opportunity of bringing matters to a point. John

seemed unhappy; doubtless—there could be no other reason—because of something Fathma had done. Like so many other strong men, he also, had always been inclined to be sentimental and just a little gullible.

"John!" she whispered.

HE did not reply. He was hardly aware of her presence. He sat brooding, morose, thinking of Fathma, of how he loved her, how exquisite she was, how desirable, and how unyielding.

Harriet, he remembered, had said something of the sort. She had called Fathma logy, stodgy. But she had not been precisely right. For stodginess was a passive trait, while to be unyielding was an active quality that held a spice of direct intent, even to cruelty.

Cruelty was it, he wondered, of the Orient?

The idea caused a pain in his heart, a devastating complexity of emotions. He reflected how unfair it was that he should have found a glimmer of happiness, that this glimmer should have waxed into a great radiant light, should then have vanished and died.

Yes, it was unfair. So unfair! Nor his own fault, because of anything he had done. The thought was tinged by self-pity. . . .

"John!" Harriet repeated softly.

He looked up.

"Yes?"

"I—oh, there's something I've been meaning to tell you, for a long time."

"What?" He poured himself another drink.

"Never mind," she said after a short pause. "I really shouldn't have mentioned it."

His curiosity was stirred.

"What is it?" he demanded.

"Nothing."

"But you said—"

"No, no! It's embarrassing."

"Let's hear it just the same! Why," he went on, as she shook her head, "if there's anything you need, anything in which I can help you—"

"*You*—help *me*—in *this?*" Harriet's laughter, bitter, strident, was a histrionic triumph. "No."

He got up.

"Please tell me," he insisted. "We are friends, Harriet. I hate to see you so—upset—"

She hesitated.

"You'd laugh at me, John—call me a fool."

"I won't."

"Oh, yes, you will—and I couldn't blame you. You see,"—in blurred, wiped-over accents,—"it's about last year, when I heard that you had married Fathma, I—I cried, John. . . . I cried till I was sick!"

She turned her back on him and walked away; and he was startled, uncomfortable. He did not know what to say. Still,—how could he help it?—he felt flattered; and he felt sorry for her.

"Don't say such things!" he stammered, weakly. "You don't believe them yourself!"

Again she turned and faced him.

"Don't I?" she exclaimed. "It's the truth. You—you are so blind! I should not say it; I know you'll despise me for saying it. But—I've got to. I—I love you, John. I have always loved you."

"East is East, and West is West," wrote Kipling, "and ne'er the twain shall meet."

In this novel they not only met, but married; and their troubles, as you surely have suspected, are coming to an astonishing culmination.

HOW CLOSE IS THIS COMING TO YOU?

(Continued from page 59)

To me the most ominous and terrible effect of this violence in America was marked by the report of a schoolboy of that massacre, and how the word of it spread among the children.

Of course the school forbade them to go to the spot, but of course as soon as possible the children went; and if they did not all go, they all heard about it from those who did.

And it was very close to them because, as I said, if the machine-guns had been fired in the open the children would have heard the shots.

I think no one of those children can ever be quite the same since that massacre as before, especially since in the days and months which have passed, no one has been called to account by the forces of civilization for that savage, brutal mass murder.

WE have all heard from those who argued for the Prohibition Law, the appeal:

"Let one generation grow up without seeing public drinking. How wonderful it would be to have boys and girls go through their youth without seeing public drinking!"

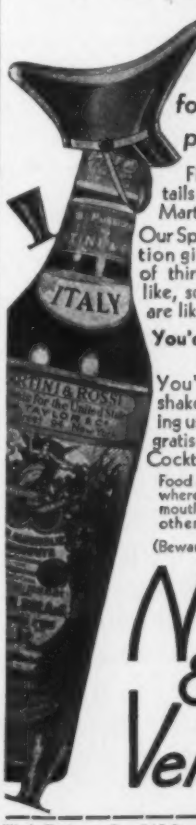
Whether or not our boys and girls of today are seeing public drinking, they are growing up while they see about them public murder and massacre unpunished and unavenged.

Not only that, but they see stated, as has been put in public print, that the massacre such as that on St. Valentine's Day, can be "solved" any time that one or two men in Chicago decide that it is their duty to die for the advantage of civilization. For those men know—and those who advise them not to speak are perfectly aware—that if the witnesses speak, they will not live.

Whether or not you number in your family or among your friends those who today find themselves looking into gang gun-muzzles, or who fall, without warning, before gang bullets, this situation already has entered your life.

It alters or creates the very environment in which you live—and the environment in which, if you have a child or hope to have one, he will have to find for himself hope and courage.

Lady-like MAN-like —recipes



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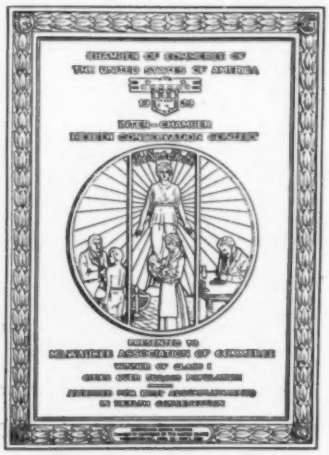
"Business is Business"

SOME years ago it was thought that Big Business had to be hard-hearted in order to be successful. Today, people know better and employers have learned that they get more faithful service and are more successful if their employees are contented and healthy.

Today we take comfort in the assurance that medical and health scientists, philanthropists and humanitarians have the solid backing and support of the biggest business men in the country. And, modestly, Big Business gives as its reason for lending its powerful, invaluable support—"business is business."



Sketched from Bronze Plaque Awarded to
FIRST PRIZE WINNERS
in the Inter-Chamber Health Conservation Contest held under the auspices of
THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN . Cities more than 500,000	CLASS 1
SYRACUSE, NEW YORK . . Cities 100,000 to 500,000	CLASS 2
EAST ORANGE, NEW JERSEY Cities 50,000 to 100,000	CLASS 3
WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK . Cities 20,000 to 50,000	CLASS 4
SIDNEY, OHIO . . . . . Cities under 20,000	CLASS 5

Cities which have promoted and are promoting far-sighted health programs are reaping rich rewards. Their citizens are happier and their cities offer attractions to new industries and to people of wealth and leisure.

When the Chamber of Commerce of the United States offered prizes last year to cities which would do most to improve health and sanitary conditions, 140 cities entered the National Health Conservation Contest. This year it is expected that a larger number will compete for the Bronze Awards.

Statisticians estimate that there is an annual loss in the United States of billions of dollars due to the needless loss of lives. When these lives of valuable workers are sacrificed, their families suffer and the cities in which they live are made poorer.

If you live in a city which wants to reduce its death-rate, your city's business organization (Chamber of Commerce or Board of Trade) may obtain the active cooperation of America's greatest business organization, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States.

Last year health experts visited 80 of the cities which entered the National Health Conservation Contest. Your community may obtain the advice of such expert health counsel as may be needed, free of charge. A trained health expert will visit your city and search for danger spots. He will make recommendations for a constructive health improvement program which you can help to carry out.

For full information regarding health programs and the National Health Conservation Contest, the Secretary of your Chamber of Commerce or other similar body should address the Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States of America at Washington, D. C.

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MARILYN MILLER

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How explain the miracle of Marilyn's success?...*Nature* simply blessed her with a charm all her own.

And that's the only answer to another young star's rise. OLD GOLD made its bow just four years ago. In a month it was popular. In a year, a headliner. Today it's America's fastest growing cigarette.

Nature again! Sun-drenched heart-leaves from *better* tobaccos. A new taste-thrill for jaded palates. A new throat-ease and freedom from coughs.

You can "manufacture" an ordinary cigarette . . . or an ordinary actress. But only *Nature* produces the stars.

OLD GOLDS first hopped the Pacific Ocean in March, 1929. In just three weeks after they appeared on the beach at Waikiki they were one of the four "best sellers."

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IF you could go to Vichy, to Carlsbad, to Wiesbaden you would find distinguished men and beautiful women regaining their health by the European Saline Method.

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But these very doctors will tell you that the benefits of the Saline Method can be yours, right in your own home. For Sal Hepatica is the efficient American equivalent of "taking the cure" at some expensive Continental spa.

Sal Hepatica contains the same natural health-giving salines in delicately balanced combination. To women, Sal Hepatica brings the beauty of a flawless skin; to men, a clear eye and a body feeling fit. For Sal Hepatica keeps you internally clean.

More than any other kind of laxative, Sal Hepatica combats acidity. It purifies the blood. It sweeps the intestinal tract clear of toxic wastes. The blood clears and the skin freshens. Your body knows the vigor and well-being that can only come with a normally functioning system.

Constipation—headaches—colds—rheumatism—indigestion—all give way to Sal Hepatica. For Sal Hepatica flushes away systemic poisons by stimulating the natural secretion of water in the intestines.

Sal Hepatica is refreshing to the palate—prompt in its action. Take it on arising or half an hour before any meal. Get a bottle at your druggist's today. Use it at the first sign of sluggish elimination. It will keep you physically fit—internally clean—free from the disease-producing poisons of waste. Millions of American homes would never be without this helper to health—this aid to beauty.

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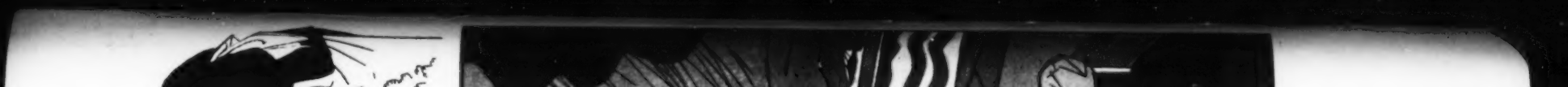
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